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PRISONER of the Japs

By Gwen Dew



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1943

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This book has been produced in full compliance with all government regulations for the conservation of paper, metal, and other essential materials.

TO MOTHER AND DAD

Whose Courage Was Supreme

I write this book also in humble tribute to the American men who are fighting so magnificently on the land and sea and in the air of the Pacific area, so that such things of horror as I saw cannot happen again in the world of tomorrow—the world of peace, freedom, and justice we must create for *all* who live on this mighty earth; and to all those who made this trip possible, and whose belief held steady that I would come home again out of human bondage: my aunt, Miss Sybil Robinson; Melda and Oscar Bard, who will understand; and Fred Gaertner, Jr., managing editor of the *Detroit News*, who not only has encouraged me in my writing and travels, but whose unending efforts in my behalf during my long months of imprisonment gave strength and help to my family, who were denied any word of whether I was dead or alive by our enemy, the Japanese.

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Foreword

I WRITE of the ruin of the Far East with deep unhappiness. I love the Orient, as do all who have ever felt her lure, as a man does a mysterious, fascinating, and wise woman. In China there was the knowledge of the centuries; in the East Indies, the peace of an earthly paradise; in the Philippines, the excitement of the birth of another independence; in India, the color and rhythm of ancient living; in Japan, the physical loveliness of an island blessed by nature.

I would rather tell you of the beauties I have seen here in other years, but one nation decided to crash the peace of half a world of people and to destroy all but their own way of living. They determined to do this, not by treaty or trade, but by treason and treachery, by bombs and shells, by airplanes and battleships. The lives of millions of men, women, and children have been piled on the pyre of Japan's ambitions to dominate the white men of the world, all yellow men who are not Japanese, and all brown and black men who come under her blood-dripping juggernaut.

I have ranged the world from Shanghai to London, from Borneo to Bali, from Paris to Palembang. I have had friends in every country, and gained wisdom from every nation. But I had to learn sadly, also that there comes a time in the history of nations when the good is overridden by the bad, when military might becomes stronger than the human decencies of its individuals.

What happened to me in Hong Kong is important only as it reflects the type of enemy we face, what treatment we can expect if they conquer, what the Japanese think of the white people of the earth and their allies.

It is not a pretty story I have to tell you of what happened when Japan determined to go beyond her mass murders of millions of Chinese to the extermination of the British, American, and Dutch in the Pacific area. It is heartbreaking, it is horrible. But face it we must, for we are in conflict with an enemy that in a few short months has created the second largest empire in the world, from the ruins of other nations. It will crumble, but that is the situation at this moment.

Perhaps what I have to tell you will make a little clearer what we are fighting for in the Solomons, why men died at Chungking and Corregidor, at Hong Kong and Singapore. It is so the Japanese cannot inflict their way of living, their medieval standards, their lack of humanity and decency, their ruthlessness and bestiality, on our kind of world.

We were forbidden by Jap military law to bring out of imprisonment a single scrap of paper, so between this and the after-effects of malnutrition, which seems to have effected my ability to remember names, I hope I shall be forgiven any errors in names. I smuggled out certain documents which I thought of value, and have relied upon these to keep events as nearly as possible in their order during those dreadful days of the death of Hong Kong.

I have referred also to material which I sent to *Newsweek*, the *Detroit News*, United Press, and the North American Newspaper Alliance, on this and previous trips. From them I have used excerpts to show that I tried to warn of Japan's intentions at a time when this was considered "emotionalism," for "Japan would never dare attack America and Great Britain," the people of these nations were stating in amusement. I worked then to make my country realize the death-stained trail that lay ahead of us if we were not prepared to face the realities of a militaristic Japan. I am still working toward that end.

I am indebted to the State Department for permission to return to the Far East as an accredited correspondent at a time when this was almost an impossibility for a woman.

I knew what hazards I faced in returning to a Far East at war. I do not complain of a single hardship, for I chose to submit myself to them. I only hope that by what I learned in personal suffering and observation of the tortures of others I can make you realize the actualities of all-out war with Japan.

For the sake of those who have been left behind, and whom we wish to protect from further terrorism or torture, I have hidden a few identities. I should like to give high praise to all those who so richly deserved it, but there will come a day when their names will be glorified in history.

There remain many American citizens in Japan and occupied China and in the Philippines — men and women whose names Japan refuses to disclose so that their suffering families at home may know that they are alive. The same is true of 150,000 British and Dutch citizens. There has barely been one word allowed to escape of the Allies who were captured in the frightful fall of Singapore, and no one knows exactly what has happened to the British forces there. Japan will not respect even the decencies of warfare — if there can be such — and will not allow the Red Cross to operate in these stricken territories, although it is hoped this can be forced upon her. It is part of her sadistic desire to crush all humanities as they apply to her enemies.

The Chinese have fought Japan's atrocities and her invasion for five years, and ten million men, women, and children are dead, millions are homeless, millions have faced famine and starvation as a result. Now it is our turn. What is happening behind the wall of silence that covers the fate of our captured civilians and soldiers we can only surmise. And we who have been prisoners can only shudder at what we guess, and pray for those whom we left behind.

To the fathers and mothers, the wives and sisters and brothers, and sons and daughters of those who are fighting in the Pacific I can only say: "God bless you, and may He make you realize the glorious thing your soldier is doing to put up the flag of freedom once more."

And to those men themselves I want to give my deep gratitude and praise for the magnificent fight they are waging. I stand in humble gratitude before the thoughts of all those unknown soldiers who are fighting, risking their lives each second, dying — some of them — on the land, in the air, on the sea, so that the things which happened to me and to all those in Hong Kong, to all those who were imprisoned in filthy jails, or tortured by medieval madmen throughout the Far East, can be avenged. To them history hands the torch that must be carried high, the flame that will burn so brightly that Japan must know there is no place on this earth for such horror, treachery, and death. On the pages of history they are writing splendid epics which will echo down through eternity . . . Wake Island . . . Corregidor . . . Bataan . . . Buna . . . Guadalcanal . . . on the length, the breadth, the height, and the depth of the entire Pacific.

It is for us at home to see that there never comes a day when these fighting men will be without guns to fire, planes to fly, ships to sail. They can't come home to make them or to pay for them. That is our job on the home front. It is up to each of us who remains behind to work harder, faster, longer so that our men may never again find help coming too little, too late.

Let those who remember Pearl Harbor remember Hong Kong too. Those of us who lost freedom there as prisoners of the Japanese know the meaning of the words: Give me liberty or give me death. For that we are fighting, for that we may die. But from that fight will come our brave new world in which the Japans and the Germanys of the earth cannot inflict destruction and death.

Wherever on earth, in the Americas, Africa, or Europe, in Russia or the Far East, there are men and women who are willing to die that freedom may live, I salute you.

Life is a shining thing only when the heart is brave.

New York, December 7, 1942

Prisoner of the Japs

WAR!

December 8, 1941

7:45 a.m.

THE SUN tosses a prodigal golden mist over Hong Kong, "the Impenetrable Fortress of the Far East," over one of the most glorious harbors in the world, over the proud peaks, the crescent beaches, and flower-starred hills.

The giant Hong Kong clipper restlessly waits at Kai-Tek Airport this Monday morning, which is December 7 in the American hemisphere. Sun sheen makes of it a glossy silver bird poised for the last few minutes before taking off for Manila on a shuttle trip to connect with the Philippine clipper for Guam, Wake, Midway, Pearl Harbor, and San Francisco. American and Chinese passengers wait on the same field from which I saw Japanese Kurusu leave for his traitorous Washington conference only a few weeks before. They watch the CNAC planes on the line, ready to go to Chungking, observe with quickened interest a formation of high-flying ships urgently making their way toward the airport.

"The British are having some air maneuvers today," an American remarks.

"Must have sent up some planes from Singapore, because I don't think we have that many here," an Englishman answers.

The planes whine closer.

"God, what's that?" shrills another.

They watch with unbelieving eyes, wide with fear, for the bellies of the ships have slit open, and down through the air plunge black daggers of death, directed at the airport, the clipper. The field's neat order is torn to ragged chaos. There is a splashing burst of flame, water, steel. The clipper is sunk, the planes damaged, the field pitted. Men are dead. The planes above bearing the red circle power-dive at the field. They machine-gun bystanders. Anti-aircraft guns bark. The war birds drop the rest of their murder missiles on the crowded Kai-Tek market near by, which is wiped out, leaving eight hundred Chinese men, women, and children only bits of mangled flesh.

Japan has attacked. The Far East has burst into the consuming flames of all-out war.

This was our Pearl Harbor in Hong Kong!

Chapter I

Prelude to War

WAR. *War*. What is it? That's what I wanted to know. I wanted to know what it means, what it looks like when it drops in your own front yard, for there are no front-line trenches today, only those that in a split second make of your home, your family, your life, masses of complete ruin. It was the reason I pleaded my case with the State Department over a period of months to obtain a passport to return to the Far East.

It had been almost two years since our government asked all American women to return to the United States, and to secure a passport for heading back was considered an impossible ambition.

At first my application was turned down flatly. I went more fully into plans for the trip and finally was informed I could get a passport for the Philippines and the Dutch East Indies. That wasn't enough for me. I tried again and again and again. Each time I added more details of my project, more information on what I had done before in the Orient, what I wanted to do this time, whom I represented. How I envied men reporters who did not have to hurdle these barriers to get to places where history was in the making!

I felt, most sincerely, that there should be a trained woman observer in the Far East, someone who was interested in the human details of international affairs and who was not so concerned with military strategy and political expediency that h

could not see the forest for the trees — the human war for the military ways of war.

My plans included a short visit to Japan; then on to China, Hong Kong, Chungking, Mongolia, the Burma Road, Malaya, Singapore, the Dutch East Indies, the Philippines — all the Far Eastern circuit. How sad and strange to think that now the Rising Sun flies over most of this territory, that in a comparatively few months the map of Asia has become so altered, and *Japan has become the second largest empire in the world!*

I was giving a year of my life, five thousand feet of color film, and all my expenses to the cause of China in her fight against Japan. I was going to make a movie of what American money was doing in China — in medical work, schools, ambulance corps, co-operatives. And I wanted pictures of the Burma Road in its human equations, from the hard-working coolies to the amazing engineers who reconstructed this ancient silk highway. But before I could make it, Japan engulfed me too — imprisoned me, virtually starved me, before I escaped her murderous fingers.

China had already been at war for four years, but I thought the devastating flames would spread still farther. I anticipated full war, but I did not expect such drastic Nipponese success in its pursuit. Who did? The Japanese military predicted it, but who were we to believe such exorbitant claims?

I went to Hawaii to wait for the decision on my passport, so I would be nearer the jumping-off point if it came. I had missed the war in Europe by one week, and I didn't intend to be caught outside this one. While waiting I wrote in one article: "In Hawaii 40 per cent of the population is Japanese, and there are 60,000 more Japanese than white people in the islands. How loyal will they be if war comes?"

I covered the arrival of a little Japanese, one Admiral Kichisabura Nomura, the new Ambassador to the United States. "I am not being sent to Washington to talk of war, but to think of peace," he announced.

When finally one fine morning I got a slip saying there was

a registered package for me from Washington at the post office, I hardly dared get it. I looked at it a long time with a prayer in my throat, then broke the seal in trembling fear. I was shaking still more when I saw what the Department of State had stamped in the front of that shiny new passport:

“Good for Japan, China, the Philippines, Dutch East Indies, Singapore, Malaya, for journalistic work for two years.”

So I had my passport to war, and was on the move again!

There was a midnight sailing, but not one with flowers, music, and alohas, for which Hawaii is famed. The sheds were almost dark, and guards kept anyone from going far down the pier or onto the boat. This was in May 1941, but already there was an undercurrent of suggestion that all was not well in the Pacific. Even at that early date there was a thousand-mile active navy patrol around the islands. You explain Pearl Harbor — I can't.

There were forty-seven men and myself on the *President Garfield* under Captain John Murphy, headed for the Far East. These included Clarence E. Gauss, Ambassador to China; Richard T. Buttrick, Counsellor to the Embassy, Peking; Colonel Samuel Lutz Howard, commander of the United States Marines in China, now a prisoner in the Philippines; and Fred Twogood, head of Standard Oil in China, later held prisoner by the Japs for a hundred and nine days.

During the voyage we were able to forget the war into which we were deliberately turning, and enjoyed spirited talk, good company, and fine fun. But each of us was jerked back to the month, year, and place when we sighted Kobe harbor. Lying offside were a few gray warships, and there was an air of rigid inspection about the entire waterfront.

I had first visited Japan in 1936, when it was a charming country full of scenic beauty, smiling geishas, and bowing polite little men. I had been thrilled with my first sight of it from the ship, with the pier filled with women in bright kimonos, wearing big obi bows like butterflies perched on their backs.

Tiny black-eyed children had waved the red circle flags of the Rising Sun, shouting: "Banzai, banzai!"

This time there were only half a dozen women in dull gray kimonos who had come to welcome a radical woman speaker from India who had been in the United States denouncing British rule in India. Naturally the Japs would greet with pleasure anyone doing this sort of propaganda. Otherwise there were only dozens of little soldiers carrying rifles as big as themselves.

Before, there had been a profusion of hurrying traffic. Now there was hardly a car visible, and those few were of 1925 vintage. The stores had quantities of merchandise, but it was of poor quality. None of the lovely things which used to delight the eyes of the Japs, rich or poor, were on display, because no one could buy luxuries, and every sale had to be reported to the government.

Ceiling prices were established, but quality had nothing to do with what you paid. You took what you could get and asked no questions. Clothes as well as food were rationed, and to secure a pair of shoes that weren't made of paper furnished a major problem. Japanese thinking made it plain that wars can be won only by planning for years ahead, and it can be done by men wearing cloth shoes as well as by those wearing leather ones.

Even at this date Japan found that more than 30 per cent of its national income was going for war and rearmament, which was a great jump from the 6.1 per cent of 1936, just before the attack on China. To what heights it has leaped since, one can hardly guess. From the beginning of the "Incident" in 1937, rigid measures were established for marshaling all capital funds, public and private.

Japan had just revised her "Peace Law," so that "thought offenders," reluctant to reform after prison terms, would be sent to detention stations until they became thoroughly "converted." Their bad thoughts were those "incompatible with the traditions of the national structure." In other words, you

couldn't even think in Japan unless you thought the military way.

It was hard to talk to many Japanese, for they didn't want to be seen with foreigners. Already word had gone out that Americans were bad medicine. Many things were evident on the surface, however. Countless shops were closed along each street, because of the impossibility of getting merchandise. It is estimated that 70 per cent are closed in Tokyo now.

You could buy no silk, wool, or leather, no luxuries, no cars, little gas. There were extreme rationing, high taxes. Here was a Japan antagonistic to America and already at war with China. A Japan still buying our scrap iron, tools, motors, and food. But a Japan almost ready to strike, almost finished with its long preparation.

As we left the harbor there was an incident on the near-by *President Polk* that nearly blew up the entire dynamite cache, and all of us literally wiped our brows as our ship finally pulled out. Shots from a BB air rifle on the *Polk* had hit a Japanese official in the port. If Japan had been ready, under their interpretation these shots would have become machine-gun bullets, the superficial skin injuries fatal ones, and the whole thing could have been blown up to major proportions in international news. I cabled the true story to United Press—and thus sent out my first dispatch on near war.

I wasn't sorry to leave Japan. It wasn't the charming land of cherry blossoms it had been before. The children still played with their kites, but men in the fields awaited their turn to become oil for the flaming defeat of China. Women smiled, but sadly. Japan was already weary of war in its daily details, but it will never tire of the fanatical sacrifices which it is ready to make so the world may be saved for the rule of Japan.

I was met at the ship in Shanghai by John Morris, Far Eastern manager of the United Press, for which I had done special writing when I was in China before. This came after I secured the first interview Madame Chiang Kai-shek had given in three years, after having followed her up the Yangtze River,

been carried 4,000 feet up the side of the mountain to Kuling, her summer retreat. Later I flew from Shanghai to Canton with Morris to interview both Madame Chiang and the generalissimo, during a time of trouble with the war lords around Canton.

I remember vividly two things Madame Chiang said to me. The first was: "You can't lift a stone slab with silk threads. You must first forge a steel band, link by link." She was referring to the growth of a democratic nation step by step, and how each of us must do his little part in the whole scheme of things.

The other was in answer to my question as to where she got strength to carry on all the tremendous tasks she had undertaken. She thought for a minute and then replied: "What strength I have comes from within, and above."

I approached Shanghai with mingled feelings. I had met happiness and tragedy there before, and I had loved it and hated it. Since I had left, the Japanese had bombed it, taken part of it, were wooing the rest. While the International Settlement and the French Concession still technically remained the virgin property of many nations, I had an idea that Jap seduction had been fairly successful.

Shanghai has become the city of lost souls, the first Chinese city in size, the last stand of the refugees from all the world. It is symbolic of everything good and bad in Cathay. It is as Chinese as chopsticks, yet it now belongs to Japan. But even though the Japs run it, it is still also the center of activities for Free and Vichy Frenchmen, White and Red Russians, Nazi and anti-Nazi Germans, millionaire and starving Jewish refugees, for Rumanians, Syrians, Indians, Koreans — fifty-five different nationalities, and mixtures of them all. In its day Shanghai has been one of the gayest, wickedest and wittiest cities in the world, and throughout its turbulent history it has been bought and sold out many times.

Shanghai has many faces. The International Settlement with its fine buildings is a tribute to American and British firms,

whose pioneer representatives built the city on the shifting mud banks of the river. A few blocks either way, all China is at one's beck and call — tiny shops filled with glorious silks, dried fish, gaily painted wash-basins, and delicately carved fans.

On the other side of the Settlement is the Japanese sector, Hongkew, separated by narrow Soochow Creek, as smelly as Roquefort cheese. When I arrived, soldiers with bayonets guarded each bridge, barricades choked every entrance, while Japanese gunboats controlled the Whangpoo River and the Yangtze down to the sea. Shanghai was even then like a huge embryo concentration camp, where everyone was as yet free to act as he wished, but no one knew when the Tokyo trap would close its teeth.

I soon felt that life in the city was filled with more than average drama. Some of it lived before me. Some was hidden in international depths of treason, trade, and bargain. "Who knows when it will crack wide open into holocaust? Who knows when Tokyo will decide the time has come to declare the power of the Rising Sun against the Stars and Stripes?" I wrote shortly after I arrived.

Shanghai has always been religiously gay, and this last hectic summer was no exception. Tiffins, teas, dinners, dancing, were the order of every day. But all the time I was digging in back of this façade of fun to see what was really making Shanghai tick. My findings weren't very encouraging.

One of the most definite straws in the shifting war wind was the departure of Sir Victor Sassoon, who had come to Shanghai ten years before from Bombay with \$300,000,000 for investment. Now he was withdrawing his immense interests and silently creeping away — but not until first he announced that Japan would never fight America!

Every day there were murders, and one morning I saw an assassination. It is an alarming thing to see a man cough his lungs out, and proclaims vividly how quickly life can become death. The man was a Chinese, a leading banker who had criti-

cized Japan's policies in conquered China, and he was killed as he left the American Club, next door to the municipal police station.

The Japanese maintained a clearing house in Jessfield Road for purposes of receiving ransom money for kidnapping, instructions for strikes, control of opium-smuggling and white slavery. It was a powerful parasitical organization, waxing wealthy as its yellow octopus arms reached high and low alike. From the lower Yangtze Valley alone the Japanese were taking \$100,000,000 Shanghai dollars a month in "squeeze." Madame Wang Ching-wei, wife of the puppet Chinese ruler in Japanese-held China, was reported to specialize in the gambling and vice ends as her share of the profits.

It was at this time that the Japanese bombed the American gunboat *Tutuila* at Chungking, so I went to the Japanese press conference to see if they could explain that away as easily as they had the sinking of the *Panay*. The spokesman said the boat was in a military area, and Americans had been "warned" to get out of Chungking anyway. At the height of many thousand feet there was bound to be a drift of bombs on windy days.

"If it should be windy every day, then American property may be bombed every day?" I asked. The Japanese nodded.

Also, in navigation there is always a margin for error at such heights, he went on. Did we remember in Europe when an English pilot thought he was over Germany, but was over Norway when he dropped bombs?

"But the Japanese *did* know they were over China this morning?" I queried, and then subsided.

No one was fooling himself too much about the proximity of the day of reckoning with Japan, for surrounding the city were 150,000 Jap soldiers, armored cars, tank divisions, plane squadrons — and they were not there for fun.

On the streets more Chinese were dying daily as the Japanese hold grew tighter on the city's finances. Over 30,000 bodies were being taken from the streets every year, as many

as 800 a night, ever since the beginning of the "Incident."

From Chungking at this time went a cable to President Roosevelt, signed by W. S. McCurdy and George Fitch, high YMCA official and executive adviser to the Chinese Industrial Co-operatives:

"Chungking Americans cannot understand the continued sale of gasoline and oil to Japan. How can we escape responsibility for recent bombings when thousands perished here, the American Methodist Hospital was destroyed, the offices of the American Military and Naval Attachés damaged, and U.S.S. *Tutuila* threatened, part of the new model village created with American Red Cross funds wrecked, and for the destruction of other lives and cities, all enabled by the use of our gasoline

China appreciates American sympathy and help, but it is past the time we ceased being a partner of Japan in her crimes and aggression against China."

I am sure the Chinese, along with many Americans, were completely confused by American contributions to Japan's war efforts — which are now also being used against us in the Solomons and the whole Pacific area.

Fitch, McCurdy (now dead), and my friends Fred Two-good and J. B. Powell, the great journalist who was mistreated by the Japs until he lost part of his feet from gangrene, are symbolic of all those pioneer American men who have believed in, and fought for, China. Powell, the number-one executives of the big American companies in the Far East, and newspaper correspondents, were thrown into filthy jails and subjected to unbelievable conditions when Japan went to war against America. They all came home on the same ship I did — men who had stood by our flag until it was taken down and the Rising Sun put in its place. Their health will be impaired for years, but they have added a splendid tradition to the spirit of American journalism and business, which has carried the Stars and Stripes to the far corners of the earth. I knew most of them well, but I hardly recognized some when I met them again, after they too had been prisoners of the Japs.

I did not know then what was in store for them, or for me. But somehow I did know a new surging pride in things American at this time. The last thing I wrote from Shanghai carried this theme: "I was proud to see the review of these valiant United States Marines under Colonel Howard, to know it is not only their duty but their wish to serve — and die, if necessary — so the American flag may fly wherever there are Americans to protect. When later a toast was offered to our country and our flag, I gave thanks that I belong to a nation that can still give that most precious of toasts: 'To Freedom.'"

As I moved on down the coast to Hong Kong, I felt more and more convinced that war was about to begin. I wrote *Newsweek*, for which I was corresponding: "This thing is nearly ready to break. I can't tell you in which direction, but I think Japan is about ready to strike, probably in several directions."

The British colony of Hong Kong was also much changed since my last visit. The government had evacuated all women except those on "essential services" two years before, and lonesome men damned their fate.

There is beauty in the harbor of Hong Kong that exists in but two other ports in the world, Rio de Janiero and Sydney. "The Place of the Sweet Lagoons" is the name given it by the Chinese, but I called it "The City of a Million Lights." To look up at the protecting Peak at night was to see the breast of earth hung with a million sparkles of light, a diamond necklace lying on black velvet.

The city was a strange mixture of Chinese and English, of sedate streets that had the scent of London, and other secret ones with frankly the smell of the Orient. Rickshas were common transportation, but the steep climb to the Peak, 1,825 feet high, called for sedan chairs carried by two coolies, or the perpendicular tramway. In the harbor lived a floating population of 100,000, seldom venturing ashore.

I stayed at the Repulse Bay Hotel, on the opposite side of the island from Hong Kong, one of the most glorious places on

earth. The cliffs on one side dropped down to the rippling sea. The great rambling white hotel followed the curve of the hills and rested at the feet of the high emerald peaks standing guard above. Below were miles of golden crescent beach.

My first visit was to Sir Shouson Chow, grandfather of my tiny little friend Ethel Chun, now Mrs. J. Z. Huang of Washington, D. C. Sir Shouson was eighty-three, as active as a youth, merry and alert. He had been one of the first Chinese sent by the Empress Dowager to the United States to study, and one of the few Chinese knighted by the British Empire. I was invited to his home to a family dinner in his fine mansion on a splendid hilltop — a rare honor.

Within a short month this Shouson Hill was a bitter battle-field, the family was forced to flee, and in a note I had from Sir Shouson, this former millionaire wrote: "Even I am now compelled to live on charity."

I became acquainted with a young Englishman, Ross, who worked for the British Ministry of Information. One Sunday we climbed the Peak, high above the world. There was a twenty-two-mile chain of fine paths for walking, and I asked about them. "They are for defense purposes," Ross said. *When the time came, this was true enough, but it was the Japs who used them for their defense against the British!*

At one point we looked down at a reservoir, a sparkling mirror in a jade setting. "Lovely to look at," I observed, "but in case of war what happens to a supply so unprotected?" I was told that it was so far back in the hills it was inaccessible, and that it could be protected against attack by guns. *I guess the Japs didn't know about that, for a month later they cut off the entire water supply.*

As we scrambled down the vertical hillside, I managed to gasp a question about the phone cables lying on top of the ground in some places. "If I were an enemy, all I'd have to do would be to clip these with manicure scissors, and I could cut the military command of the island in two."

I think Ross had begun to consider me an annoying young

woman, for he laughed and said: "You just don't understand about the plan of defense. You can be sure the military know how to take care of things."

The racing season in Hong Kong was always an important part of the life of society. The Jockey Club was exclusive, and each box was a complete room, with a large dining and cocktail lounge in back. Various individuals owned these suites and gave large parties before the races. I was invited to the box of Sir Athol MacGregor, Chief Justice of the colony, and his wife, Lady MacGregor.

Later this club was the scene of one of the worst carnages of the war.

The most delightful place I visited was the Chinese-style home of Mr. and Mrs. William Stanton, about twenty miles from Hong Kong on the mainland, filled with priceless treasures. The most elaborate party I attended was in honor of the wedding anniversary of Sir Robert Hotung and Lady Hotung, Chinese philanthropists. A thousand guests were invited, from high-ranking Sir Mark Young, the Governor-General, to lowly me. Golden decorations filled the elaborate ballroom; champagne flowed as proverbially. The candle was burning at both ends in Hong Kong, but time was wearing thin — this lavish fête took place in the first week in December.

I speak of these things and these people as part of the type of living that made Hong Kong so enjoyable. *When next I saw Sir Athol and Lady MacGregor and Mr. and Mrs. Stanton, they were living in the crudest of conditions, with barely enough food to keep alive. The wash of Jap invasion had swept over them too and obliterated, perhaps forever, the splendor of living that was traditional among the wealthy in the Far East.*

One day I watched Japanese Kurusu leave by clipper for Washington, where he was hurrying with "peace plans," just as had Ambassador Nomuru whom I had watched in Honolulu almost a year before.

Another day brought the arrival of the Canadian troops,

3,000 of them, the Royal Rifles of Canada and the Royal Winnipeg Grenadiers. Strategists said that with their coming Great Britain served warning on the world that she intended to defend her furthest outpost against all aggression. Rumor had it that more troops were expected to arrive, but they had been shunted to Singapore, and that much of the ammunition and equipment of the first group also had gone there. *History dictated that in a month thousands of these lads had died that their Empire might live on.*

Two weeks previous to the war, Hong Kong went through a series of black-outs and mock war conditions. Planes flew low and dropped smoke bombs, and realistic air-raid conditions were simulated. At night we stumbled down dark streets to our objectives, usually the Hong Kong Hotel, the social center of the city. There would be friends and fun, and not too much thought that this was anything but the military having a bit of a go at putting people through the hoops.

I was doing daily battle with Sergeant Harris at the police station over staying in Hong Kong. It was his job to see I got out when my passport specified, mine to stay because I thought war was about to break. I don't know which of us enjoyed the argument more.

"Why don't you want to leave?" he would ask.

"There's going to be a war, and I want to see the balloon go up."

The sergeant was one of the first I saw when I arrived in concentration camp a few months later. He shook his finger, smiling at the same time. "I told you you ought to leave."

"I told you your balloon was going up," I answered. "The only trouble was that I didn't think the blooming thing would come down so blinking fast!"

I was having trouble with some Chungking arrangements which Cheng Pao-nan, of the American Bureau for Medical Aid to China, had promised to make. In the course of straightening these out, I met Madame Sun Yat-sen, wife of the

founder of the Republic of China, and sister of Madame Chiang Kai-shek. She is very active in war relief, especially in the co-operative movement, but was living quietly in Hong Kong at this time.

On the last Saturday before I finally felt forced to leave, no matter what was up the Jap kimono sleeve, I was a judge of costumes at a brilliant Chinese-British Bomber Fund Ball. About midnight genial T. B. Wilson, of the American President Lines, called for silence and read an order calling all reserves to their posts. Men looked at one another, nodded, and left women sitting alone — the first step that means war. In fact, the total of what war means to women from start to finish: aloneness in which to face whatever comes her way.

After the party I met Stuart Gray, the editor of the *Hong Kong Telegraph*, to bid him good-by, as he was leaving during the night for Australia to spend his first vacation in five years with his wife. When he went to the harbor a little later, his boat had unexpectedly left. Apparently the captain had decided to make a quick exit, for he was not supposed to sail until dawn. Stuart arranged to take another ship in the morning, part of a convoy of forty ships.

I stood on the top of the Peak watching them sail away, waving good-by with a strange feeling of finality in my heart. *Within twenty-four hours part of that convoy was captured by the Japs, part was sunk, and part escaped.* I did not know until a week ago, after all these months of fear, that Stuart reached Australia after a thrilling escape at sea.

Sunday was always a busy day, for there were countless parties, beginning with breakfast and riding, luncheon and sailing, and ending with cocktails and dinner. So it was this day. Whiskies and sodas enjoyed their usual popularity. Military authorities enjoyed their usual round of social duties, as they did at Pearl Harbor. Some of the officers whose duties were to deal with the Japanese on border problems continued their festivities until five in the morning of December 8.

It was all no different from what Sundays had been in the

"Gibraltar of the Far East" for the hundred years the British Empire had considered this its last outpost. Manners and modes had changed, but not the elegances of living.

Twenty-six miles away across the border, 50,000 troops were moving closer and closer to the edge of the British-owned New Territories. The men were small in size and cheaply equipped, but they were ready to die, and they were following precision details that had been planned for many years. Troops, ammunition, guns, supplies, all moved in unison. Poised on the airport at Canton, seventy-three miles away, was a squadron of planes.

In Tokyo men watched the pins on the map. In Washington Kuru and Nomuru talked peace plans with the American government. In Pearl Harbor officers were recovering from Hawaiian week-ends and failing to listen to the words of an underling who warned of approaching aircraft. In Manila there was no thought of tomorrow.

It was only in Tokyo that men stood poised, ready to move the pins on the map of the Pacific area. The pins they soon moved forward each bore the flag of the Rising Sun, as did the men and the planes.

Chapter II

Havoc Over Hong Kong

I HAD an early breakfast this Monday morning, December 8, for I had a great deal to do before my evening's departure for Chungking. I didn't really want to leave Hong Kong, because of its beauty, the friends I had made there; and because some web of information inside of me was telling me that now was no time to go. Stuart had had the same feeling when he left the day before. . . . "What if something happens just after I sail, and I'm not here to see it after all these years of waiting for the story to break?"

It is hard to explain what rouses such a feeling in a reporter's heart, but it bites deeper and deeper, like a rat gnawing through wooden walls, and it won't let you rest or think or sleep when it begins to work.

Hurried as I was, I lingered over breakfast on the terrace, looking out across the shining bay, thinking about my months in the British Colony. Five years before, I had had one of the happiest times of my life in this same place, filled with sun-silvered days and star-trimmed nights, with the music of the winds always singing faintly down from the peaks.

Finally I hurried on my way to take an early hotel bus into Hong Kong. As I turned in my key at the desk, Miss Marjorie Matheson, the manager, asked me about my plans.

"I expect to leave tonight, as I told you before."

"Maybe the authorities won't let the planes go," she said.

I looked at her in amazement. "Don't scare me that way. Why shouldn't they go?"

"Orders, perhaps," she replied.

I guessed from the conversation that the military had decided to continue the maneuvers of the weeks before, and perhaps they were holding back the planes for some tactical reasons.

As I went down the steps, I met Mr. W. L. Bond, manager of CNAC, whose planes went to Chungking. "How do you feel now?" he asked.

"Excited about tonight, of course," I answered, and wondered why he looked at me so queerly. I decided he thought I had done enough flying around the world so that I shouldn't be concerned about this comparatively short hop into Free China.

What I didn't know at the time, and they did, was what had happened some fifteen minutes before on the Kai-Tek Airport, when the CNAC planes were damaged, the clipper sunk, the airfield machine-gunned. I don't know why they didn't tell me — too hurried, too perturbed, I suppose.

I had my arms full of papers when I took the bus, for I was on my way to the British censor, who must approve every scrap of paper taken out of the colony, whether personal letters, clippings, writings, or films and negatives.

As the bus hurried over the top of the hills, I saw soldiers digging trenches in some of the gardens of the villas. "Carrying these maneuvers quite far this time," I thought. "Some people are going to be pretty mad when they see their lovely flower-beds all torn up."

The harbor had never looked more beautiful than it did this morning as the bus topped the Peak and started downwards. I missed the huge white world-circling liners that used to anchor there, but there were still countless boats, sampans and junks, and picturesque sails. The hills were fragrant with orchid-like flowers that clung to the emerald trees like flutter-

ing butterflies. The air was as exhilarating as nectar, and the sunlight as sparkling.

As the bus passed through the Chinese section, I thought it seemed unusually quiet for this restless sector. There was no chattering, hurrying crowd, although the stores were still open, the pharmacies with their pickled embryos in the windows, shoe shops with huge green and red wooden clogs to advertise their wares, the chest-makers' rich with the scent of sandalwood, the cloth stores with their stacks of bolts of cardinal red and Peking blue.

There were soldiers at every corner, so I judged my conclusion was correct that maneuvers were to be continued another week. We arrived in the smug British section, with its proper shops, cricket clubs, and dignified government buildings. More soldiers. Then —

A newspaper billboard:

JAPAN IS AT WAR WITH HONG KONG!

I could hardly believe it. The blood-dyed flag of war had actually been sent up to the mast. The Far East at long last had burst into deadly flames.

We've talked war with the Japanese for years. We've partly prepared for it, at the same time that we've sold them the materials with which to fight and kill us. We've said it was "inevitable," but somehow reality is hard to grasp when it is so tremendous as actual war.

War. *War*. What is it? You read of it, you shudder, you think you could not stand it if it came near you. Then suddenly it is there, a ghostly skeleton specter that walks beside you every second of the day and night. It swings its blood-dripping scythe, and there is death all about you. War? It is your flag coming down and someone else's flag going up. It is crashing and violent and overwhelming. I went to see war through a woman's eyes, and I know now it looks no different to a woman from what it does to a man; it is all terror, rape, horror, destruction and death . . . death . . . death.

The first day of the war was filled with unreality. I heard the shriek of the air siren, dread crescendo warning that runs electric fingers up and down the spine. It says: "Run fast, *murder* is coming! Run fast, *murder* is coming!" up and down, over and over.

I went to the street and looked up into the shining sky. There were planes high above. Suddenly from them would drop the winged black bombs, and almost as suddenly there would be death and disaster below. Tiny puffs of anti-aircraft fire would appear in the sky like dark periods, fading off into gray commas as the wind disintegrated them, and the sound of their explosion would reverberate in abrupt warning from the Peak.

I knew this was no longer practice for war, but *war*. Yet who can believe that men can be so mad, that the world is so filled with hate? Why did the Japanese want to kill the Chinese by the millions, and the British and Canadians and Australians and Americans and Dutch? Why? Why? Why?

The first few days of the war were days of strange calm and stranger turmoil. It all seemed unbelievable, yet too vitally real. You would watch the Japanese planes drop bombs and return to Canton for more, with a feeling you were watching a newsreel. Then you would search for places where the missiles had fallen, and when you found them, and the masses of flesh left behind, you were sick with the reality of it.

I had wanted to be wherever war broke out. I was there. And I was overwhelmingly frightened. I felt horribly alone, and face to face with a startling fate that might have any ending. There was no one to whom I could turn; everyone was too stunned to think of anyone but himself. I had never felt so lonely in my whole life as I did that first morning when I realized I was in the midst of war and that I had to face it by myself, no matter what happened.

I went to the Hong Kong Hotel with the papers I had been taking to the British censor and checked them. I knew there was no need of going to the censor's office now. With them

went the negatives of all the best pictures I had taken from Maine to Manila, from Paris to Palembang, and back again; the scrapbook that contained everything I had written in the last ten years; letters, notes, clippings; an invitation from Their Imperial Majesties King George and Queen Elizabeth to appear at Buckingham Palace; copies of credentials from Cordell Hull, from newspapers; things I never saw again, but I suppose they were all burned by the Japanese when they took the city.

My first task was to get proper credentials from the British Ministry of Information. These were in a little leather-covered book with my picture on one side, the seal of Great Britain on the other, and read: "Permitted to enter all authorized military zones." And with this I started my official hunt for war.

At this point let me sketch briefly the geographical aspects of this battlefield-to-be. Hong Kong is an island whose capital is Victoria, British-owned for 101 years, the sixteenth port of the world, ten and a half miles long. It housed 1,200,000 people, not counting the 300,000 Chinese refugees who had fled there since 1937 before the approaching Japanese for protection under the British flag. Only 24,000 inhabitants were white.

On the other side of the island were a small naval base at Aberdeen, a Chinese fishing village; the Repulse Bay section, where I lived; and miles of shaggy shoreline.

Directly across from Hong Kong on the mainland was Kowloon, as much a part of the city as an arm is of the body, with the harbor only a quarter-mile wide at some places. A clock tower guarded the entrance, and was adjacent to the railway station, from which trains had left for Canton before the "Incident," but now they went only about twenty miles into the country.

Near the ferry was the Peninsula Hotel, one of the largest of the city's hostels. Behind it were blocks of fascinating ships, and across from it a huge YMCA. An enterprising builder had erected a section of shops in Chinese style, called the Chung-

king Arcade, and in them were exquisite linens, sweaters, curios, jewelry. The streets for blocks were arcaded, and one could shop for a mile without being in the open. Indian silk shops particularly thrived along these walks.

The British had erected large model apartments for many of the Chinese, but in sections of old Kowloon Tong there was nothing to differentiate it from any dirty inland Chinese city. Other parts were very properly suburban British, with two- or three-story apartments, or dignified-looking houses behind stone walls.

It had been only fifty years since the British had decided they needed some guard in front of their Hong Kong doorstep, and had moved suddenly into the Chinese mainland. Almost overnight they had taken this strip of mainland, about twenty-six miles deep, running back to the foothills and the mountains, and including countless little old Chinese villages, and vegetable gardens where coolie women and carabaos carried on as they have in Cathay for tens of thousands of years. There were over three hundred square miles in this section, called the "New Territories," leased to the British government by the Chinese in 1898.

When I first came to Hong Kong I had not realized the Japanese were so close—only twenty-six miles away. That they had conquered territory so near the Empire's skirt hem seemed a little alarming to me, but none of the British seemed to worry about its potentialities. Their military had said they had worked out plans of defense that would always keep the conquering Japanese twenty-six miles away, and that was all that seemed necessary.

The announcement by one general who came to the colony that Hong Kong could not be defended, and should never attempt defense, seemed the ill-advised conclusion of a man who could not know much about what he was talking.

So preparations went on—certain lines of defense, certain plans of strategy. The last general who took command felt that the New Territories could hold out three months, and that

then the troops could retreat to the fortress of Hong Kong and hold out indefinitely. The New Territories fell in four days; the fortress of Hong Kong in fourteen more. Hong Kong and its defenses crumbled like a child's mud house which has stood too long in the sun and is suddenly jarred, becoming nothing but a pile of dried-out grains of sand.

This was not the fault of the people of the city. They believed in their defenses, and they were willing to die for the Empire to prove it, and would have fought from house to house if it would have done any good.

A new Governor General, Sir Mark Aitchison Young, arrived in the colony a few months before the war. He received the report of the Military High Command, and he believed it, I suppose. He had no reason not to. A new commander of the garrison, Major-General C. M. Maltby, also arrived only a few months before the outbreak, and found awaiting him the report that the defenses were impenetrable; he had not had time to find out otherwise for himself. Or perhaps he could not give credence to what he found — certainly the war made evident that Hong Kong was undefendable in its present state, and that somewhere there had been criminal negligence. Part of the trouble was too many officials, too much social routine, too much white tie. I understand that at present Parliament has decided to drop investigation of Hong Kong's fall, but I imagine, and hope, that some day someone will have to answer difficult questions and try to explain unexplainable causes and effects.

So between those who should have known better, there was too much talk, and not enough trench-digging, air-defense preparations, troops, or thought given to primary and vital problems of food, water, and light. Since government and military authorities exuded confidence, the people under them believed, for the most part, that they dwelt in an impenetrable fortress.

The newspaper people didn't believe it. Some of the businessmen who had seen too much official maneuvering and been

choked by too much "tradition of the classes" didn't believe it. But they didn't dare express their views very openly, or they would have lost their positions in the colony, and home in England was a long way off.

And the Japanese didn't believe it. One Nipponese officer bragged to a British officer whom he knew: "Hong Kong is a ripe plum we will shake from a rotten branch when we get ready."

Maybe the British Intelligence and military did know that the Japanese had moved 50,000 men and equipment up to the borders of the New Territories, twenty-six miles from Hong Kong, and had them massed there by the night of December 7. How they could have avoided knowing is hard to conceive, for you just can't move so vast an army without betraying some sign. But if they knew, they seemed to do little about it. At any rate, it was much too late, years too late, at this point.

So this morning there were only a comparatively few troops to move in pawn against those advancing men with their machine guns and hand-grenades and well-thought-out plans. Thrown against them were men of the Middlesex, Royal Scots, Royal Navy, Rajputs, Gurkhas, the Royal Winnipeg Grenadiers and the Royal Rifles of Canada, the Hong Kong police, and the Hong Kong Volunteer Corps, made up of the businessmen, clerks, lawyers, and doctors of the city, between 10,000 and 15,000 in all. The Canadians had been in Hong Kong only a few short weeks. They were unfamiliar with the terrain, they were mostly green troops, but they were brave lads. And they died by the thousands within the next few weeks.

In Hong Kong we could hear the echoing boom of the guns far away in the New Territories, and we knew that it was face-to-face fighting back in those rocky hills. The large guns in the city began to answer the challenge, and we got our first taste of the *sound* of big-time war.

I got my first *sight* of it when I went to take pictures and saw what remained of the Chinese market, where 800 Chinese

had been killed in the first few minutes of war — masses of stone and steel, masses of flesh and blood.

I saw it too in a small boy sitting on a curb, his insides tumbling onto the sidewalk, still holding the hand of his young mother, who lay beside him, but her breasts had been blown away and part of her head.

Pearl Harbor was separated from Japan by 2,800 miles of ocean. Only twenty-six miles stood between Hong Kong and Japanese-held territory. Bitter facts.

The threads which I had been knitting together were now revealing their pattern: Ambassador Nomura passing through Honolulu with his cunning words: "I am not being sent to Washington to talk of war, but to think of peace"; a Japan sacrificing everything to the hungry jaws of a military machine; a nervous Shanghai surrounded by 150,000 Japanese troops; Kurusu rushing through Hong Kong on his way to Washington, on a clipper held specially for him by the United States government, because unless he made that one "it might be too late," his government warned, thus succeeding in delaying activities for a few more short weeks until Nippon reached the exact second she wanted to strike. Until the troops had moved up to Hong Kong's border; until submarines and ships and planes reached the Hawaiian Islands.

Now the pattern stood clear in Japan's coat of many colors, deceptively woven to cover the world with horror, destruction, death.

Chapter III

The Curtain Goes Up

SOMEWHERE behind the curtain of distance, then, the Japanese and the British were fighting. We could hear them, but we could not see them. There was no waiting in Hong Kong for the battle to begin, however. From the first hour the war was with us, and we were the human targets on the physical fortress upon which our enemies were firing.

War came to us with rough giant fingers which shook our lives out on bloody streets, and tore our hearts and minds to shreds with ruthless disregard of all the humanities.

All during the first day there were air raids. It was amazing how quickly the Chinese became used to disappearing into the tunnels when the sirens wailed their up-and-down song of danger. The streets would be filled with multitudes, and almost simultaneously with the siren would come the sound of Jap planes, and the streets would be cleared as though swept by a huge vacuum cleaner.

There was a *feeling* of panic that first day, although there was no *show* of panic. But actual war had descended so quickly, without the least bit of rumor to the vast majority of people that it was about to begin, that realization was all too difficult. It was a huge and unpalatable portion that we could not immediately cram down our throats.

However, the civilian defense of Hong Kong swung quickly into action. Air-raid wardens went to their posts and stuck

to them throughout the war. Street patrols kept the streets clear during raids. Rice-distributing centers were set up at once to feed the hundred thousand Chinese who became dependent on British governmental help.

Almost everyone wore a helmet, although I was never issued one, nor did I ever have one during the war. There weren't even enough for all civilian workers. Many carried gas masks. Everyone tried to get flashlights, but the stores were soon sold out. The prices jumped, and even then they could not be bought. I went to five shops looking for one and then gave up.

Many stores boarded up their fronts, some closed and never reopened, but most were open for certain limited hours. People tried to buy additional food supplies, but a clamp was soon put on this, and only an emergency amount could be purchased.

The Food Control office immediately began to operate; it was their job to see that food went through to the various centers, hospitals, air-raid and military posts. Tickets were issued to all civilian workers, telling them where and when they could eat; and the amount of food to be served at restaurants was specified. Remember, we were an island fortress, and although not cut off from the mainland as yet, that was undoubtedly ahead.

There did not seem to be much creaking or groaning in the machinery of these civilian defense plans. The people of Hong Kong sprang to the defense of their city without hesitation and without murmur. The fault of the fall of the garrison lies not with its valiant residents, but with military and governmental plans made long before December 1941.

One of the most precarious and gallant jobs of flying ever tackled can be credited to the American and Chinese CNAC pilots during the next two nights. The Chinese call CNAC the "Middle Kingdom Space Machine Family," and this family can well be proud of all its Hong Kong children.

After the Japanese planes peeled off at 4,000 feet to dive at the airport in that first attack which destroyed seven CNAC

lanes and the clipper, they came as low as 100 feet to machine-gun the field. The hangar was burning, but some of the pilots pulled the remaining five planes out and, with tractors which they had never driven before, dragged them from the field. When bus signs proved too low to allow the wings to pass, the tractors simply ran over them to flatten them down. The ships were hidden in the Chinese section during the day, by camouflaging them with mud and straw and pushing them into vegetable patches. Fifty minutes after the first attack the Japs came back to pepper the field with eight bombs, so it was lucky the planes were already away.

The men who carried out these splendid flights and this work included Pilots Wood, Sharpe, Angle, Schuyler, Kessler, Scott, McDonald, De Kantozono, Moon Ching, and Hugh Chen, Communications man Price, Operations Manager Sharpe, Shop Superintendent Soldinski, and the Hong Kong clipper crew and its captain, Fred Ralph.

The first pilot to take off was Frank Higgs, who flew 200 miles inland over the Jap lines to Namyung. Sweet and Kessler followed at half-hour intervals. Soon afterwards those on the field were panic-filled when the air-raid warning sounded, thinking a Jap bomber had sneaked in. Just before the British anti-aircraft opened up, the cabin lights of a plane flicked in the sky for a few seconds and were recognized as those of Pilot Higgs, completing the first 400-mile shuttle trip from Namyung. By four a.m. two more planes had returned, reloaded, and started back. They were overloaded, and the take-offs were delicate feats of flying, made in total darkness, as were the landings.

Manager Bond learned the British intended to blow up the field the next day, but he persuaded officials to leave a landing strip 300 feet wide so the planes could continue to operate. During Monday and Tuesday nights the planes flew out 275 Chinese and Americans, including the family of Dr. Kung, China's Minister of Finance, and Madame Sun Yat-sen.

One Chinese pilot, Hugh Chen, took out an eight-year-old

plane with no radio. Half-way to Namyung its compass jammed, but resourceful Chen pulled out a ten-cent compass and flew on to Chungking "by the seat of his pants" (without instruments). All the pilots in Free China were fighting to make the trip, each one wanting to make every perilous flight.

I had a reservation on one of these planes for Monday night, but I don't know who got my place. Maybe Madame Sun Yat-sen. I saw Mr. Bond at the American Club on the day after war began, and on general principles asked if there was a place for me that night, but he said no, sorry, and good luck. He left that night for Chungking.

The planes were to return the third night, but the British gave orders that no more ships were to come to the field. In Chungking, Manager Bond received permission through Britain's Ambassador to China, Sir Archibald Clark Kerr, to resume service, making two flights that night. Two pilots en route, McDonald and Higgs, received word by radio an hour out of Hong Kong, canceling the arrangements, with no reason given. That was CNAC's last attempt to evacuate those caught in the "impenetrable fortress."

Pan-American officials consider the feat of these pilots one of the most action-packed records of bravery and resourcefulness in aviation's history — equal to the flights of fighting pilots. Certainly it was an epic of the will to dare and do.

I hardly knew where to turn that first day. I went to the lobby of the Hong Kong Hotel and found it filled with a nervous milling crowd. Connecting it with the Gloucester Hotel was an arcade, and hundreds of Chinese had already moved into this with their mothers, fathers, children, grandparents, and rice bowls. Many did not move out until the war ended, except as the sanitation squad ousted them for a few hours each morning to disinfect and clean the place. These two hotels were supposed to be among the most strongly constructed buildings in Hong Kong, and thus were considered as safe as an air-raid shelter.

In fact, one of the directors of the Gloucester Building told

me that after its construction the directors in England had demanded an explanation of the great cost. An inquiry followed, during which it was discovered that seventy times more steel had been used in it than had been specified!

Later I went to the American Club, and here was gathered a rather sick-looking group of people. They all sat looking into space, thinking of their families at home and what it means to be completely cut off from America when war crashes down. Some of them looked rather green, and I wondered what color fear is when it comes to the surface of the skin. I even wondered what shade my skin had turned. But by the next day every American around the club had jumped into some sort of war work, and from then on did everything he could to be of service in the defense of the city.

The terrace of the American Club became my watching-post. The club was in the Shanghai and Hong Kong Bank Building, the city's finest and highest, a smart modernistic-looking edifice facing the waterfront, but separated from it by a block of green park. The terrace ran on three sides, so from it one could look across the water toward Kowloon, up and down the harbor, down on the city, and up toward the Peak. From here I took my first pictures of the Japanese planes coming over, and of the white puffs of anti-aircraft fire, which always seemed just to miss. We never saw the British fire bring down a plane, although several hits were reported. There were no British planes to send up.

I called on George Baxter at the UP office, but he was busy typing and trying to find out what was happening back in the New Territories. The office boy was hurriedly putting up adhesive strips, back and forth across the big front plate-glass window, until it looked like an elegant spider web, and I stuck on a few, too, just to try to feel useful.

A few days later a bomb hit this building, the *South China Morning Post* Building, and it went down through several floors. The newspaper people in various offices went on working and barely took time to see what damage had been done.

The day passed with the Jap planes coming and going, the air raids, the shelling. It seemed a year long, and everyone was mentally exhausted when darkness came.

I went back to Repulse Bay once in that first week for the only time until late in the war. I wanted to get most of my camera equipment into the city where I could have it available at a minute's notice. The bus crawled back in absolute black-out, and it was an eerie experience sneaking round those high curving roads without even one speck of light. I knew there were deep drops over cliffs in some places, and a few inches' difference would mean disaster. But those Chinese bus-drivers seemed to see like cats in the dark, and although we went slowly, we went surely.

A world seemed to separate me from the feeling with which I had left the hotel in the morning. Gone were the sunlight and the happiness. Now there was only blackness and war. The hotel itself did nothing to alleviate this feeling, for it, too, was blacked out, and over every window was a thick black-out curtain. The huge dining-room was full of shadows, and silent people ate quickly and vanished to their rooms.

My room looked desolate also, for everything was packed, ready for my planned departure that night. I had sent one bag with Stuart to leave with Esther Steele in Singapore, full of tropical clothes. Then there was a bag to take to Chungking, with warm winter things, medicines, and vital supplies. And the rest of my trunks and bags, nine in number, were ready to be shipped to Manila to await me after my swing around the Far East, filled with clothes, jewelry, and treasures I had been gathering to take back to America.

I did not unpack any of them, but only pulled out the wool slack suit I had had tailored to use in taking pictures in the interior of China, with big pockets to hold films and filters. When I put it on in the morning I could hardly know that I was to wear nothing else for the next four months, and that it was to see me through war and capture and captivity.

It was another lovely sun-filled day as Nature created it

when the bus left for the city, but man was making of it a thing of terror. We had to wait in front of the hotel until an air raid was over in Hong Kong, and we could hear the faint echo of sirens saying "all clear" as we made a hurried departure. No more music of the winds from the peaks, as in other days — only the wail of death.

The bus did not take the regular route into town, as that was already a military sector. We went through Aberdeen and into a crowded Chinese section, and our driver was racing to get us to the Hong Kong Hotel before another air raid came. But the siren sounded, and we all climbed out of the bus to look for shelter. I had a heavy camera case filled with films, flash bulbs, an extra camera, and equipment, as well as two cameras slung over my shoulder. I was loaded down, and must have looked it, for a very nice gentleman's voice said as we jumped out: "Here, let me help you with those." I turned over the heavy case, and we all lined up against a wall.

A Chinese woman with gentle mien opened the door of the apartment house against which we were standing. "Come in here," she said, and we all gladly complied.

"I'm George Dankwerth of the Marsman Company in Manila," the man with my case said, and this introduced me to someone who was to take part in many of the experiences that followed.

Chinese women with babies strapped to their backs were hurrying down to the basement, and black-eyed children with wondering expressions clung to their skirts and followed after.

We looked out through the grille at the glimpse of sky.

"They are still a long way off," a sweet-looking woman in a brown suit remarked. There seemed to be something authoritative and comforting in her voice, and we looked at her with interest.

"My name is Mrs. Williams, and I have just come from Chungking. We know quite a little about Jap raids there, you know." She smiled. It suddenly gave us a feeling of confidence to have her with us, because we all felt like such amateurs at

this war business, and here was one who had been through the hell of Chungking raids and could find this one only a momentary annoyance.

I was to find that it was to this same Mrs. Williams I had messages from friends in the British Embassy in Shanghai, which I was supposed to relay in Chungking, but I delivered them now instead. Mrs. Williams had brought her husband, who was seriously ill, from the Embassy in the Chinese capital for treatment in the English hospital. He died during the war, and I was not to see her again until aboard the repatriation ship, headed toward America, seven months later.

The sirens announced that all was clear, and we went on, but only for a few blocks before that banshee scream told us the Jap planes were back again. This time we were in a tenement section, with narrow wooden houses, a perfect fire trap if a bomb hit. We hardly knew where to go when we alighted from the bus this time, and stood rather helplessly on the sidewalk, from which the Chinese were rapidly vanishing.

Across the street a door slid open, and a smiling Chinese man beckoned to us. Inside was a tiny tailoring shop, apparently devoted to making lingerie, for there were little old ladies making bows, young men cutting sheer silk, and slim girls sewing fine seams. They beckoned us to take stools they produced from the back of the dark shop, and went on with their work, smiling shyly at us now and then. Two who joined us were Baron and Baroness Guillaume, whom I had seen on the hotel terrace. He was Belgian Ambassador to China, and had been en route to Peking from Chungking.

I stood in the doorway part of the time, looking up at the vast sky, where planes of the Rising Sun were flying, dropping black darts of death. They seemed far away, yet we could hear their motors and could see their loads being dropped on the innocents below. British anti-aircraft guns were striving to bring them down, and we could hear the boom of their fire.

When the siren again released us, we left the shelter of the little shop with the feeling of a strange interlude. We all

bowed, for although our languages were different, we knew we were grateful that the Jap bombs had not found us that time, and for a little while more, at least, we were free to go on living.

Everyone in Hong Kong seemed to have taken hold of himself overnight, and there was a resolute air of tightness that was reassuring. Americans joined food transport corps, drove trucks and ambulances wherever needed, volunteered in the food-rationing divisions, went off to join air-raid precaution corps.

A great number of the British men belonged to the Hong Kong Volunteer Corps, and they had already vanished into the New Territories. Men and women in helmets, and with identifying armbands, came and went through the hotel lobby, intent on their tasks.

In Shanghai I had met Judge N. F. Allman, an American, who was an ardent horseman and polo-player, an enthusiastic newspaperman on the side, who had done a great deal of refugee work in that city. He was caught in Hong Kong, and when I saw him I stopped to talk. He had quickly secured permission to organize a camp for the Chinese refugees who were pouring into Kowloon from the New Territories before the advancing Japs, and whose homes were being bombed in Kowloon. The location was bad, directly in back of Stone-cutter's Island, where there were gun emplacements, and which the Japanese were beginning to shell. However, the judge proceeded immediately to get the place ready for ten thousand refugees and to make plans to keep the camp going throughout the war.

It was already hard to cross to Kowloon, and one could not go without special passes. A plan had been worked out to billet all Europeans from there in Hong Kong if it was ever necessary, and a few people were now going to houses on the Peak and throughout the city, according to plan. But the vast majority of Kowloon residents remained in their homes, which proved a bad mistake a few days later.

We heard that the fighting was not going so well for the British back in the New Territories, but this did not seem possible. I was having a sandwich in the crowded lobby of the Hong Kong Hotel in the evening when I noticed two exhausted young men in uniform talking to the manager. He went away, and I began a conversation with them.

"You've been out there in the New Territories?" I asked, and they nodded. "What do you see?"

"Fighting."

"But can't you tell me just a little more about it?"

"Sure. We see those Japs coming with machine guns and hand-grenades. We mow them down, but they keep coming."

"They're little devils," the other lad added. "But no matter how many are killed, they keep on coming, throwing hand-grenades. We kill them, they keep on coming," he almost shouted.

Those words could almost be the text of the whole Battle of Hong Kong and war in the Far East: "*No matter how many are killed, they keep on coming.*"

"What are you doing here?" I questioned.

"Our men have been two hard days without food, and we came over to go from hotel to hotel to see if we couldn't get some bread or meat." There, too, is part of the text of the failure in Hong Kong: the breakdown of military transportation and supply. All through the war we heard this time and time again—soldiers who went for days without food, and then got so hungry they would go on desperate errands to find something to eat for themselves and their friends.

These two lads were in the police force. One of them was Sergeant Hugh Dingsdale. I was to see him often throughout the following weeks, and he tried his best to help me on numerous occasions.

I was trying to sleep on a chair in the lounge later that night when a man said to me: "I have a suite of rooms here. Why don't you use one of them?"

That probably sounds extraordinary to you at home under peace conditions, but they were welcome words to me at that time. Your perspective changes entirely when life and death are the only values that remain constant throughout the hours. I still do not know this man's name, but I remember his offer with gratitude.

I could not relax into sleep, for I had seen many horrible things that day, and finally at two in the morning I decided to go for a walk to see if I could shake some of the nerves out of my skin. The corridors of the hotel were filled with sleepers stretched out on the stone floor for the night, and in the arcade it was almost impossible in the darkness to find a pathway through the Chinese bodies. A few children whimpered wearily as I passed, and others groaned in their sleep.

It was a night of exquisite beauty, for the moon was high and perfect, perfect for bombing as well as beauty — and it was trying its best to paint every building with silver, leaving only a few hidden shadows. The streets were silent and marched off toward the hill in straight long lines. I went to the waterfront, where I could see the masts of the ships already partly sunk, and the boom of small boats which the British had arranged in the harbor.

I looked up toward the Peak, and remembered the moonlights I had watched all over the world — for I love moon-glow and deep night hours. I thought of many of those scenes . . . the Detroit River from my apartment window, looking across Belle Isle toward Canada; New York like a twinkling movie set from the Rainbow Room; Paris from the top of Montmartre; the Colosseum in Rome; the Temple of Heaven in Peking; the Taj Mahal in India; the Bund in Shanghai from the Cathay Towers; the Palace in Stockholm from the terrace of the Grand Hotel; the Embankment in London; the surf at Waikiki; the temples of Bali. They all rose before me in a mist this night, and all seemed far away, dream visions from another life.

I looked across the harbor toward the hills, dark with the black-out. But there were a few lights twinkling somewhere and their red shadows reflected wavering on the heavens.

Suddenly my heart stood still, for there came the sound of the first big shells. To me there is nothing so terrifying as this mad screaming, tearing sound. God grant that most of you will never have to hear this shriek of death, for it tears your mind and your heart and your soul to quivering bits. Somewhere in the night the Japanese had moved up their big guns, and Hong Kong was now within the range of the shells that tore toward their targets in the hills behind the city.

You are told that when you hear these shells you are safe, for they are then thousands of yards beyond — but somehow you never feel quite sure of this. At least I never did. I got so I didn't jump, but they always made my heart stand still for a few seconds.

The night with all its beauty became a bitter thing, and I looked again toward the shadows of the mountains in the New Territories and wondered what terror was creeping toward us through the hours . . . and I thought I heard the cry of men who were dying by the thousands. I could only have created the sound in my own mind, for I could not in any way conceive of the actual horror and the shocking slaughter that the night was bringing to the men defending this last outpost of the British Empire.

Chapter IV

Terror in the Town

WOUNDED soldiers began to arrive in Hong Kong, the first torn shreds of men who had faced the Japanese in the hills back of Kowloon. They, too, told stories of determined little Japs who threw hand-grenades at them and ran; of others with machine guns, and as they advanced and fell, more moved in to take up the guns and the firing; of the incredible ease with which the Nipponese made their way over the stiff mountainous terrain.

Again we heard that the British were retreating, and that the Japs had broken through the first lines of defense manned by one of the finest of the British regiments. That couldn't be true, could it? The New Territories could hold at least three months, and it was now only the third day of the war.

But the sounds of the guns were drawing closer, and the wounded men were more numerous. We could not, or perhaps would not, accept the significance of all this.

Returning officers said that the Japs were filtering through defense positions in small groups and sniping from vantage points on various sides. Traitorous Chinese guided picked patrols of Japs through the hills they knew so well, making it possible for them to attack from the rear the pillboxes the British had built so carefully. It was reported that the enemy were dropping hand-grenades down the ventilating pipes,

which if built crooked instead of straight, would have made this butchery impossible.

In Kowloon there was evidence that the Chinese believed the Japanese were nearing. Mad mobs of looters began to operate, moving systematically from house to house like locust scourges, leaving nothing but ruin in their trail. Anything they did not want they threw out of the window or destroyed. They broke windows, chopped up grand pianos, took food, bathtubs, clothes, money, and valuables.

They stripped Chinese girls on the street as they grabbed their pocketbooks and searched them for hidden money. They stormed the cars of Europeans, and men who had worked with the Chinese for twenty years and loved them had to drive through the mobs at tremendous speed to save their own wives and children.

By Thursday Kowloon was an open town as far as the Chinese looters were concerned. They worked in organized gangs and demanded protection money from even small householders.

It was almost impossible to cross from the island to the mainland, but my Ministry of Information pass let me through. I watched one crazy mob sweep down a street, in and out of houses, taking and destroying as they went. I took pictures of these crazy men with their shining axes and long staves; although there were only twenty in this particular group, it looked like an entire army to me. As they roared toward me, I took my camera and tripod and ran like fury toward a main thoroughfare.

Fires were burning in various places, and a curtain of deep drenching smoke hung down over the city while wild flames threw up beseeching arms. Guns roared almost constantly, and the Jap planes were continuously raiding.

Europeans were beginning to run down the streets with bags, headed for the ferry and the Hong Kong side of the harbor. Toward the end of the week this became almost a panic, for often as the Europeans and Americans went out of the

front doors of their homes, the Japs came in the back. The police, under military order, abandoned Kowloon on Thursday, and frantic citizens running to the police stations found them empty and already looted by the Chinese.

Since then the abandonment of Europeans in Kowloon without police or military protection has been the subject of much discussion and damning. Certainly the civilian population should have been warned that the Japs were near, and the plans which had been made for months for the evacuation to the island fortress should have been carried out with some semblance of order. The police said they were acting under military order, and the military refused to comment. In fact, to find a high officer was almost an impossible task, for they were all deep in the bowels of the island in steel and stone positions and could not be reached for question or comment.

I knew one police officer who reported to military headquarters in Kowloon that the Japs were about to surround them, and asked for orders. The military told him that as a part of the police he should know better than to get so excited, that everything was under control, and his force need have no fear the Japs were really at hand.

When he called in half an hour to ask again for aid and to report the intense dangerousness of the situation, the headquarters was closed and everyone there had moved to the mainland.

Judge Allman told me that he spent Thursday collecting several tons of rice to feed the "dispersees" in his refugee camp, who were expected en masse on Friday. He arranged with a police of the Shamshuipo police station to place guards at the camp entrance, but the officer seemed very jittery.

The two went to the edge of the camp, where they could watch the Japs shelling Stonecutter's Island. The missiles were falling in the water between them and the island, and for twenty minutes nearer them than the island. Then a Jap observation plane flew over and corrected the range. Afterwards the shells continued to land on the island for half an hour.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock three relays of Jap bombers came over and bombed the wireless station from three thousand feet. Most of the bombs landed in the water, but several sticks landed between the radio masts. A group of three planes bombed the north end of the island about half past eleven, and were getting very close to where the English batteries were. The Jap bombers had better range than those who were shelling from the ground.

The judge noticed there were no police guards around the camp entrance, as had been planned. He had been warned to watch for rice riots, and so he went to the Shamshuipo police station, but found crowds milling around the door. He pushed through, found no police, the station looted, and the phones out of order, so he returned to his camp.

A military police lorry arrived at one p.m. with an order of three hundred blankets, so he took the truck and went to each police station to get protection for the camp. All were abandoned, and being looted. As he zigzagged from station to station, Judge Allman picked up many European women and children standing on the streets hoping to be rescued, and took them to the ferry police station. Here he found hopeless confusion.

The head of the waterfront police was much alarmed and was about to abandon his post, convinced that the Japs were near. The judge and the sergeant with him assured the police officer that they had been all over Kowloon and had not "seen a single damned Jap." A group of Middlesex soldiers from their post on Castle Peak, near Kowloon, reported the same.

The waterfront head, however, said he had no one to send to guard the refugee camp, that already he had orders from Hong Kong to abandon Kowloon, and the last police launch was about to leave. There were about twenty prisoners in the jail, and the keys were missing, so the sergeant blew off the locks and released the prisoners. He also remembered that he ought to disable the wireless apparatus, and started to shoot at the aerial with a revolver, but this was finally accomplished

by some police with rifles, which they did not seem to know how to handle very well.

The soldiers and Judge Allman helped the remainder of the police load arms and ammunition on police tugs, because the soldiers had gone back to their posts. The police on board the tug insisted on loading their rifles, but did not seem sure of their handling of them. Their unfamiliarity with the Lee-Enfield was shocking and surprising to the judge. One lad seized a fixed gun on the prow and proceeded to load it. He had to be reminded that the prow davit was standing not four feet from the muzzle and, under the circumstances, was more dangerous than the Japs.

"As a simple fact, the police were panicky, and the abandonment was premature," the judge reported.

There was no doubt that the citizens were not warned that Kowloon was about to be abandoned. I was on that side of the harbor late on Thursday, but only near the ferry. Here was utter confusion. Police arriving on motorcycles and in cars drove them off into the harbor, instead of taking them to the Hong Kong side, where they were needed.

Soldiers were coming back in a state of complete exhaustion, with bloodshot eyes that had a dead look in them. Often they were hungry because the food-transport system had broken down. Sometimes their ammunition had not caught up with them and they were hopeless in the face of the advancing Japs.

On one of the last overloaded ferries were many wounded soldiers. It was machine-gunned by low-flying Jap planes. One nurse went on with her work, dressing wounds and administering first aid.

Suddenly someone noticed a spreading red blossom of blood on her uniform. "You are wounded," she was told. "You must stop."

"I must go on," she replied, "and I am dying."

Before the ferry landed on the other side of the harbor, she was dead.

British nurses took the brunt of hard work in Hong Kong

and faced much of the terrorism. They were left in advance posts, without military guard, and suffered hideously at Jap hands. But they never wavered and kept on with their tasks under impossible conditions.

Brave deeds were as common as sunshine these days. Drivers of trucks and ambulances might have their conveyances struck by shells and still keep on driving. One of their helpers might be killed beside them, but on they went. They might have to drive around shell-holes and through hundreds of dead bodies, but they kept their heads and took the food through. These were volunteer men and women, British, American, Dutch, and Chinese, who had no training for this sort of thing, but who wanted to defend their homes and their countries.

I spent Thursday night in the apartment of a friend near the center of the city. It was utterly dark as three of us pushed our way through the evil blackness up the steep hill, and we were stopped a number of times by sentries patrolling each block. We had hooded searchlights, but could only flick them on and off in case of emergency.

I climbed into a bed for the first time since war had started. It seemed a great luxury, and I tried to concentrate on its delights instead of on the sounds of the big guns which shook the night. Apparently the Japs were after something in our neighborhood, for several times the shells hit close, reverberating like thunder in the mountains.

Suddenly hell seemed to burst open in the room, and something bit through the air an inch above my head. There were shouts in the night, and the sounds of crashing glass and timber as the building shook like a live thing.

I transformed myself into a Zephyr plane and flew out of that room in no seconds at all. The other occupants of the apartment had the same idea, and as we fumbled our way down the stairs, more blanket-wrapped figures led the way into the basement.

The apartment was built into the side of a hill, and the basement was far down in the rocks, so there was a warming feel-

ing of safeness when we arrived. I hadn't even stopped to pick up a blanket, so I used my camera case for a pillow and stretched out on the cold cement floor. There were about fifteen of us in a narrow hallway, and everyone was excited and sure the building had been hit. A Chinese air-raid warden posted here was phoning in reports, but we could not understand him.

In the morning we found that the building next door had had a direct hit, and it had been shell splinters that whizzed past my head into the wall. Some of the windows were broken with flying shrapnel, and a few yards in back of the apartment a shell had plowed its way into the hillside.

The morning was bright and serene, and as the Chinese boy brought coffee on the terrace, overlooking the harbor, it was hard to believe the horror of the night. But we had not finished coffee before the air-raid siren told us Jap planes were coming to say "Bad morning," and we could see them overhead.

As soon as the raid was finished we started for the city, but we had gone only a few rods before the sirens began again. We finally ended our descent on a run, glad that we had lived through the night.

It was only Thursday of the first week of the war that the British were in full retreat from the mainland. The Japs had broken through their first line, thus making the British pull all the troops back to the second line of defense, and the Nipponese continued to advance. The returning soldiers told of little men with big guns who advanced with determination to take the land or die, crawling over their dead, and always making headway. The Japs infiltrated behind the lines of defense, smashed the pillboxes, destroyed the gun emplacements, and killed the British soldiers.

The Japanese finally made their entry into Kowloon through an old abandoned Chinese road which the British seemed to have forgotten. They came two miles down a nullah covered with trees, entering into the heart of Kowloon before

anyone was fully aware that tragedy had arrived — that the British defense had crumbled, and that our enemy was now facing us across only a narrow strip of water.

Roving bands of guerrillas and fifth-columnists sniped at the retreating British forces from alleys and roof-tops. The traitorous Wang Ching-wei Chinese took off their civilian clothes and stood in their true colors, the greenish uniform of Japan. The looters ran rampant throughout Kowloon.

The official communiqué covering this entire debacle read this way:

“At dusk last night the enemy attacked our troops who still remained on the mainland at Devil’s Peak. The Japs were decisively repulsed with heavy losses. They were unable to interrupt the withdrawal of our troops to the island. This withdrawal was consequently carried out without loss and must be accounted a local success. Our general position continues satisfactory; await events calmly. The mainland has been successfully evacuated. The position has been stabilized within strong defense. The island of Hong Kong is now in condition of full siege.”

Retreat from the New Territories in mad confusion considered a local success! Abandonment of the mainland, which had been supposed to hold three months, after four days of fighting, described as “our position continues satisfactory.”

This was confusing to the civilian population, who only knows what it sees, but there was one thing that was clearly evident to all and about which there could be no argument.

We were indeed now an island fortress in condition of full siege!

Chapter V

Writing on the Wall

WE were now a besieged fortress from which there was no escape. Japanese troops faced us, their planes were overhead, their navy watched us from the sea. Half a mile away across the harbor the Japs put up big guns to shell us and trained them on all the main objectives in Hong Kong. Wang Ching-wei Chinese had long before built emplacements for these heavy guns, and only walls had to be knocked out of buildings fronting the harbor so that the Japs could put up their machines.

The harbor was a dying thing, filled with broken, scuttled ships and junks and ferries. On the other side of the island the Japanese navy was standing out to sea, now and then lobbing a few shells into Aberdeen, the navy base. We could not escape by sea, for the Japanese controlled it for miles in every direction. We could not go inland, for we were on an island, and the mainland was filled with Jap soldiers.

The very geographical nature of Hong Kong gave me, and thousands of others, I know, a feeling of utter futility. We were clay pigeons in a tiny shooting range. We were easy targets, and almost without defense, comparatively speaking. The Japanese planes came and went as they cared to. How one wished for some American or RAF bombers to answer back that sky challenge!

From Hong Kong we could see the fire of huge godowns in Kowloon, of an oil installation, of large buildings. Stories flew around of those who were left behind, of the looting, of dead soldiers and civilians. The Japs for their headquarters took possession of the Peninsula Hotel, which was easily seen from the Hong Kong side.

On the fifth night of the war I tried to find sleep propped up in two chairs in someone's room at the Gloucester. An explosion of terrific force knocked me on the floor. I thought the hotel itself had been bombed, for it seemed so loud and near. Then came the sound of machine guns spitting shots, quick, quick, quick, in the night, which meant that looters were trying to take advantage of the confusion outside, and that the British were keeping the streets clear of this horror, with the only possible means. Terror seemed to ride over the city, lashing at it with huge whips of fear.

I was so nervous I could hardly sleep, and at early dawn I started out in search of pictures to make of the damage, and walked many blocks to find where the shells had hit. The hotel clock in the tower had been shattered, and plate-glass windows for many blocks had shattered into thousands of bits. The arcade between the two hotels was filled with broken glass, and many of the Chinese who had been sleeping there had been cut.

But there was no sign of a direct hit, and soon I learned the tragic story. A small British boat had been ordered to transport four and a half tons of dynamite to one of the islands. The shore batteries had been ordered to keep the harbor clear from eleven to three a.m. for this purpose. The zero hour for the small boat was one o'clock. For some reason it was ready at midnight and started out with its load of death.

The batteries blasted forth, and in a few seconds there was little left of the boat or the thirty-seven men aboard.

The explosion had shaken Hong Kong as though a giant volcano had racked the entire city with terrific force. There was scarcely an unbroken window within the radius of a mile. I walked along the Bund taking pictures of the debris, and

glanced across at Kowloon to see what had happened to the enemy ramparts during the night.

I saw a small boat detach itself from Kowloon and start hurrying toward Hong Kong, and a moving thing looked weird in the midst of the stagnant harbor. I thought some mad person was trying to escape from the Japanese. The British machine guns began to scold, but the boat continued onwards. I put the telephoto lens on my camera and could see on the bow of the craft a sign on a large white banner: "Peace Mission."

I ran toward the pier where the boat was headed, but was stopped by a young British soldier with a bayonet. "You can't go up there," he stated.

"I'm going," I replied. "Are you going to stick the bayonet through me?"

He hesitated a second, then smiled and answered: "I'll take you over to the officer in charge of the pier and let him decide whether I shall."

Fortunately this officer approved my credentials, and I sighed when the bayonet point was removed.

The boat docked, and down the pier came a strangely mixed party. There was a pregnant Russian woman, a British woman with two German dachshunds, and three Japanese officers, one of them carrying a white banner.

One builds up a strange complex about taking pictures of Japs. Perhaps you remember a few weeks ago a group of thirty marines in the Solomons respected a white flag hoisted by the Japs, and after approaching it, there were only two marines left to tell the story. While I was wondering whether a hand-grenade might be forthcoming if I took pictures, the Japs spied me. One called out.

"Cameraman?"

I nodded.

"Don't you want to take our pictures?" I took many of them.

"Wouldn't you like our names?"

Yes.

"Colonel Tada of the Military Information," indicating a slender officer with a long sword; "Lieutenant Mizuno," pointing to a bespectacled stocky one with a large white flag; "I am Mr. Othsu," said the dark, heavy-set Japanese carrying a portfolio. The names were important, for they were making history.

Only then did Mr. Othsu turn to the British wing commander. "Here is a peace offer from our government. Please sent it to your Governor-General, Sir Mark Young."

For a few minutes we stood, silent, looking at one another. We were in the middle of the British garrison, yet here were three Jap officers obviously demanding surrender. They were all smaller than I, and I'm five five. A cordon was flung around the block; and behind British soldiers with fixed bayonets, curious onlookers surged. Someone tried to break through. There were shots.

In the meantime the Russian woman was sent in a car to the hospital to have her baby. I went over to talk to the British woman, who was resting on the base of a pillar. "What do you have to do with all this?"

"I'm Mrs. C. R. Lee," she said. "Last night Japanese officers came to my hotel by candlelight. They asked the women what our husbands did. Mine is secretary to the Colonial Secretary and so had the highest rank. They stated I was to be a hostage on a peace mission. I said I would come if the Russian woman could be brought to the hospital, and if my dogs, Otto and Mitzi, didn't have to be left behind. They promised this, and that I would have special consideration after surrender. The Japs seemed sure they would take Hong Kong soon, one way or another."

She related how Japanese cameramen made them rehearse the departure many times before they took newsreels. I asked if she hadn't been frightened.

"Not until our own machine guns began to fire at us from Hong Kong. Somehow I hated to be killed by them."

The Japanese weren't too pleased with my chat with Mrs. Lee, but they couldn't do anything about it. I finally returned to them.

"What are the terms of the offer?" I asked.

"Equable terms for both sides, and safe conduct for all. . . ." Mr. Othsu was answering, but the British officer stopped him.

"Let's leave the terms to the Governor."

It all seemed an utterly fantastic situation. Shelling was going on over us, and Jap planes were dropping bombs. There was even an air-raid warning as we waited on the dock. War was on, but here were three Japs in the heart of Hong Kong. Imagine Marshal Göring of Berlin free in the middle of London!

Major Charles Boxer of the British Intelligence, who had been liaison between the British and Japanese on border problems of the New Territories before the war, was sent by the Governor to take the messages back and forth. He shook hands with Mr. Othsu, obviously knowing him well.

It was all very exciting, for I had a scoop of no mean proportions. In the ordinary course of events it would have meant a great deal, but I knew that now there was no way to send the pictures to America, and I had my doubts that the British censor would let the story out. (He didn't for several days.) Toward the end of the hours we waited, competent Vaughn Meisling of AP managed to get through the cordon. But I was the only one there from the beginning; I had unique pictures of the boat crossing the harbor, the arrival of the mission, and all steps through the proceedings.

I talked to Colonel Tada and Mr. Othsu, who did the translating. I felt sure Tada spoke English, although he spoke only Japanese now, and later found this was true.

"From Tokyo?" I asked.

"All of us," Mr. Othsu answered.

"I have been there," I said. According to Oriental custom, I asked next about families.

"Colonel Tada has a wife and three daughters. Lieutenant Mizuno is a bachelor. Have you children, Mizuno?" Mr. Othsu turned to the young lieutenant with a grin. "I am also unmarried."

Chinese and British soldiers stood guard on either side. The British flag flew above the pier, high above the white flag held by the Japanese. I could see a group of Americans on the terrace of the American Club far above us, watching the historic meeting. I felt secure. I did not realize — none of us did — how soon the role of conqueror would fall to these same Japanese.

"Is it true you have bombed Pearl Harbor?" I asked.

Three pairs of eyes flashed recognition.

"Yes. American navy was mostly destroyed. Soon we will take Hong Kong."

I didn't like their sureness. It made my heart shiver.

A car raced up, bearing the British flag. Major Boxer took a document from his dispatch case as he approached the Japs. I caught but a few words from the Japs: "No firing until four. Then war will go on unless there is a further message from your government."

The Japs stepped back and saluted Major Boxer, who returned the gesture. They bowed to me, saying: "Good-by." Mrs. Lee joined them, and slowly they walked back toward the little boat with the big words: "Peace Mission."

At four the guns began again. I knew war was going on to its bitter end.

The official British communiqué on the peace offer stated: "*It can now be revealed that the Japanese who came from Kowloon under cover of a white flag brought a letter inquiring if His Excellency the Governor was willing to negotiate for surrender. His Excellency summarily rejected the proposal. This Colony is not only strong enough to resist all attempts at invasion, but all the resources of the British Empire, of the United States of America, and the Republic of China are behind us, and those who have sought peace can rest as-*

red that there will never be any surrender to the Japanese."

As the boat departed, a good-looking young British police officer, whose name was Wright-Nooth, I believe, arrested Feisling and me and took us to the police station. There we resented our credentials to a higher officer, Thompson, who later was one of the first to escape from our concentration camp. We were not held at all, and I was allowed to take my films with me. It was a matter of routine to check us. Later in camp I became better acquainted with the young officer who had arrested us, and he gave me much authentic information about the Battle of Hong Kong.

I stood over a Chinese photographer while he developed my pictures, for I didn't want any extra copies made for sale on the side. I took one to John Luke of the *South China Morning Post*, and it was used on the front page the next morning. Out of all the thousands of pictures I took, this was among the few managed to bring home — because it was of Japanese, I suppose, and so the gendarmes thought it must be all right when they gestapoed my luggage before departure.

The day had yet more work for me to do, for late in the afternoon a bomb made a direct hit on part of the Central Market on Queen's Road, and I went to see the sad remnants of what had been human beings and habitations.

More bombs fell on Pottinger Street, a crowded Chinese thoroughfare, filled with small shops and cubicle rooms, and scalloped out the centers of a number of buildings, leaving flame and flesh in its wake. I penetrated the police cordon, around which a thousand starkly silent Chinese stood waiting to learn whose daughter or son, mother or father, husband or wife, had been killed.

On the corner lay a mass of something which had been a man. I took a picture, not heartlessly, nor without thought of the smiling Chinese this had been — but with the hopes I could show people in America what war means when it hits next to you.

From the balcony of a tall thin red house men were trying to

lower a shrieking man whose mouth was gone and whose foot hung by a shred of muscle. The rope which held him caught, and he swung back and forth, back and forth. A scarlet sunset was the backdrop against which he was silhouetted, and it made a perfect picture of a man hung on a scaffold, humanity being crucified at the order of Emperor Hirohito in this advanced year of civilization, 1941.

Yes, the Japanese were bringing the New Order of peace and prosperity to the Far East!

In charge of the scene was Mr. Read, fire chief in Shanghai, caught in Hong Kong in passing, who had volunteered to do what he could in this emergency. He watched unhappily, for he knew that there were not enough men trained to do this kind of rescue work, nor the proper equipment for fighting this kind of disaster. The last time I saw him in concentration camp he told me he hoped he could come to the United States and become an American after the war is over. I hope so too, for we need his kind of bravery.

Sergeant Dingsdale, the young man I had talked to in the hotel, was also trying to help in the ruins.

The same stick of bombs also hit the police station and killed over fifty policemen. It hit the office where I had been, but Thompson, who had interviewed me, was not at his desk at the moment, and that saved his life. Later on I saw the building, so thoroughly gutted I do not see how anyone lived through the disaster.

By the time dark came that night, I was thoroughly exhausted. I had been on my feet since dawn, had not sat down once, had not eaten, had hardly stopped walking. I had seen enough horror and mass death to last me for a lifetime, but the war had only just begun. My stomach was a writhing part of me, and my heart was sick with the reality of what messy smears living flesh can be reduced to.

The next day I took pictures of block-long rice lines, and of a Chinese looter who was shot by the British police on a corner by the Hong Kong Hotel. He was left lying there a com-

plete afternoon as a warning, and as I took the picture, passing Chinese looked at the criminal with hating black eyes.

I stopped for a cup of tea in the Hong Kong Hotel lounge, and talked to H. H. H. Priestley, a charming Englishman in his fifties, whom I had met in the days before the war. He was a well-known executive in Hong Kong and knew much of the history of China.

"Won't you join me?" he had called as I passed. "I'm feeling pretty low." He went on to tell me that this afternoon he had watched a godown across the harbor in Kowloon being set afire, in order to destroy things before the Japanese took the supplies. But in that godown were also all the furnishings of his home, and treasures he and Mrs. Priestley had gathered in twenty years in China, including an especially fine collection of ivories. "But Mrs. Priestley is safe in Free China, so that is really the only thing which is important," he added.

The next day he took charge of one of the central stations for rice-distribution, and I caught only glimpses of him throughout the rest of the war. After I arrived in our huge concentration camp I hardly recognized him, for he had lost sixty-five pounds in weight, because of the lack of food.

It became obvious these days that the Jap guns had the range on all military objectives in Hong Kong. We could see the shells hit near the naval dockyards, radio masts, Government House and other government centers, military hospitals, gun emplacements, the power plant. It was evident the Japs were intent on taking the place as nearly intact as possible, but were getting each range accurately so they could open up to destroy the city if the time came when it could not be forced to surrender otherwise.

There could be no doubt that the Wang Ching-wei Chinese were active in the city. These men belonged to the Chinese who had sold out to the Jap-controlled puppet regime in Nanking. When the guns were off range, signals would be flashed from near by, and almost immediately the range would be corrected. Several times I saw Chinese on the roofs of buildings sig-

naling to the other side of the harbor, but by the time I could report them and someone could get to the spot, they would have disappeared among the million other Chinese of the city. The British police had 50,000 of these enemy Chinese listed on their books previous to the war and were well aware of their activities. I do not know why they were not all arrested and shot at the beginning of the hostilities. Democratic governments have a difficult time becoming tough enough soon enough, in all-out wars. We have the same trouble in the United States.

The British were beginning to fire on some of their own godowns on the other side of the harbor, but not thoroughly enough, for when surrender came, there was at least \$100,000,000 worth of supplies left for the Japanese. When one of the large American oil firms was ready to abandon its Kowloon plant, it started to blow it up. It had all been made ready long before and was to be completely dynamited. But when the men in charge went for the detonators, they had curiously disappeared, and so this too went intact into Nipponese hands.

From my watching-post on the terrace of the American Club I saw many things — shells hitting Stonecutter's Island, boats in the harbor, the naval dockyards. Here there was a great hissing of steam as the boilers were emptied to avoid the horrors which would result if they were directly hit by the Jap guns.

Once I saw a shell hit one wing of the house of Addison E. Southard, American Consul-General in Hong Kong. There was no doubt that the Japs had the range on this particular building, for the next day the other wing of the house was destroyed. Mr. Southard later said that the British had installed a radio telephone in his basement one evening, and the shelling began the next day. That is how quickly Jap spies got in their work. The Consul-General believes there is only one way to stop the Japs: "Kill them. There is no other way to keep them from advancing. I've been through several wars, revolutions,

civil rebellions, and I've never seen anything worse than what happened in Hong Kong."

The radio masts high on the Peak were the targets another time, and I could see the hits there. The big guns mounted here and on Mount Keller were dueling with the Japs, but the enemy seemed to have a dozen guns to every one of the British. The navy oil installation near Laichi Kok had been a roaring blast furnace for some time, with a thick black cap of smoke over it. Continual shelling had broken hundreds of windows, and the police broke all the other heavy plate-glass windows with hammers to keep down the danger of flying glass. The streets were full of debris and dead.

The death wagons tried to keep up with the carnage, but that was impossible. Bodies twisted in fantastic shapes, or blackened with smoke, lay mangled and torn throughout the city. Some were smutted against walls as blasts pasted them to the stones with red glue.

Word came of the first American casualty, a young woman whose name was Miss Florence Webb, I believe, who was a governess in the household of Sir Robert Hotung. It gave all of us a queer feeling to realize that although this was a British colony, the Jap shells were looking for us just as much as for the Britishers.

Shells were coming over at twenty-two-second intervals, and it seemed that the sky was continually filled with the dreary drone of Jap planes. One afternoon when the crash of shells seemed to crush out even the very air, I was instructed by men from Chungking to crouch in a corner in the corridor during one roaring raid, because a building is stronger there, owing to additional steel girders and pillars. This day the guns were beating a great tattoo on all the city, until your mind was weary with the throb of it.

The Asiatic Petroleum installation was aflame on the mainland; here and there consuming fires marked the target of a shell. It was thought there was a big Jap gun in the clock tower

near the ferry, so the British continued to blaze away at it, but by some freak of warfare it managed to stand throughout the hostilities.

The looters and rioters got out of hand once, and the police were overwhelmed for a time. Finally by ordering everyone off the streets and by going forth with machine guns on trucks, they stopped the internal disaster. If any large part of the million Chinese population became inflamed, and panic spread like fire over burning oil, there would be little hope for the 24,000 foreign inhabitants of the city.

I think I realized about this time, quite by chance, that the Japanese were really going to capture us eventually. I knew we were surrounded, but hope is always stronger than despair, and our minds kept believing the news of the advancing Chinese army under Chiang Kai-shek's direction was true. Besides, one does not like to admit defeat, and that we were going to have to surrender to the Japs seemed incredible.

The Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank Building, in which the American Club was located, was hit five times this day by shells. It was not much damaged, although the impacts swayed the edifice like a rocking cradle. Inside, the relief workers went on with their tasks, shifting their supplies out of danger even as the shelling was going on. The outside of the building was pockmarked, but it takes more than that to stop sturdy hearts.

I had been on the streets taking shots of the Chinese vanishing into the air-raid tunnels, and when I reached the bank building I had to slide in past a guard at the back entrance. He shook his head disapprovingly at my being out during an air raid, but let me in nevertheless.

The elevators had stopped running, so I started to climb up the back fire-emergency stairs. Ordinarily no one would ever use these, and it was only because of this unusual situation that I did.

As I reached the floor on which some of the American government offices were located, I smelled smoke. Naturally I tried to locate it, wondering if a shell had set fire to something.

There was a small terrace outside a window on the stairway, and there an American government man was burning great stacks of official papers, emptying basket after basket onto the blaze.

Suddenly I realized what this meant. The American government expected that Hong Kong was going to fall!

I became sure of it when the official turned to me, saying: "Please don't tell anyone you happened to see this. It might start a panic."

Yes, the writing was on the wall, for those who would see and who dared to read. Time was running short, and the Japanese were eventually going to win the Battle of Hong Kong. But much can happen in five seconds of any war, and we had to play out the siege until the bitter end.

Chapter VI

"The Japs Are Here!"

THE BARBARIC rhythm of war was repeated incessantly — air-raid sirens, planes, dull detonations, screams, silence . . . roar of the big guns, shriek of the shells, crash of destruction, screams, silence. History was flicking her pages faster and faster each day.

Our lives wove themselves into a pattern, with the knowledge that the thread of existence might be broken at any second. The fear in your heart was not that you might die, but that you might not die bravely. There was so much gallantry about us, so many men dying in a losing cause, without a murmur, with their eyes fixed on a horizon of tomorrow when governments would not send too little too late.

The hospitals were filling, were filled, with crumpled men. Many were not men, but boys who had hardly begun to live. One said to me: "You know, it's hard to die at nineteen. Life's so interesting, isn't it? I did so much want to live before I died."

We on the sidelines had such a feeling of impotency that it choked in our throats like dried dust and made us curse politicians, officials, and red tape that could create situations like Hong Kong, Manila, Singapore, Corregidor, Pearl Harbor, and all those we could anticipate on the roaring road ahead of us. What good democracy if imperial militarism could move more quickly, more effectively? We searched in our minds for the

rotten holes in our fabric and would always come back in a circle to official softness, both military and governmental. How else could we answer the fact that Hong Kong was going to be captured soon by a Japanese army, after Nippon had bragged to the world for years it would march when it was ready to take the Pacific, and we, Britain, America, and China, were not prepared to meet this boast?

We could look at the skies and see the red-circled planes, some of them American, flown on American oil, with American motors — many made, in fact, in Japan, but in factories set up by American engineers — and watch them drop snub-nosed bombs, made from scraps from our own backyards in America and England. We could pick up heads of shells and find them marked: “ Made in England.” We could know it was Dutch and English gas and rubber that were making those planes fly. For years I had begged in my work for China to stop the sale of scrap iron to Japan — “ But it is expedient,” I was told. “ It gives us more time to prepare.”

We weren’t preparing, we were busy appeasing. It’s all right to appease, but, for heaven’s sake, why not also get ready as fast as those who make no secret of intending to crush us? Prepare? Heaven help us! We still aren’t prepared. Why couldn’t we in England and America have prepared faster than Japan could — and why didn’t we realize that the extra time we were gaining also gave extra time to Japan? Don’t one and one make two? Why did we have to wait until Nippon was ready to strike where she wanted, when she wanted, how she wanted?

Sometimes in the rumbling nights a few of us would sit and try to make sense of the situation in which we found ourselves, and from which there was no out. Friends from the hospitals would take off half an hour when it seemed impossible to go on and tell of boys there, injured for life, who had run into parties of Japs with hand-grenades, while their own ammunition would be gone; of lads who lost their way in the hills, against Jap soldiers with complete maps of every inch of the terrain.

Many of the hospitals were hit time and time again — one of them 119 times — but still the staff of nurses and doctors, many of them volunteers, some Americans, carried on. The hospitals were often hit because British gun emplacements were directly in back of them, and sometimes guns were even mounted on their terraces. Thus they became legitimate military objectives, and nowhere was there a place of peace where the wounded and the dying could be sent.

We knew little word was getting to the outside world of our plight. The official communiqués still said that “All was well,” “Our position holds,” “The enemy has made no advance,” when many of us knew this was not true. I said to someone in the Ministry of Information one day: “For heaven’s sake, kid the people here in Hong Kong if you think that is necessary for morale, but let’s let the world know what is happening, and perhaps help can be sent to us. If Hong Kong falls it will be a terrific shock to America and Britain, for you aren’t letting us tell them the truth. Certainly we can’t reveal anything to the Japs they don’t know, so we won’t be giving away vital information.”

But the correspondents were limited to sending out brief communiqués dictated by officials. When the major news services received queries as to why more wasn’t coming through, they would check with the cable offices and find that perhaps even the communiqués hadn’t been sent out for days. When England complained there was a dearth of news from the Crown colony, reporters could only fight with the authorities to let them send more, and get nowhere.

As I saw things closing in on us and heard the Japs had cut the regular cable channel, I sent two personal messages by wireless, one to my Aunt Sybil: “Cheerio all is well,” and one to Mother and Dad: “Love.” What more could one say? I had written both in November telling them to remember that if war broke out and I was caught in it, I would be just where I wanted to be, doing what I wanted to do, and not to worry.

Yet I knew they would, and nothing I could do would prevent that.

I felt sorry for the American and British men who had had to send their wives and families home several years before, for I knew what an immense sense of separation and hopelessness they must be experiencing now. They had stuck to their posts, and now they were being called upon to take part in warfare for which they were not prepared.

The city was becoming a shaky shambles, and the Japs were smashing every force against us — shells, bombs, fifth-columnists, fires, panic, planes, destruction, and death.

I had not been back to Repulse Bay Hotel since the war began, but I finally had to return, as my camera supplies were running out. The Eastman store had closed, and sealed its stock, and I could not buy film anywhere. I did not look forward to making the jaunt under the circumstances, but it had to be done.

It was a black Stygian night when the bus left, and it was a strange journey we made. The Japs were bombing the gap roads during the daytime, trying to slice the island in two, so I had to wait until dark to make the trip. The bus had only one small light on the inside of the dashboard, and we crept silently along the curving roads. Every few hundred feet we were stopped by armed sentries, our passes would be examined, the barbed-wire barricade would open, we would move through and hear it dropped quickly behind us. The trip usually took half an hour, but this night it was two and a half hours before the bus crawled up the last hill to the dark shadow of the hotel. When the heavy curtains of the door dropped behind me, I entered into the strangest adventure of my life.

The corridors looked long and shadowy with their few dim lights, and the black-out curtains shivered a bit from the whining wind outside. My room seemed lonely and far away from the center of things — in fact, it was about a quarter of a mile from the lobby, far out on the curving wing of the hotel.

In the morning sunlight, looking out of the window at the gleaming, opalescent sea, it was hard to remember that war was going on a few miles from us. But when I went to the lobby, I found a changed hotel from that which I had left just after the beginning of hostilities. Everywhere there were soldiers — Middlesex, Royal Scots, Canadians, and men from the Royal Navy and the "Wavy Navy." As days elapsed after the siege began, men en route from Aberdeen to Fort Stanley had stopped for food or rest, or perhaps because they lacked orders where they were to go, and almost overnight the hotel had become a garrison. There were from 100 to 300 soldiers there from this time on.

As I was breakfasting on the terrace, there was a sudden stir, and a company of turbaned Indian soldiers came pushing a large gun up into the garden. They had just successfully secured it in place and were about to leave when another order came, and the heavy gun was moved away again.

I decided to take one day to get some writing done, for I had had no time for that as yet. I wish I had the story I wrote that morning, for I know that I was filled with the agony of the battle. When the Japs came I hid it; perhaps some day I can get it again.

We could hear the big guns at Fort Stanley, a few miles away, roar from time to time all during the day and night. From the back of the hotel we could watch the Jap planes fly over Hong Kong on the other side of the Peak, could see them drop their bombs, and follow the black smoke rising in sullen heavy clouds after their departure.

I was surprised to find Richard Wilson of UP from Manila at this isolated hotel. He had come for a week-end jaunt to Hong Kong with Jan Marsman, the mining engineer from the Philippines, and George Dankwerth of the same organization. I was glad to see Dankwerth again, for he was always good company, and through him I met Mr. Marsman, called Hank, an energetic man who was active in the events of the following days. He was a Dutchman who had made a fortune in the Phil-

ippines in various enterprises — mining, engineering, construction. His company had been building many of the air-raid tunnels in Hong Kong before the war, and he had come on an inspection tour.

On the third night of the war, bombs fell on the entrance to the Metropole Hotel, across from the Hong Kong Hotel, where the trio were staying, and Marsman, Dankwerth, and Wilson had immediately moved to Repulse Bay for safety, since it was supposed to be the safest place on the island.

The first night I was invited to have a sherry with Hugo Mladinich, also from Manila, head of Standard Brand Foods in part of the Far East, who was extremely worried about his wife, still in the Philippines; it had been impossible to get any exact word of what was happening there. (In fact, even at this writing, Hugo has had no direct word from her. He knows she is a prisoner at San Tomas in Manila, but how he is ever going to get her back to America is a problem. He was repatriated with the rest of us from Hong Kong.)

All of the guests sat together in the lounge for a long time, that evening, thinking of that old adage: "Misery loves company," I'm sure. Husbands of many of the women were fighting with the Volunteers somewhere on the island, including Mr. H. B. Wilmer, whose wife I had talked to many times before the war. He had fought at Gallipoli, but the fact that he had lived through that terrific battle did not seem to comfort the elderly Mrs. Wilmer.

The next morning I was waiting for a bus when I was told I might as well go back into the hotel, as the Japanese had succeeded in bombing the gap road which separated us from Hong Kong and had virtually cut the island in two. We were now a separate unit, and on our own, as far as the city was concerned.

I was horrified at being separated from the war, the worst tragedy that can happen to a reporter at a time like this, but I might as well not have worried for a second. It soon caught up with me, as well as all those who had retreated to Repulse Bay Hotel because they had felt it was so safe there.

I had heard in town that some of the soldiers at the hotel had no supplies, and so I had bought the last toothbrushes in one of the stores, about three dozen, after quite an argument with the manager, who finally gave in when he learned they were for volunteer soldiers. I also bought soap, wash-cloths, and what small amount of tooth powder I could find. Some of the soap was in the form of children's bars, but no one was very particular about details at this point, and I had fun turning the stuff over to the men.

There were about forty Volunteers sleeping on the floor in what had previously been the ping-pong and card room, and they welcomed the toothbrushes particularly, because they had not had any for a week. Upstairs in another large room, which had been used as a lounge and for private parties, a hundred Chinese and Indian soldiers were living and sleeping. Many other soldiers slept on the floor of the main dining-room, which was a great long room across the front of the hotel. At night it was an extraordinary sight to see these tired soldiers lying on the floor with their guns beside them, trying to rest, while a few candles flickered in the far corners, for the electricity was gone now. The Japs succeeded in storming the power plant at North Point on the 19th, and at eight o'clock the current was cut off.

The second day after my arrival here Sergeant Dingsdale turned up on some duty. When I told him my dilemma he said he would get me back to town some way, and would come back with a helmet, gas mask, and flashlight for me, although these were almost impossible to secure by this time.

It was not until we met in concentration camp several months later that I found out why Dingsdale didn't return. As an officer, he had been able to go back to the city through a military zone which wasn't open to the hotel bus or passenger cars. He commandeered a small Austin the next day and started out from Hong Kong to rescue me and return me to the war.

Just after he left Aberdeen, machine guns began to bark at

him from two directions. He thought the British had mistaken him for some traitor trying to cross the lines. The fire got more intense, and he decided that it was better to turn around and live than try to rescue me and be killed on the way. His car was completely riddled, and when he got a little way back, he found out why: he had been caught between British and Japanese fire, for the Japanese had advanced that far, and no one in Hong Kong was aware of the fact.

So I stayed on at the hotel. That night there were no lights, of course, and I had never realized before just how much comfort, in addition to convenience, there is in electricity. Without it you feel helpless and know that in any emergency it would be extremely difficult to act quickly. In my room there was only a small candle that would not last long, so I did not dare to leave it burning.

I tossed through the night, listening to the recurrent boom from Fort Stanley and finding comfort that these were British guns speaking forth. But I wondered also if it was because out in the night, over the waters, the watchers on the fort had seen Japanese boats trying to land troops on our side of the island.

Just as I was ready to go down for breakfast the following bright morning, there was an imperative rap at the door. Outside was a British officer.

"Get down into the lobby at once. The Japs are *here!*"

"The Japs are here!" Impossible! No, it couldn't be true. Your enemy never comes quite face to face with you, does he? Yet I was being told that we were within range of the Japs — that the *Japs were here.*

I walked slowly to the window for a last look out over the miles of harbor, up at the golden-tipped peaks, down along the curving white-silver beach I loved. "Dear God," I cried out in my heart as I looked downwards, "can what I see be true?" For walking along the road not far from my window were four Japanese officers, complete with white gloves and shining bayonets, looking up toward the hotel. No one was firing at

them, and they contemplated the scene for a minute before turning and walking back to the bend of the road.

Yes, *the Japs were here*, and thus began the siege of Repulse Bay Hotel, one of the most fantastic battle scenes that war has ever created, and one of the most tragic pages in the history of the British Empire.

Chapter VII

Rising Curtain

AS far as we had known, the Japs were still on the other side of the island. But no, they were here — within our own garden walls. It was as though suddenly someone told you the Germans had set up guns in your front yard and were ready to machine-gun and murder you. We knew these Japanese would give no quarter, that they were here to kill us and to capture our hotel. How completely we were already surrounded we did not know as yet.

In the lobby was gathered a stunned, silent crowd. It was a miniature League of Nations under siege, for here were people of almost every nationality and every stratum of life. There were the Baron and Baroness Guillaume. There was a wealthy Chinese representative of T. V. Soong. And Mr. L. C. Arlington, eighty-three-year-old American writer who had lived in China sixty-seven years.

There was Josephine Greenland and her small son, Derek, she German by birth, but Ally by choice, married to a Britisher who was still in northern China. She had been on an evacuation ship headed toward Australia, which had been devastatingly bombed in the harbor during the first days of the war, and from which, before it sank, everyone had been saved through the courage of the rescue workers. Derek was still nervous and tense from the experience, and now he was going to have to go

through another harrowing one, but his mother kept calm at all times.

There were American businessmen, most of them en route to Shanghai, whose ship had been stopped in Hong Kong. Among those who went through the siege besides those I've already mentioned were Titus Westbrook, George King, C. E. White, and L. L. Baker. Father Benson and Bishop O'Gara were with us the first part of the battle, but managed to get back to the Maryknoll Mission near by during the siege. The American women included Mrs. Andrew Shields, Mrs. V. I. G. Peterson, and nineteen-year-old Mrs. Jennie Dunnett and her infant son, Michael. She was married to a Britisher who was fighting in the Volunteers. He managed to get to the hotel several times to see her, but after surrender was sent to a military camp away from his family. Among the Englishmen who remain in my mind for various friendly acts are T. A. Spedding, W. C. Gommersall, and H. Hobden. (I do hope I have their initials right.)

There were so-called society women from their villas on the hills, who had fled to the hotel as the Japs had arrived. They had always lived in high luxury, with countless Chinese servants and splendid homes. Now they were about to be put through a grinding mill of which they didn't like the looks, and their mouths had prickly persimmons in them.

There was an old Frenchman and a young Frenchwoman from Indo-China and her baby, large Chinese families, staid Britishers, and battling Irishmen. There were twelve nationalities at a table where I served dinner one evening. We were now thrown full force into an extraordinary situation, and we were to take one another's measure in full during the following days of the siege. We were indeed a Grand Hotel come to life.

It had been bad enough to be on an island under siege. Now the scene narrowed to a hotel under siege!

The afternoon before, Hank Marsman had decided there should be some air-raid shelter arranged and had found a large

cement tunnel running under the hotel, from the hills down to the beach, which was used to carry off water during the overflow periods. At some points there was thirty-five feet of dirt above it, so he considered it one of the safest tunnels in Hong Kong, which was a bit of luck.

He called for volunteers to help make it serviceable, and a few men appeared to assist. Almost the entire Chinese staff had disappeared into the hills that morning, evidently aware that the Japs were near. Sandbags were filled to put before the entrance, for if there is a direct hit near the opening of a tunnel, the concussion will smash people against the walls.

I offered to help fill the bags, but guess I didn't look muscular enough, for instead I was given the job of watchman, which meant only sitting and watching the supplies which had become so precious. We were afraid of Wang Ching-wei saboteurs, some of whom had managed to become infiltrated among the servants and soldiers.

Some crude steps were erected down into the tunnel, then one had to climb around the bags, walk a narrow plank for a way, and scramble down to the floor. This was wet with a small stream of water, so boards were laid a bit above it. There was no electricity, so kerosene lamps were hung here and there, but they gave only enough light to cast jumpy shadows on the damp stone walls.

Among the few members of the Chinese staff who remained were two small pages, the delight of guests in peace-time. They wore complete bellboy uniforms with marching rows of gold buttons and red hats cocked over their eyes, à la Philip Morris style, and their evident pride in the array was wonderful to watch. They, too, came out into the garden and helped fill some of the sandbags. I took some pictures of them at work, with millionaire Marsman in his helmet, shoveling with spirit, and it was typical of the way last-minute preparations had to be made in Hong Kong. Almost everyone was doing his best but it was too little, too late.

When we reached the lobby this morning, it seemed the

sudden crashing news had wiped feeling from everyone's face with a giant eraser; faces were blank white pages. Orders were given that all women, children, and civilian men must go into the tunnel, so they would be out of the soldiers' way.

In order to achieve the safety of the tunnel, you had to climb up on a window-sill, jump to the ground, run through the garden, and either climb down a ladder from the conservatory or go farther outside and down the improvised steps. Later, when the snipers held full sway in the hills above, with full view of the garden, this was a precarious journey that seemed miles long.

It was a gloomy group that gathered in the tunnel that first morning. One had to sit on a cold stone ridge that ran along the side, with feet dangling down almost to the water. The fumes of the lamps hung heavy, although the cold air raced down through the length of the tube. Babies cried, children were restless, and the adults were cold and hungry.

Above us we could hear sounds of activities, and from time to time a heavy blast would sear the air and rumble through the tunnel. Several times airplanes were heard overhead, followed by immense explosions which reverberated in our vacuum.

When we were released at night, we learned the story of the day. The Japanese had come the night before, apparently an advance squad of twenty-four, and had set themselves up in the garage of the hotel. On the other side of this, not far down the road, was the mansion of Eu Tong-sen, which the British were using for troops and ammunition.

Six men from the Royal Navy walked past the garage early in the morning, were captured, taken inside, and trussed up. Everyone in this entire sector was apparently unaware the Japs had succeeded in making a landing on the other side of the island of such proportions that they could send men over the peaks and to the Repulse Bay section. Besides, the military had always figured that the Japs would only try to land here from boats, and their defense gun emplacements were arranged

for this. As usual, the Japs did things the hard way — the surprise way — and so the successful way.

One of the first things the Japs did was commandeer a passing coolie and send him to the hotel for beer and cigarettes. And that, incredible as it may seem, was the beginning of the siege of Repulse Bay Hotel!

I have an idea this advance group was a suicide squad, sent to learn just how strong a garrison the hotel was, and to find out the type of guns and approximately how many soldiers were there.

All during the day the British blasted away at the garage, finally killing twenty of the Japs. The other four spilled out of one of the windows and managed to get away into the hills. When the British soldiers went to the garage, they released the navy men, who I am sure had given up all hopes of living and must have thought this was the resurrection of the dead. One of the saddest deaths of the day was that of a navy officer, enraged by the capture of his friends, who took a position in a window looking directly down into the garage. He insisted on taking great chances in firing his gun, and finally one of the Japanese machine-gun bullets hit him in the middle of the forehead.

That night at dinner one of the navy officers showed me some binoculars he had taken from a Jap, and from him I learned something of the equipment of the enemy. Each Jap wore mountain-climbing shoes of soft felt, and carried regular army shoes as well; although their uniforms were cheap, they were clean and practical. On their belts were small sacks carrying concentrated food rations which would last six days, and emergency medical kits. On their backs were strapped greenish helmets covered with net, in which could be stuck branches of trees and vines, for camouflaging. They also had detailed printed maps of Hong Kong and the entire island, made in Japan.

Against these men, obviously trained mountain-climbers, with the correct equipment, were being sent British, Canadian,

and Indian soldiers with heavy army shoes, no concentrated rations, heavy rifles, and not enough ammunition. Most of the troops, particularly the Canadians, were utterly unfamiliar with the terrain, while it became evident that the Japs knew each nullah, ridge, path, and practically every tree or bush. They had been photographing this section for years and knew almost to the last stone what they would find on these hills.

The explosions we had heard from the planes had been aimed at a small British gunboat, which had gone aground near an island a short distance in front of the hotel. We were able to count forty-seven times in the following days that planes tried to sink it, but they never did. The blue plumes of water would spurt high as turbulent geysers and fall harmlessly back into the bay.

The boat had been involved in a fight to ward off a Jap landing in junks, and after having sunk several hundred it had been disabled and drifted aground. There was no one left on it, and it should have been a perfect target, but the Japs wasted a tremendous amount of explosive on it, which delighted us, and it just went on standing still.

The next day as I was scooting across the garden to the mouth of the tunnel, Alex Zimmerman, a young Volunteer from Shanghai to whom I had talked in the hotel, was guarding the steps. He said: "If you want to see the Japs, just look up there."

I glanced up, and not more than five hundred yards away a string of little soldiers were climbing up the hills to new positions! I didn't stop to see if their objectives were effective, but vanished into the entrance like a gone-with-the-typhoon ghost.

During the morning an officer came into the tunnel, saying: "I need volunteers for an extremely dangerous mission. Who will go?"

Many men ducked their heads or did not seem to hear, but some answered very promptly. In the end three men went, W. G. M. Wilson of the Asiatic Petroleum Company, an Air-

Raid Precautions volunteer, D. A. Baker-Carr, and Victor Needa, a Eurasian jockey. Their task was to take a car from in front of the hotel, raked by constant fire, drive it half a mile under the snipers' aim, to near the Lido Beach Club, where a store of ammunition had been left. The troops in our improvised garrison had almost exhausted their supply, and unless this was brought up, a slaughter of all in the hotel might result.

The car left the hotel like a torpedo slashing toward its target, took the dangerous curves on two wheels, braked to a screaming stop. With winged feet the men rushed to the stores, loaded them under constant fire, knowing that a direct hit would blow them to eternal oblivion, and whirled back to the hotel. That took guts.

This same Mr. Wilson was one of the joys of the whole siege. He was always quiet and calm, always helpful, and there was never anything too small or too big for him to do. I saw him help mothers with children, assist the older people to the tunnel, bring food down to those waiting there, although every crossing of the garden was life-endangering. He went once to my room for my cameras when it meant passing many windows at which the Jap snipers were aiming. He is a Canadian, I believe, and his wife is still a prisoner in the Philippines.

The first day I very promptly obeyed orders to go into the tunnel, for I felt I could help best by doing what I was told as quickly as possible and by keeping out of the way. But as the second day wore sullenly along, it seemed to me that a tunnel was no place in which to spend a war. I hadn't been in one before — I didn't like it now. There must be something useful I could do up above in the hotel. I didn't have children whom I must think of and care for, I wasn't old or sick, and I knew enough to keep out of the soldiers' way.

One of the Volunteers came down on some errand, and I decided to follow him back. As he neared the top of the ladder, a bullet whizzed by, chiseling a small crimson path across the back of his neck and his hand on the top rung of the ladder. A hit an eighth of an inch deeper would have struck his spine,

but luck dictated this should be only a surface wound. I'll admit I almost went right back down into the depths of the ground at this point!

The hotel was a startling sight. At every window of the large place, which had hundreds of rooms, there was a British sniper. They sat on the floor, with their guns resting on the ledges, and watched each foot of the hillside. Observers sat beside them with field glasses, scanning the verdure inch by inch. At times a barrage would be laid down on some special spot from which it seemed too much fire was coming, and the shots would stir the grass and trees as by a quivering wind and a creeping fire. Trench mortars and Bren guns were also in use. Above us in the far distance at Fort Stanley the big guns were thundering at shorter and shorter intervals.

Standing guard between different sections of the hotels were turbaned Indian soldiers, some of them Gurkhas, some Rasputs. They were also serving on the beach patrol, which was a dangerous job. Men from these companies had been especially brave in a rear-guard action as the British troops evacuated the mainland and had been cited by headquarters for their gallantry.

Several times in the tunnel we had heard sounds far away at the beach end, and I always wondered if the Japs had discovered we were in this underground retreat and would try to make an entrance from the shore. If they had ever come up through the dark sloping tube with hand-grenades, there would have been sickening slaughter. I begged one of the officers the first night to put an all-night guard at both ends of the tunnel, but he didn't seem to think it necessary.

As in all emergencies, there are certain people who stand out with vividness by their actions and bravery, like sunlight against black shadows. There were a number during our siege.

There was Miss Marjorie Matheson, efficient manager of the hotel, who never lost her poise, no matter what happened. It is a big job even in peace-times to run a hostelry of this size

and caliber, but now conditions were extreme: several hundred guests, three hundred soldiers, a very small amount of supplies, and practically no staff. There were no lights, and in a short time no water. She set up a canteen in the kitchen and, with volunteers, kept hot tea and scones ready for the soldiers. I began to help here, and had long talks with the soldiers. Many were young Canadians, with full knowledge that they were improperly equipped to fight and were facing momentary death, but they never complained.

One told me he was stationed in a pillbox which stuck out on top of the hill like a lighthouse on a bare rock. I had noticed it from the terrace and had heard guns blasting near it. He and several of his comrades had been without food for several days, so they decided to try to reach the hotel.

"Just after we started, we heard a bunch of dirty Japs coming. There were forty of 'em, with hand-grenades. We didn't have any stuff left for our guns, so we slid into a small cave. Those Japs didn't pass more than a few feet away from our hiding-places, and, believe me, we even held our breath!

"After they went by, we crawled out and started on. But a bullet hit my friend, and we had to carry him the rest of the way. That was all right, but we came to a steep cliff and couldn't figure how to get down it. We just sat on the edge, wondering about it, when I'll be damned if a blast from the big guns didn't blow us all over. Believe that or not. I don't know whether we just jumped from fright or whether the force of it knocked us over, but I know we landed twenty feet below in no time at all. Fortunately my pal who was hurt landed on top of us. Luck's wonderful, isn't it?" He grinned at me.

I more than agreed with his conclusion when he showed me his helmet with great pride. "See that hole? Half an inch more and a bullet would have gone through my head. Instead it just lifted my helmet off for a few inches, and then it popped back down again. I sure was surprised."

This is one of those fantastic stories of which war is full, and yet they are so true and heartbreaking when you see and hear them directly that your mind throbs with the pain of it.

It was horrible to see how hungry some of the soldiers were! They had no concentrated rations on their belts, and many had spent three or four days without food. And yet not one of them hesitated when they had finished eating to march out, back into the hills where they knew death was almost a sure thing.

Then there was Mrs. S. V. Logan, the housekeeper, just recovering from an injured ankle, with a burr as thick as a fog over the Scottish moors. She was tireless and went on with her work without resting. The Angel of Mercy of the siege was white-haired Elizabeth Mosey, who had served in the last war and had retired to the hotel to do the light nursing that is necessary in such a place. Without her, many wounded soldiers would have died during the siege, for there was no other nurse present to care for them.

My favorite of all the heroes of the siege was young Sergeant Bob Heath, with his very, very British accent and his extraordinary vitality. Watching him, you felt sure you were viewing a fully charged high-voltage electric wire in action.

It was the afternoon I returned to the hotel that I first saw him. A new group of soldiers had reached the hotel, and among them was this lad with his cap cocked on the side of his head, and a smile as grand as sunshine on tumbling surf.

"Where are those damned Japs?" he demanded.

Someone made a sweep of his hands toward all the hills.

Sergeant Heath fairly danced with excitement as he went out on the terrace.

Whizz! Zing! Spat!

The Japs weren't missing a single movement, and their bullets bit into the near-by wall.

He jumped back into the room. "Now I know where they are!" he beamed. "Got to get a bunch of them right away."

First he was in one tough spot and then in another, and his

energy inspired others. On the terrace there was a broken Bren gun carrier that the Japs had put out of order, and he decided it needed to be rescued so the gun could be used. Out he went, under fire, and managed to get it back into the hotel.

That night he confided to me that there was a Red Cross ambulance about half a mile up the road. "Think I better get it," he said. "Might need the darned thing, you know."

You can't deter a lighted stick of dynamite, so I watched him go with silent fear.

I waited by the door, and after what seemed many nights I heard a car drive up.

"Did you get it?" I stupidly whispered as he came running in.

"Lady, I can't get you an ambulance every time," he laughed. "There was another car in front of that, so I thought I'd better bring that back first. Might need it, too. But soon as I get a drink of water, I'm going back after the other."

So out he went into the murderous night again, crawling on his hands and knees for all the distance, hearing the occasional snipers' bullets, knowing that any noise would bring a full barrage down on him.

In the morning there were two cars in front of the hotel — and one of them was a Red Cross ambulance.

Chapter VIII

First Act

I HAD a rousing good fight the next morning that probably did me more good than a bottle of champagne, for it set me to work and thus saved me from thinking too much of how it seemed to me the Battle of Repulse Bay was being run.

Shortly after breakfast, air-raid warning notice was given. It had been decided that the tunnel below the hotel was too difficult for many to get to, and too damp. Across part of the front of the hotel there was a long, low room which had been used for storage, and sandbags were placed before all the windows. Here everyone was ordered to go, including part of the staff.

Here, unfortunately, was also a woman who had considered herself the ruler of Hong Kong society, a dowager duchess in her own estimation. Her limousine, her flying veils, and her scalding tongue had often been topics of the day in more gossipy times. Now she sat near the doorway, all spick and span, ready to direct the war from this point. She was not a guest of the hotel, but had come from her spacious home on the Peak when the Jap had arrived.

Most of the people were crouched on the floor, and it was uncomfortable and tiresome, of course. But when the planes came over and we bent our heads down and opened our mouths to assimilate the blasts, most were grateful for this safe spot. From time to time the Jap snipers would fire at the hotel, and

FIRST ACT

we could hear the answering guns of the British near by
Suddenly my own private war began.

Mrs. Elegant, let us call her, looked around and in a
trating voice said: "What are all these Chinese doing in
What right have they to be here?"

The battle was on!

Since some of the Chinese were millionaires and well-k
Chungking government officials, this was ill-timed, to s
least. In addition there were three little Chinese Air-Rai
caution girls who had left their posts at Aberdeen as th
had come in the back doors of the building. Their faces t
white, but they did not say a word. There were also
amahs and servants, but they were all human beings ar
allies, as far as I was concerned.

"Why shouldn't they be here?" I asked.

"This is a hotel, and for its guests," she snapped.

"Are you a guest here?"

"I moved in yesterday. And let me tell you, young I
know more about these Chinese than you do. You people
out from America for a few months and tell us who have
here twenty years how to run the Chinese."

Since I had worked several years in the United States
the Chinese relief forces and had also spent nearly two
in China, I felt that I had probably a closer acquaintance
them than she had.

"What have you ever done to help them?" I asked.

"Plenty of things, I'll have you know." Her voice wa
and vindictive.

"Sure," I answered — and was I mad! "You've live
pretty house high on a hill, with a score of servants
you've paid a few dollars a month, and that's about al
work has fed at least fifty thousand children in the las
years, but I'll bet you haven't fed one."

End of round one. I stalked back to my corner and tr
keep my mouth shut. About this time some food was j
into the tunnel, and I was asked to help distribute it. I j

it to the Chinese, Americans, British, and all the rest, to amahs as well as to the "favored few." Some Chinese had received plates of food from friends in the kitchen, but I still didn't feel you could skip anyone. However, this blew off the lid again.

"The idea of giving all those people food!" Mrs. Elegant sniffed. "They shouldn't be here at all, and they will get plenty of food even if we don't."

Since these people had been ordered to the tunnel by British officers, and now was no time for discrimination, I felt differently. "I'm going to give everyone a share, and you can like it or not," I snapped back.

About then one of the under managers of the hotel, a very fine and intelligent Chinese who had served there for a long time and was particularly well liked by the guests, came in with some food to distribute. My antagonist snatched the plate from his hand and said: "We don't want any more Chinese in here."

This time I exploded as though a shell had made a direct hit on me.

"Of all the stupid, ill-mannered women I've ever known, you are the worst," I stated rudely. "It has been talk of your sort that has caused international wars in the first place. Here we crouch, and our only hope of Hong Kong being saved is if the Chinese army manages to arrive to rescue us. Yet you make remarks of this sort about the Chinese. If I were you, I'd be so ashamed I'd hate myself. Personally I don't want to stay in a room with you, no matter how safe it is. I'd rather be out with the Japs' bullets than stay with a viper," and out I sailed, while she tossed her head like an excited bull and announced to our diverted audience: "American fool!"

I plunked myself down on a small stone outside the door and tried to tie up my temper in a neat bundle again. Several men who had heard the noise came over and patted my shoulder, and said: "Chin up, and forget it."

Actually the whole thing had been an excellent tonic for me, for from now on I threw myself into work, which is the

best thing to do under any trying circumstances. I went into the dining-room, which looked as though a hurricane had blown through it in a hurry. The tables had all been put in long lines, so they were easier to serve, and were already set for the next meal. But the little men had been having a busy day outside that morning, and their bullets had been whanging away into the room, biting off bits of the ceiling, and there were hunks of mortar and wood and dust over everything. It was necessary to take off the knives, forks, and spoons, shake the cloths, and reset the tables. There were bullet heads from the British guns all over the floor, and there was dirt and dust from hundreds of boots.

I went to work. Also helping was Baroness Guillaume, who had left the tunnel a few minutes after I did. The Baron was a little nervous at her being in this exposed room, but she felt better working, as I did, and she helped sweep, dust, and arrange things. In a few minutes the Baron was helping us also. Soon about half a dozen women were busy, and after an hour of hard work some degree of normality was restored.

One Jap bullet hit the ceiling above me and dropped a lump of mortar on my back. I jumped as high as an Olympic star vaulter, I'm sure. I thought I was shot, but remember thinking that I still preferred a bullet to that silly woman's words.

I found myself a number of tasks throughout the day, pairing up with Mrs. Jean Martin, a Russian married to a Britisher in Shanghai. Jean had been in Australia visiting her son and had been headed back to Shanghai when war caught her in Hong Kong. We constituted ourselves a bed-making and room-straightening crew, and went through our wing doing a fairly good job of restoring order. I recall that as I went about this homelike task I was amused to realize that it was still a job for "women at war."

We were also given the task of washing bloody and dirty bandages and towels from the emergency hospital. The water supply had been shut off by this time, owing to successful Japanese shelling on December 19, and all there was in which

to clean these cloths were big tubs of already used water. We washed them, however, and soon they were in use again. We did this in an open court, and glanced now and then toward the hills, wondering if the Japs wanted to kill us. One shot had nearly finished Miss Matheson as she had stood near here, and there was no reason to believe we weren't good targets also.

One of the worst problems which faced our garrison at this point was lack of water. We had filled the tubs, and each morning used a small cupful for washing, and the men had a bit for shaving. Some was boiled in the kitchen, and there were containers in each room, but these allowed individuals only a few sips night and morning.

The toilet facilities became serious. From five to fifteen people were staying in almost every room, and soon the excrement was level with the tops of the seats. In some of the public rooms which the soldiers used this overflowed, and the fetid stench was creeping sickeningly through the hotel. In fact, as soon as you opened the door to your room, you almost had an attack of nausea. At first I'm sure everyone thought the water mains would be repaired and that we would be supplied again. It is hard to realize that war does things so finally and so inexorably.

Mr. Marsman, as an engineer, realized that something must be done, and he organized a squad with buckets and pails. Some Americans and Britishers helped, and some Chinese workers were paid a good sum to assist. It was one of the most disagreeable tasks of which anyone could conceive, and yet it had become such a vital problem that action had to be taken at once or an epidemic would have resulted. After it was finished, many of the men went out behind the hotel and were violently sick.

I slipped into the hospital room from time to time to take cigarettes or to talk to the injured if they seemed so inclined. A small room that had been part of the lobby Miss Mosey converted into this emergency ward, and with virtually no supplies had set up a place for the wounded — and the dying.

Toward the last of the siege a doctor managed to get through from Fort Stanley, but I am sure there was no doctor at first, and this one had to operate on the floor. It is wonderful to see how doctors and nurses carry on in the face of all seemingly insurmountable difficulties during war-time.

Sometimes when I would go back to one of the cots, there would be a different soldier there — another lad had died that we at home might live under democratic rule.

Several times I was there when word came that more injured were being brought in, and we would rush to the window where they were to be received. It was necessary to try to sneak these broken men in through a back window, which was one of the few in the hotel which could not be seen by the Japs in the hills.

This morning the stretcher bore a large man whose stomach had been ripped open by Jap bullets. He lay quietly, but was conscious. It was impossible to lift him over the window-sill and carry him down several flights of steps without jarring him, but never once did he wince, or show us in what agony he was. We carried him to the little hospital, where he was laid on the floor, and the doctor began to operate almost before we could step back.

There were no opiates for him, but as we moved away, he looked up and smiled, saying: "Thanks for the help."

By this time it had become necessary for those of us who were in the end of the hotel toward Hong Kong to move into the wing which nestled down behind the stone cliff and was thus not so open to Jap firing. Mr. Marsman offered me a place in his suite which was one of the finest apartments in the hotel. By the time the siege was over, there were fourteen of us there.

I went back to my own room several times at twilight, when the snipers seemed to take a rest, or perhaps the light was poor. I had to crawl under the windows, for that was the order. By this time I knew many of the soldiers who sat looking up toward the hills, and they always had a joke or a greeting for

me. A wire-haired terrier sat beside one, with his head cocked in the position of "His Master's Voice"; he accompanied us through all our execrable experiences.

But one soldier didn't smile. He sat with his eyes never wavering from the hills — deep, tired, embittered eyes. He had received word that his wife had been blown to bits by a Jap bomb in Hong Kong, and there was no peace or rest for him.

There was always evidence of fighting in my room — new Jap bullet-holes through the glass, and discarded bullet heads from the British guns on the floor. It gives you a strange feeling to realize that in your once quiet and peaceful quarters death and life are fighting a battle. At the very last of the siege the Japs actually entered this end of the hotel, and hand-to-hand fighting went on up and down the corridor.

It was on the third morning of the siege that a small British gunboat appeared in the bay in front of the hotel and began firing at it. The Royal Navy men inside nearly went crazy, and ran onto the terrace signaling and shouting and waving, although that seemed useless. Apparently they were finally identified through glasses from the boat, and it turned away.

Such things happened many times in the Battle of Hong Kong. The Japs were able to tap wires and give orders to the British to fire against their own men. Sometimes they managed to give radio orders that were obeyed. Members of the Maryknoll Mission, near Fort Stanley, later told of watching the fighting on the hills opposite them, with British troops on two ridges, who suddenly began firing at one another, killing many. Somehow the Japs had managed to give such an order, and it was carried out. Perhaps those cables I had seen lying on top of the ground before the war, about which I had asked, had something to do with it.

For several days there was telephone communication between Hong Kong and our hotel. I phoned the American Club one morning to ask a member of the American Consulate to take my movie films which were left there to some place for safekeeping.

"Oh, they are all right," he replied. "The Chinese looters won't touch those."

"That's not the point," I answered. "Those are historical documents, and valuable to our government, if nothing else. Can't you do something with them?"

No, he couldn't — and thus some of the most startling films of the Battle of Hong Kong were lost forever.

Another morning a rather muffled voice answered me. It was quite early in the morning, and it seemed a bit premature for too much liquor.

"Yes," said this friend. "I'm tight. So are the rest of us. A shell came directly through the club, in one side and out the other. And if you don't think we need a drink — lots of drinks — you're crazy!"

Why on earth the shell didn't explode as it passed through the room no military man can explain, for that is what usually happens when a shell hits hard surfaces, spraying the surroundings with shrapnel and slaughter. Five members of the American Club are living on borrowed time today, and any new and extra gray hairs they have now they earned in a legitimate manner!

The American Club was jammed with refugees by this time, sleeping on the floor, living on a minimum of water. The food which had been stored in the refrigerators was spoiling because the electric power was off. People had to climb up and down the long flights of stairs because the elevators were not running. There were no more air-raid sirens to disturb the citizens, because no provision had been made for auxiliary power to keep them going in case of destruction of the power house. Jap planes arrived at will, dived down as low as they wished, and let loose their darts of death.

Direct hits had been made on the entrance to one air-raid shelter as a thousand people were entering. Death was ahead of the race to keep the street clear of bodies, and the rotting remains were lying around everywhere.

The police had moved their headquarters into the Gloucesters-

ter Hotel after the station had been almost destroyed, and the next hour the Japs began shelling that, so quickly had their fifth-columnists reported the fact.

The Japs were unloading six sticks of bombs now instead of one, and upon a direct hit, a building evaporated. Many Japs entered the city itself by discarding their uniforms and moving in with Chinese crowds. Japan's invasion plans have been worked out for long years.

Late one night I called the American Club to report to one of the American Consulate staff who had asked that I let them know daily what was happening on our side of the island. Baron Guillaume had also requested me to ask the officials to get a military car to come for them at Repulse Bay, if there was any possible way to do so.

It was absolutely dark in the hotel, with the exception of pin-points of light from flashlights. The telephone system had now become a military line, and only a few people were supposed to use it.

There was a short distance between the wings, and Indian soldiers stood there, tall black shadows with their fixed guns. I had to be identified as I crossed the few feet. I stumbled up the stairs in smothering darkness, and into the small anteroom of the space which held the switchboard.

I took up the receiver and could hear Major Manners making a report to military headquarters, so I hung up. Later he told me I could not put a call through, but I managed to convince the Chinese telephone operator it was important.

I made my report to the Consulate and asked if they thought help was coming, because we were in a hopeless trap if it didn't. We had been told by British officers in the hotel that there weren't more than fifty or sixty Japs on our side of the island, but that didn't seem to add up correctly to some of us — there was too much firing, too many casualties, and I'd talked to too many of those boys who had slid down the hills for help and food.

"The Japs have landed a good-sized force at North Point,"

I was told. "The Japanese bombardment is gathering momentum; they are concentrating their heavy artillery against British positions on Mount Keller and Mount Austin. One bomb crashed into the barracks on Austin and seemed to destroy it. We can see a steady stream of boats bringing Japanese troops and guns from Kowloon to the Taikoo shipyards on the island.

"We believe the Japs have a continuous line from the race-course to Aberdeen, and are now half-way between Happy Valley and the center of the city. It seems evident that the island is being cut in half by a line of Jap soldiers extending clear across the peaks the length of the island, and we cannot see anything but surrender ahead. There is no chance of help reaching Repulse Bay, according to our belief, for the troops are busy defending Hong Kong on this side and the naval base and Fort Stanley on yours. In fact, about all we can say to you is that we hope you can call us again tomorrow night, but in the meantime we all wish you good luck."

I hung up with a desperate feeling gripping my heart. Slowly the last words seeped deep into my mind: "*We wish you good luck.*"

There was no doubt what was meant. The British were telling us differently, but the American observers, not swayed by wishful thinking or unbelief that this could happen to any part of the Empire, were facing the cold, stark truths. The Japs had landed a large force and were winning the battle.

What that American was saying to me was: "Good luck *and* good by."

Chapter IX

"We Must Surrender"

THE WAR began on December 8. Four days later the Japanese occupied Kowloon and set up their big-gun shooting-range, and we became the clay pigeons. The next day they sent their first peace mission. On December 15 they sent another. On the 17th they sent across to the island the first of their troops on sampans, which landed near North Point in Hong Kong, but their first big-scale landings were made on the night of December 18.

Although many Britishers were aware of these landings, high-ranking British officers did not seem to be. At least they appeared to disdain the idea that the Japs would be able to put ashore enough troops to be of any consequence. (Remember Pearl Harbor, and our belief that the Japs could not attack Hawaii?) Time and time again the Military High Command was informed of the coming of these Japs, but usually the answer was: "Go back and have another drink. You are seeing things."

One friend of mine who knew the Governor-General told him personally she had seen Jap troops land on the 17th. "Undoubtedly Chinese fishermen. You are seeing things under the strain." The second time he only laughed, and implied that it was "impossible."

A captain of a fire brigade at one advanced spot managed to

get through to headquarters. " The Japs are coming, and we are going to be surrounded. We need help." " You're getting nervous out there. Better relax, take another look, and you'll see your Japanese soldiers are only Chinese farmers."

The second time this captain called he was almost frantic. " I must talk to the commander," he said. " We are all going to be massacred unless we get help."

" Sorry, old chap. The commander has had a tough night and is resting. He can't be disturbed."

Even as late as Christmas Day, when British members of our own party, then captured, were sent to the Governor with another peace offer, and told him of all the Japanese we had seen, as well as the continual uninterrupted landing of their troops, he refused to take it seriously. " Let them land in any numbers they want. That isn't important."

The British Military Command's disregard of the fact that the Japanese were assuming control of the island is utterly incredible. Whether they were so completely convinced that the fortress was " impenetrable," as propaganda had had it for years, or whether they were too blind to see, I don't know or understand. Neither did the British soldiers who had to keep on fighting when the war was really over for the time being, as far as Hong Kong was concerned. If the city was actually prepared to hold out for months, as had been indicated, that was one thing; but the continued killing of soldiers when surrender was already indicated is incomprehensible to a non-military person. Or if it had been planned to fight to the death, that was another thing. But surrender came when it was neither one thing nor the other.

The Japanese began to penetrate to every part of the island. They knew each inch of it in advance. Their maps showed every detail, block by block. Here is a crooked tree; there is a certain sign. Farther along is a hill with a slope of thirty degrees. Here is an air-raid tunnel that leads almost into the naval dock yards, and both entrances are unguarded by soldiers. Their maps were up to date to the last second before hostili-

ties began, and from then on they had constant reports from the Wang Ching-wei Chinese.

There were many puzzling things about the defense of Hong Kong — puzzling to the bystander. One was the complete switch of command of both military and governmental authorities not very many months previous to this precarious time. The Governor-General, the Colonial Secretary, the general in charge of Military High Command, were all comparatively new to the colony. Two of the best-trained battalions in and around Hong Kong and the New Territories, who knew the terrain in detail, were switched to Singapore. It was obvious that the British didn't believe it was dangerous to swap horses in midstream.

Shortly after the Japanese occupied any area, up would go their own telephone lines. They had radio cars, but I did not see any belonging to the British, although they may have had some. After the capture of Kowloon, the Japanese had trucks with loudspeakers along the harbor, broadcasting to the Hong Kong side in Chinese, appealing to the Chinese to surrender at once, before it was necessary to blast the city wide open in order to force capitulation.

I'll interpose an amusing story I heard, after surrender, about these broadcasts. Colonel Tada, head of the first peace mission, which I had photographed, was not satisfied with these pleas and announced to the men under him that he would show how *he* wanted them made.

He had apparently had quite a few drinks before the car drew up alongside the harbor, and gave a very long impassioned plea to the Chinese to surrender. His oratory blossomed eloquently, and when he finished he turned to his underlings, much pleased with himself, and said: "There, that is the kind of job I want done."

They bowed and nodded approval. Being smart lesser beings in the military scale, they didn't tell him that in his fuddle he had broadcast to the Chinese entirely in Japanese!

The Jap planes also dropped pamphlets directed at the

Chinese and Indians, urging surrender. Most of these were laughable examples of Japan's underestimation of Chinese intelligence, and the Chinese eagerly gathered up the scraps of paper to use for other and more utilitarian purposes.

The Jap troops brought with them at least a thousand army mules, which they put to work dragging guns to new emplacements and carrying supplies up the steep hills. They weren't dependent on military roads, as were the British, and the fact that the gap road and other strategic highways had been bombed and the island was cut in two, was of no concern to them. They had ways of getting supplies through that had proved useful in warfare long before motors, trucks, and ambulances were conceived. As soon as certain key roads had been destroyed by the Japanese planes and big guns, the British were impotent to get supplies through and around these breaks. Not so the Japs.

Some people now say the Japs can't fight in Russia during the severe winter cold—that the Japs aren't used to freezing and sub-zero weather (just as it was said they weren't suited to tropical fighting). What they forget is that the Japs have had troops in Manchuria for years, well accustomed to that bitter climate. And what they don't know, perhaps, is that for years they have been training soldiers in what are known as the “ Alps of Japan,” developing ski troops, men hardened to cold weather and ice-and-snow fighting. When will the Allies stop underestimating the length and breadth of the planning and the minute attention to detail that the Japanese military have been giving to the conquering of the Far East for the last twenty-five years?

We could tell that the Japs in the hills in back of Repulse Bay Hotel were well fitted for their task, for they never betrayed their positions, which meant they were expertly camouflaged. Their men were able to go from one to another of the rocky and precipitous cliffs without being detected. About the only way our snipers could judge their positions was when a flash of a gun would betray them, or when the direction from

which the bullets were coming could be worked out mathematically by the British.

As the siege wore on, we became more accustomed to living in this "glass house," for we felt the Japs could look directly into the hotel and spot the various people there. However, that did not prepare us for the attack they made one morning that took everyone by surprise and nearly scared our entire group to death.

It was a bright sunny hour when the guests began to gather for breakfast. I was setting the table when suddenly our firmament seemed to burst into fury and fire. The Japs were making a concerted attack on the hotel, and they were using all they had in this sudden effort.

"Get into the lobby!" yelled a British officer.

Everybody "got," including many of the soldiers. The lobby was a small room in front of the registration desk, with a glass skylight over it, which didn't add to our comfort.

"Get down on the floor!" the order came again.

Men, women, and children were piled up in the small space. Chairs were tossed out of the way, while cushions were grabbed to put over the children's heads. We all tried to help the mothers cover their small boys or girls or babies, and there were actually layers of people on the floor.

Blast after blast could be heard outside, and the crash of glass and timber. I know there wasn't a single person there who didn't feel the end had come and that the Japs would storm up the front steps and through the windows at any minute. Trench mortars were being used, and they make a terrific sound that defies all one's attempt to reason. We could hear the spat, spat, spat of bullets as they hit the walls of the dining-room next door, and confusion reigned supreme.

It took my young fighting sergeant to save the situation. He burst from somewhere, yelling out: "Come on, you soldiers. Get out from behind those women. We've got to move that ammunition out front, or the damned fools will blow up the blooming place!"

It rallied the soldiers, and restored the belief of the civilians that all was not yet lost. We continued to crouch on the floor, for fear a shell would lob through the building or the skylight, bringing down beams and pillars, steel and stone. I expected an air attack at the same time, but, thank God, we were not subjected to that. The hotel was an isolated and splendid target, and certainly could have been destroyed by planes, which could have flown five hundred feet above it without interference.

The attack was not a long one, but it seemed virtually a year. It was a shaken-looking group who stood up as the noise subsided, and we could hear the British snipers' guns again taking up their share of the singsong duet of death.

The dining-room was a shambles. One corner of the portico had been blasted away. As the bullets had come up from below, from either the beach or the lower terrace, they had hit the ceiling and the large pillars in the room. Hunks of mortar and shredded bits of wood had played snowstorm over all the chairs and tables. Dust and debris were everywhere.

I went wobbling back to my task of setting the table. A freak hit of a Jap bullet had located a fork which I had just placed beside a plate, and had bent all the tines into a point. I kept the thing among my souvenirs.

Nights presented living dramas. As soon as darkness came, the black-out curtains would be dropped, and somehow a small sense of peace came with this shutting out of the world of snipers. Vague shadows haunted the corners from the few candles that lit this room, which had become the heart of the huge hotel. Tired soldiers dropped to a clear space in the center, keeping their guns beside them, often lying with their heads on their packs. Part of their supplies were stacked on the orchestra stand, from which so much happy music had been played for years to guests from all the earth.

I'd often sit on the floor talking to the soldiers, most of them youngsters, concerned about how "Mum" or "Dad" or their girl at home was taking the news of this war. Often we'd just

rest in silence, because we were all sick at heart at the slaughter going on about us.

"I had often wondered," one young chap said to me, "how I'd feel if I ever really had to kill a man. I've been in the Volunteer Corps here for several years, and we've drilled and learned the rudiments of fighting. But I was always afraid I'd really hate to take the life of another human." His face and eyes went hard as gray granite. "But I know now. If I could personally kill every Japanese on this island, who are destroying our homes and our friends and our way of life, I would be the happiest man on this earth! "

I had gone with this lad to a merry carnival given to raise money for Chinese co-operatives the week before the war. He was curly-haired and young, filled with the excitement of living, and we had had many laughs at the amusements. Two days after this talk I saw him lying dead beside the road, his face turned to the sky, whose sun he would never see again.

There was talk of the lack of direction at Repulse Bay Hotel, for no one was ever quite sure who was in active command. Many officers had been killed, and more had not been able to join their men. One chap told me he had been a Volunteer with only a private's rank, and overnight he had to become commander of his group, though he knew he was not prepared for that task. As far as I know, there was never a supreme high command over this extemporaneous garrison, although some pointed to a drunken officer as the possible man.

Certain people assumed command of the situation as much as possible, including Major Manners and Mr. Andrew Shields. Major Manners was a retired officer from the last war, and head of large business enterprises in Hong Kong. Mr. Shields, an important executive, was one of the most dignified and charming British gentlemen I have ever met, and his calmness and his attempts to do something about the drastic situation in which the hotel found itself, brought encouragement to all. There were also Mr. B. H. Puckle, Mr. V. I. G. Peterson, and

Mr. Seth, a director of the hotel, who also seemed active in trying to organize our strange existence.

Our time was growing thin, however, for it was evident that no help could reach us. Whoever was in touch with military headquarters (and I think it was Shields and Manners) apparently finally made this clear, for plans were developed to send all of the women and children to Fort Stanley. We were told to pack bags and to have them near the door so that we could make a rush to the cars, ambulance, and trucks.

It seemed a suicide venture to us. As soon as the cars were away from the front door, we would be under Jap snipers' fire. Some of it was evidently deadly accurate, as we had been able to observe. To hit the driver was all that would be necessary to send the load careening off the road, down the cliffs to the sea.

In addition Stanley, which was under siege too, and certainly must be preoccupied with keeping from being captured, wouldn't want two hundred unexpected guests just at this time. Actually some of the bloodiest fighting of the war took place here; and the slaughter and raping on Christmas Day as the Japanese flooded over it, were among the most ghastly in the entire Battle of Hong Kong.

However, there was nothing to do but obey orders, and the bags were stacked near the door as the sun began to set. Darkness would be no cover, for flares serve to spotlight any moving object with golden brilliance. Apparently calmer judgment and good sense thwarted this doomed plan, for we did not go. Twilight slid into darkness, and the fifth day of the siege was ending.

There was an undercurrent of feeling among the soldiers that was as strong as an ebb tide to anyone who is sensitive to the moods of others. They had been told that a new plan of action had been agreed upon and they must be ready to act. The committee members would not tell me what was going on, but my soldier friends did.

"We're going away in the night," one said. "We'll crawl away and try to get to Fort Stanley, so the hotel will be filled with only civilians in the morning, and then maybe the Japs won't kill everyone."

The blood drained from my face, for I knew that meant we were surrendering. Taking down the British flag . . . putting up the white flag . . . bowing to the bloody banner of the Rising Sun.

"Here," said one soldier, "take this, just in case, will you?" It was a crumpled piece of paper with his mother's address in Scotland. "Will you try to send a message through some day, just in case I can't?" asked young Zimmerman, giving me the name and address of his mother in Shanghai and of his fiancée in Altadena, California. (I had a letter from her this week, saying her life had begun anew when my letter reached her.)

We had dinner in the dimness, and there was a feeling of a last supper that reached deep into my heart. The long lines of tables — guests from many nations — what were the Japs going to do to us when they arrived? The soldiers — hundreds of them from Canada and England and India and Scotland — would they be able to make the precarious journey through the night? If they did succeed, what would happen to them at Fort Stanley, whose big guns had been speaking forth so often? And what was going on over there at that strategic and dangerous point?

I went to Major Manners and asked to call the American Consulate members again, to report as I had been asked.

"No private calls," he replied.

"This is a call to my government, which has requested me to tell them what happens each day over here as I observe it."

"Nothing but military calls," he snapped. "Sorry, but you cannot put through a call for even one minute."

So it was that I was not able to inform the interested observers in our own government that Repulse Bay Hotel and its American guests were about to surrender, and they did not know of it for some days. In fact, the Hong Kong papers re-

ported in an official communiqué several days later: "*The Repulse Bay area has been cleared of Jap troops.*" And I was reported dead for several weeks.

The soldiers lay down on the floor early this evening, trying to get a little rest before their strange journey. But I noticed that many eyes were not closed, but were staring at the ceiling. It was a silent room, in which only a few candles flickered, and the three hundred soldiers on the floor were but tired huddled bundles thinking ahead into the black hours.

I stood by the doorway for a last look, and it seemed that I must scream with the oppressive feeling of destiny that was fogging the very air. Life and death are partners in war, but they hurt your heart when they march so close together that a half-second can change the one to the other.

My illustrious sergeant saw me standing there with tears in my eyes. "I'm surprised at you, miss," he said. "You mustn't worry about us. We'll be all right. Just you keep right on smiling as you always have, and everything will come out all right. See you later, and cheerio!" He saluted me and turned back to his far dark corner.

Sergeant Bob Heath — I salute *you!*

The corridors were full of people lying on the floor, trying to sleep. Some were soldiers, some were civilians who could not find room in the overcrowded chambers at this end of the hotel while the fighting was progressing at the other.

I walked slowly down the hallway, silent except for the sentry at the top of the stairs, while the black curtains flapped dismally over the tall windows. It seemed there *must* be something that could be done. But I was forced to realize that anything I, or any individual in England, America, or China, could do now would only be too little, too late.

Chapter X

Captured!

IT was a restless night in our crowded room. Major Manners had told his wife that everything was going to be all right, but she kept wanting someone to telephone him to see what was happening. Every once in a while she would call out: "What's that noise? What's that noise?"

For the greater part of the night I lay in my corner on the floor, trying to visualize what would happen in the morning, and what was happening right then in the night down below.

The zero hour for the departure of the soldiers was two a.m., and at that time they began to leave, mostly in groups of twenty. Some went out across the terraces and down to the beach, others went through the tunnel, with their hands on the shoulders of the men in front of them.

They had to discard their shoes and equipment so they could go quietly and quickly. One soldier whom I had known during the siege stumbled over a parapet and fell fifteen feet, badly injuring his ankle. The others had to leave him and go on, and he crawled back to the hotel.

"But the Japs heard the sound," he said, "and all Hades broke loose in the night. Tracer bullets, machine guns, and flares — all were mixed up in noise and light. Fortunately they couldn't locate what had happened, and it became quiet again."

It was nearly dawn when a last group of soldiers, who had been asleep, came running into the lobby and were sent off

in great haste before the first rays of light searched out the hotel.

It was then that Major Manners came into our room, and with a sad, deadly tired voice announced: "It is all over. We've put up the white flag of surrender. Stay here in the room until you are ordered to leave it."

The British flag coming down — the white flag going up — the Rising Sun to take its place! The agony of that hour will never leave me. I know how the men on Bataan and Corregidor died a bit in their hearts when the Stars and Stripes came down — to be replaced by the hated blood-stained flag of Japan.

The danger of that next hour to the guests can never be estimated. One wrong move, one Japanese soldier over-greedy for blood, one misleading step by any of the two hundred guests would have meant death for all. The Japs could not know that none of us had been shooting their soldiers, for our hotel had been firing on them for days. I still do not know why we were not all massacred when they arrived.

There were only a few who came in the first group, entering through the back windows of the hotel with fixed bayonets.

Mr. Shields, who spoke some Japanese, kept calling: "No soldiers here. No soldiers here."

No one could be quite certain that the Japanese officers had seen the white flags flying in the pale light of early dawn; or that, seeing them, they would really believe what they meant, and not think all this was merely a trap.

A group of Indian soldiers who had been on guard on the beach, who had not been notified of the departure, came marching in with full fighting regalia, and for a few minutes it seemed as though slaughter would result. They were disarmed and marched off to their fate.

The lobby was filled with Americans, British, Dutch, Chinese, and other nationals, with their arms raised. I came from my room at this point and stood at the top of the stairs looking down at the hundreds of upturned hands. The Japanese did

not happen to see me standing there, and I went back. I had no desire to attend the session on surrender with all its humiliating aspects, nor did I intend to let the Japs humble me any more than was necessary.

The Belgian in our suite said: "Just stay here until you have to leave. Let the Japs take control, and obey their orders quickly." He spoke a little Japanese, and was sent for by his Ambassador, but he, too, remained quietly in our room.

Out of the mists of memory I suddenly remembered having been told in Honolulu once, rather facetiously, by someone who had been through the experience in Hankow: "If you're ever captured by the Japs, just get under the bed, stay there until they have taken over completely, turned on the lights, and started things working again. Then everything will be all right." That I would ever need Verne Staten's advice had seemed amusing and fantastic at the time, but now it seemed sane and sound.

I went to the window, and could see a company of Jap soldiers marching by, already looking as though they owned the place. Then I saw one of the most damnable sights I ever want to watch — the group of white prisoners being marched down the road, hands still held high, prodded by bayonets, headed toward Eu Tong-sen's mansion next door, where the Japs had set up headquarters.

I cut a hole in the black-out curtain in the bath and began shooting pictures. I felt that if you in America could see your own people being marched by those little monkey men with the big bayonets, you would realize what the Japs intend to do to all white men and all other enemies in the Far East.

The Japanese general at headquarters shot questions at the guests.

"Where are your soldiers?"

Major Manners and Mr. Shields acted as spokesmen. "They went away during the night."

"Where?"

"We don't know."

Then the general would point to this man or that one. "Who are you?"

"I'm a banker."

"Who are you?"

"I'm a businessman."

"Why aren't you fighting? Don't you know your country is at war with Japan?"

The men tried to explain that in Britain and America certain men fight, others stay home to carry on the national business.

The Jap rolled his words out like warning thunder. "In Japan *every* man fights. It makes no difference what his position is in peace-time. This is *war*."

The group was stretched out in a long line, their arms still above their heads. The soldiers searched them, taking jewelry from some, smashing things they took from others. Finally the general seemed satisfied with his questioning. But he took a last parting shot that nearly broke the spirit of the prisoners.

"If *your* soldiers have gone away, leaving women and children unprotected, *our* soldiers will protect you."

It was a humiliating statement which everyone had to take. It was impossible to explain that our soldiers had gone away, under the most dangerous conditions, so that the women, children, and civilian men might have a chance to live.

It was a curious day of restless quiet. There was no more movement of the British soldiers, no more firing, no more sense of activity. Everything was finished. We were prisoners, and the Japanese intended us to know that. This was what I would have dreaded most in all the world if I had thought it could happen to me. In choosing to go into a war zone I knew that I might be injured or killed, but that didn't seem important. But if I had been told in advance that I was to be captured by the Japs, I might not have faced it.

We were told to clean up the dining-room, which was filled with the remnants of the fighting — bullet heads and used ammunition. The soldiers had had to discard helmets, shoes,

heavy belts, large packs, and broken guns. We were ordered to stack these up, and also to turn in everything that might be considered of military value — guns, ammunition, binoculars, maps. It was impressed on us that the failure of any one person to do this would endanger the lives of all.

While we were sweeping and cleaning the dining-room, putting the tables back in their usual places, the Jap soldiers stood guard in the doorway, with their guns dropped loosely over their arms, but always pointing at us. One little soldier in a baggy uniform stomped over to the piano and began playing. It gave a last crazy touch to the morning — British and Americans taking orders from monkey men, and one of them, who had just finished ferocious fighting, attracted to the piano on the orchestra stand!

We had luncheon at two o'clock, and some tea at five. That luncheon was the last full meal we were to have for forty-four hours; in fact, the last one with our kind of food for six months.

The Japs watched our every move during the day, for they were still suspicious of the surrender. We were all nervous, for we did not know when someone might make a wrong movement, and no matter how innocent, it might prove fatal. We were also still jittery over several incidents that had happened when the Japs arrived.

Jennie Dunnett had been peeking out from behind the black-out curtains in her room during the surrender, not wanting to take small Michael down to the Japs. She had seen a Chinese coolie coming toward the hotel, apparently unaware of what was happening, with a bunch of papers in his hands. A Jap sentry stopped him, seized the papers, slapped him across the face with them, and then stuck his bayonet through him. Three more Japs came along and, laughing in high glee, stuck their bayonets into the writhing Chinese until he lay quietly on the red ground.

Upon entering the hotel, the Japs had gone toward the little emergency hospital in the lobby, where, draped over the

screen, they were confronted with a huge Red Cross flag which had been hastily made after the siege began. Inside were a few badly wounded and frightened British soldiers. We had all heard before of the treatment Japs give to wounded men.

The soldiers, with fixed bayonets, rushed into the hospital. They started for the beds with their bayonets coming down into position. White-haired and frail Nurse Mosey stepped in front of the bayonet points. "You'll have to kill me first before you kill them," she said.

The Japs may not have understood the words, but they understood the gesture. They hesitated a moment, looked beyond at the wounded men, whose eyes were begging for some show of humanity, and back at the determined little lady in front of them, and then they backed away. There was no doubt that these British men owed their lives to the courage and bravery of Miss Mosey. Wounded men in other emergency hospitals weren't so lucky.

We were told to make a complete list of everyone in the hotel for the Jap officers, with room numbers. The Japs wanted places to put some of their men during the night, and my room was among those assigned to them.

There had been fighting up and down the corridors during the night, and in the early hours before the British left, the Japs had actually captured part of the far wing where my room was located. In several places were large burned holes in the rugs, which looked as though an attempt had been made to set fire to the building. The walls of the corridor bore comet-shaped scars of bullets, and almost every window had broken panes. Many of the doors bore bayonet slashes, made as the Japs forced them open to see if there were any British soldiers left in the rooms.

In the evening we were told to be in our rooms at nine o'clock for roll call. The fourteen in Mr. Marsman's suite sat quietly, each trying to look as nonchalant as possible. I was knitting, an excellent way to cover nervousness.

Ours was the first place visited. After a huge bang on the

door made by the hilt of guns, it swung open, and in came a grinning group of officers and men. They came by candle-light, which added a few glows to our two small tapers, but the room was still dim and foreboding.

They sat down and looked us over carefully, smiling all the while. One came and dropped down beside me on the lounge, and I could smell that he had been drinking. He picked up my ball of yarn and squeezed it, suspecting, as I found afterwards, that bullets or poison might be hidden there. One officer called the roll, and then they asked a few questions of various people.

Then the little officer next to me picked up his bayonet, and ran it back and forth across my throat several times!

The feel of cold steel on your own neck is not a delectable sensation, and I could only bless the fates that I had a good poker face. I managed to shrug my shoulders, shake my head at the Jap, and smile as though I thought he was playing a very amusing game. But when that bayonet went down, I felt as though someone had removed a hangman's tightening noose from my neck.

Evidences of the sadistic streak in the Japanese nature came to the fore time and time again during the following months. They loved to try to make one show fear, and woe to any individual in whom they sensed any weakness. They created sensational situations and watched every expression to find the slightest sign of fright. From start to finish of our captivity we set ourselves never to show fear or pain or shame before these, our captors. We were determined never to let them know on what torturous treadwheels they were forcing our minds, and almost without exception the Japs never saw any weaknesses in their prisoners. They had conquered the colony by military might, but they had not conquered the morale, the courage, or the bravery of the people there.

The hotel was a lonely place that night without our soldiers surrounding us, and we felt that a warm protective covering had been ripped away from us. Somehow the booming of the

far-away Fort Stanley guns didn't sound as comforting or convincing as they had before — we were lost souls in the hands of our enemies, and we did not know whether the conquering Japanese were also being successful in many other parts of the island. We did know, with dreadful certainty, that we were prisoners, in the hands of Jap soldiers — one of the worst fates that could happen to anyone on earth.

Just as we were about to have breakfast on the morning of December 24, we were ordered to the terrace. We gathered around the circular garden, while the Japanese soldiers in the center barked a roll call.

Then we were segregated: the British and Americans and the few scattered individuals from the Allied nations; the neutrals; the Chinese men; and in a different group the Chinese women.

Victor Needa, the Eurasian jockey, was standing with the Japs, acting as interpreter. There was a great deal of discussion, and from time to time we were told to stand up or break into different groups. Then we were told to return to our rooms for baggage inspection.

I had an emergency bag in Mr. Marsman's room and the other trunks and bags in my own room. A soldier and a high officer, whom I was told later was a lieutenant-colonel, inspected our room first. I explained that the rest of the luggage was in the far end of the hotel and asked if they wanted to finish the examination of my things there. The officer nodded, and we started on the long walk, well over a quarter of a mile.

I noticed that when the officer saw the pictures of the Jap peace mission, he evinced surprise. He looked carefully at the card on which Colonel Tada had written his name, and the names of the other two on the Mission. I did not realize for some time that the pictures were returned to my bag, but the card went into the officer's pocket.

I opened all of my bags for inspection and then started back to the other room. An officer stopped me and told me everyone had five minutes to pack a small bag and return to the lawn.

"Where are we going?" I asked, as did nervous people all along the corridor. The officer shrugged his shoulders.

By the time I returned again to the last room in the far wing, almost everyone had already gone to the lawn. I had lent my warm coat to one of the English women in the room the day before, and now I couldn't find it anywhere. I decided the main thing I wanted to save was my cameras, so I discarded everything but one bag, and strapped the forty-five pounds of camera and equipment on my shoulders.

When I returned to the terrace everyone said: "Those cameras are the first things that will be taken away from you."

"They are the last things I want to lose," I replied, "so I'll just keep them as long as I can."

I had dragged a bag with me to the lawn, but I realized that I could not possibly carry it. I took from it a thin summer coat, some red yarn, and a skirt. I put these over my arms and abandoned the bag.

Without any preliminaries or foreknowledge of where we were going, we were ordered to start marching. Two hundred of us went down the garden path, prodded by Japanese bayonets. The oldest was eighty-three-year-old Lewis C. Arlington, the youngest a baby of four months. There were small boys and girls, elderly men and women, sick and tired, and even some slightly wounded.

I felt especially sorry for Mimi Compton, who had to leave her paralytic husband and was not reunited with him for months, and for the Chinese men, who had to leave their wives and children in Japanese hands and were frantic with worry.

We passed the garage which had harbored the first party of Japs only six days before, partly blasted away. We passed Eu Tong-sen's mansion, where the prisoners had been taken the day before. Grinning Jap sentries watched our passing. We heard shots as we went by, and we could picture what was happening to the Indian and British soldier captives.

It was our hour of Gethsemane, and it was the day before Christmas.

Chapter XI

“Silent Night, Holy Night”

IT was a shining day as God decreed it — a day of horror as man made it. The road wound quickly up toward the Peak, and the ascent was steep and difficult. The sun was high and hot, but the hills still stood guard over the burnished blue sea.

What our eyes saw on that march, our minds will keep deeply etched forevermore, for the first half-mile was a walk through the valley of the shadow of death. The road was lined with dead British soldiers — burned, blasted, bayoneted.

Some were twisted into grotesque caricatures of men, others turned their sightless eyes to the vigilant sun. Some were black with death — others lay quietly as though asleep, never to wake again. Somehow those were harder to look at than the others.

There were boys with whom I had danced, men I had known in business, soldiers I had seen fighting the hopeless, losing siege of Hong Kong. Almost everyone in our group knew one or another of these dead, knew their wives and children, who did not know as yet that they had been left behind.

Apparently the fighting over this road had been desperate, and the British had fought along it foot by foot. There were supply trucks overturned and partly burned in tangled heaps; passenger cars that had been abandoned, with many bullet-holes through the doors and windows, and sometimes a limp body hung trailing out of the car. There were dead bodies un-

der some of the trucks, as though the men had tried to find shelter and had sought comfort by pressing into Mother Earth, their fingers clawing at the dirt.

The smell of death was as heavy as fog and as piercing as acid. It crawled into our nostrils, it seemed to paint our clothes with a cloying gray brush. I shall never forget the smell of massed death until the day I die.

We tried to avert our eyes, and I know many of us called out in our hearts with anguish for God to stop such slaughter of young men, to create a world which did not mean blood, mangled flesh, bits of hands and arms and legs, blinded eyes, trailing insides, rotting, stinking flesh. We did not want to feel that young men like this, hardly beginning to know maturity, had to die that we might live.

Above us Jap planes circled and dropped bombs on objectives to our left. A many-petaled black flower bloomed over the next hill, sending up trailing tendrils of flame and smoke. Shells whined over us. We felt no security from the Jap snipers in the hills, nor assurance they had all been warned that such a group as ours was moving along. We knew, of course, that the British had no knowledge of this trek and might try to shell such a large advancing party if they observed it.

No one dared to betray any expression, because the little grinning Japs with their prodding steel bayonets were watching our faces, waiting like avaricious vultures to enjoy any signs of inner turmoil. But the wondering eyes of the children saw everything, and we could only pray they did not realize what they saw.

Our line lengthened out until it was about half a mile long. Many people abandoned their bags at the side of the road, realizing they could not carry them the miles which we were obviously going to be forced to march. The babies were being passed from arms to arms, and the older people already looked pale and shaken.

Near the top of the peak Mr. Needa, I think it was, commandeered a passing truck being driven by a Jap soldier and

managed to get it turned around in the direction we were going. Into it were loaded the mothers and children, the sick and the aged, a few of the bags. I suppose that some of our group would have died along the road without the help of this truck.

As we started our descent from the top of Wong Nei Chong gap, we could look down on Hong Kong, and how far away and how near it seemed! In our wishful thinking, we had wistfully hoped that perhaps the Japs were going to take us to the edge of British territory, and dump us over in order to get rid of us. We did not realize the scope of the plans the Japs had for the treatment of prisoners in Hong Kong — thank heaven.

The path down which we were directed was an improvised military one, rough and narrow. We could see Jap soldiers with mules dragging up supplies and big guns, and many times we passed near Japanese machine-gun nests hidden back under camouflaged embankments. It seemed the Japs were thoroughly entrenched everywhere.

I had got to the very first of the line, and managed to get my camera opened without the Jap soldiers stumping along ahead of me noticing it. I took their backs, with their baggy pants, their boots, which always seemed too large for them, and their bayonets, longer than they were. One curve of the road ran directly down to Hong Kong, and there was a huge fire burning in the distance. I took a picture of the backs of the first of my own group, of the Japs, and of the city below. I wish I could have seen that stretch of movie film.

Several times we flattened ourselves against the cliff walls when a series of shells came in our direction, as the British tried to smash these things we had just seen. We found later that in the valley below there was a blazing battle, in which a thousand Canadian soldiers and their commander were killed in valiant fighting.

We were about half-way down the slope when two young Canadian soldiers were made prisoners. They had been fighting in the hills for days and had not realized the Japs had taken all this sector. One had been shot through the chest, and the other

through the leg. The Japs tied their hands behind them with cord and we marched on.

No one else seemed to want to go near them, for fear the guards would be angry, I suppose, but they looked so brave and so alone, I *had* to talk to them. After I had walked beside them for a while, the little Jap soldier threw the cord over to me, rather contemptuously, I suppose, because he knew they could not escape, and I could not help them.

I could smell the gangrene of their wounds, received five days before and still not treated. They also had not eaten anything except a few crackers during the same period, and it was that which had forced them to come sliding down the hill from the position to which they had been assigned.

We were finally given a period of rest for a few minutes, and I sat beside the lads. One Jap soldier ripped open their collars — they had on khaki coveralls — and tore off their identification disks and a small bag containing some of the buttons from their regiment, the Royal Winnipeg Grenadiers. He threw these into the gutter, but I was able to pull them toward me with my foot, and still have them.

So much has happened since that I cannot be sure of the name of the soldiers, but one was something like Proux, and he was from Port Arthur, Canada. If anyone can identify this young soldier, I shall be happy to send the buttons to his family. He said he had two or three other brothers in the service, and he had just come from Bermuda, where many German prisoners were held. Later in our death-trap concentration camp I was to remember what he told of the swimming pools there, the kind treatment of the enemy by the townspeople, the flowers, and the tropical beauty which surrounded them.

The Japanese chose this time to give us a ghastly object lesson of their might and power. Several soldiers brought up a group of young Chinese and an Indian and proceeded to mistreat them. They would knock them down, kick them until they got up — then, using jujitsu, trip them behind their legs, making them fall again. The Indian was blanched with fright

and was groaning and begging for mercy. One young Chinese was screaming in horror and dropped to his knees with up-raised pleading hands.

I did not want to watch it — but my eyes were held as a cat is held by a snake. My heart was pleading with whoever guides our destiny to stop this torture. I looked up into the serene blue sky and begged that no human being should be subjected to what these men were undergoing, and to the mental torture that was being created for us.

“ Some day I’ll come back here and get even with these devils,” one of the young Canadians groaned to me, and I could only echo his wish.

The mauled group we watched were finally too weak to resist and furnish amusement to our captors any longer, so they were tied high up on a wire fence and left. We could easily surmise what would happen to them in a short time.

One Canadian could hardly get up again, as his injured leg had been resting straight out in front of him and was apparently in such a condition that it could not be bent. No one would help raise him up, so he finally put his arm around my shoulders, pulled himself up, and managed to start on once more. Not once did either of these boys show one bit of the pain or the agony they were experiencing, or let the Japanese know that they were suffering. Never will I forget the bravery of those young Canadians.

— We climbed down a long series of steps and were marched through a crowded Chinese section, the perfect parade of the fall of the great white man in the Far East. Two hundred “ masters ” and “ missies ” carrying their bags, stumbling along in the dust, tired, sick, almost broken. The Chinese stood by the hundreds on the sidewalks watching our passing, but there was no sign to betray what they were really thinking. Lips were dry, heels were blistered, tongues were swollen, skins were burning. Many of the babies needed to be changed. It had been six hours since we started marching. Exhaustion was written in weary lines on every face.

We could see that the Japs were in full possession of this section. Many of the buildings had been shelled, and there were abandoned busses and streetcars, and riddled autos left in the middle of the road. Some soldiers with us spied one they wanted, so after tinkering with it a moment they drove off with it.

About four in the afternoon we drew up in front of the headquarters of the Japanese gendarmerie. These are the Gestapo of Japan, thorough, tough, and ruthless men who have authority above almost all others. It is said that when a soldier gets too hard for the army, he is transferred to this branch of his country's service.

We were lined up in two columns and left for a long period in the ghastly heat. Sometimes we were allowed to squat on the filthy pavement for a while, then a different soldier would come along and order us to stand. Numerous cameramen took the picture of this eventful day in Japan's history, the conquering of their first large group of white prisoners. They did not pay much attention to the Chinese men with us.

I tried to talk to one of the Jap newspapermen, hoping he would realize how wrong was the treatment we were receiving. He did not say anything, but later walked over to me, gave me a small square of chocolate in a rather shamefaced manner, and hurried away again. I took this to the two Canadians, and they seemed to enjoy it, tiny though it was. By this time a few of the others of our group had gone to them and given them cigarettes and a few crackers they had in their pockets.

We kept begging for water, at least for the children, but it was only after an hour of squatting in the broiling sun that they brought buckets of water, two broken glasses for two hundred people, and a tray of sugar cubes.

"There is enough water for one small drink, and one lump of sugar each," we were warned.

I had been feeling sorry for Mrs. Elegant during this long trek, for she was not young, she had fallen once, and she had lost her splendid home and background, so necessary to create

an illusion of grandeur for women of this type. But all my antagonism came flooding back as she managed to get to the bucket first, and before even the sick children had a chance, she had five glasses of water! Then she grabbed two dozen lumps of sugar and put them in her pockets and walked off! I nearly choked with anger.

From time to time the Japs would take off one or another of us for questioning, and several times they slapped members of our party. At another time they lined us up two deep and stood in front of us with fixed bayonets as though we were about to be shot.

Finally they singled out the two leaders, Major Manners and Mr. Shields, and told them they would have to take another peace offer to the British Governor; that they must pass through the lines that night and be back with an answer by noon the next day. They left us about six o'clock, and our hearts went with them.

Just as dusk was dropping, we were marched to a near-by looted paint factory. The stairs were so covered with debris they had to be shoveled out before we could ascend. The Chinese men were ordered to file into the rooms on the second floor. The rest of us were sent to the third and fourth floors, so many into one room, so many into the next — men, women, and children dumped in unceremoniously.

The place was vilely dirty, and the sanitary conditions indescribable. Stuff was strewn all over the floors, and most of the pieces of furniture had been smashed.

I found a place on the floor, jammed in between Mrs. Manners, who had a chair, and some man who also had to lie on the dirty floor on the other side of me. My feet were up on Miss Matheson's lap, as she sat in front of me, and I was glad to get even that small part of me away from the filthy cement.

Darkness dropped down — and there was one small candle that would not last very long. Night came, and with it sweeping memories. For this was Christmas Eve 1941.

Chapter XII

“Like Christmas We Used to Know”

CHRISTMAS has always meant a lot to us at home, and so my mind went skipping across the seas to my mother and father, and to my Aunt Sybil, who always shared the holidays with us. I knew that very soon the news Hong Kong had fallen was going to flash out, and I hated to think what that would mean to them. Coming at this holiday season seemed to make it worse.

Christmas Eve was always the time Dad brought home the Christmas tree, the tallest and most beautifully shaped one he could find. Then we'd all trim it, and it was a glorious thing when we were finished. Our presents were not expensive ones, but they were always wrapped up in white tissue paper, tied with red and green ribbons, and much love.

I could imagine that on this evening back home, while I was looking out into the night lighted only by occasional gun flashes, they were reading my letters about Yuletide in far countries during other years. Now I, too, remembered them.

There was my Noël in Paris . . . the stores with their gay electric light displays that extended across the front of the buildings, the red-faced French children and their mamas and papas watching the animated shows in the windows, the boule-

wards bustling with preparations and happiness. And midnight service at Notre Dame in the clear, brilliant cold of a Paris winter night.

There was the one spent in Singapore, where it seemed so unlike Christmas because of the tropical climate. But someone sent all the way to England for a Christmas tree, and we had turkey and all the “trimmings” too that year.

Then there was the story of Christmas in Sweden, with the hustle and bustle for weeks ahead in every home, making cookies specially shaped by molds that had been in the families for generations, wrapping gifts with a verse for everyone, enjoying the celebration ending with the crowning of Santa Lucia, Christmas dawning, and “the Feast of a Thousand Candles” in snow-covered churches on pine-covered hills.

Two years ago it was Christmas in Honolulu in the home of Dr. Marie and Dr. Bob Faus, and Helen Burton of Peking was there, and a dozen others from all the world's corners. At midnight the Hawaiian singers came and stood by the sea, singing Christmas carols in those beautiful birdlike voices of the islands . . . and someone danced an ancient dance that symbolized joy and happiness on this earth.

I thought of all these in contrast with the night I was now spending, as one views one's past while drowning, for I felt I was going down under a huge, engulfing flood as the Japs swarmed to victory.

It was such a sad little Christmas Eve that the Nipponese were forcing on us . . . sad and terrible and frightening. We couldn't expect more of those medieval pagans, I suppose, than that they would fail to recognize any of the decencies and traditions of other people on earth. I believe that in the last war in Europe they even stopped fighting long enough in the trenches to remember Christmas, and visited back and forth across no man's land. But the Japs were using this day to subject us to humiliation such as few American and British people have ever suffered.

At ten o'clock one Jap officer, less callous than the others,

brought a few cans of beef and some crackers — our first food in thirty-two hours. As he left he bowed and wished us a "Merry Christmas." We had wondered if the Japs realized this was our hallowed day of Christ. Now we knew.

Early in the evening a group of Jap newspapermen had arrived to interview some of the leading Britishers, and I have often wondered how they described this group of weary, dirty, hungry prisoners.

Finally our lone candle was blown out, and we welcomed the blackness that would cover what was written on our faces. From time to time a shell would scream out its song of hate, and now and then the room was lighted by falling flares.

This, then, was Christmas Eve 1941.

We had said nothing to one another about it until now, but we all knew what the next person was thinking. So we faced the facts. We were prisoners of the Japanese, but nothing could change the fact that it was still Christmas.

So we began to sing: "Silent Night, Holy Night. . . ."

Someone began to sob, and our voices broke.

Another person told an amusing story of a happier Christmas, but that was worse. . . .

We tried again, some of the old English Christmas carols. We faltered through a few of them. . . .

Someone with a lovely soprano voice began to sing softly: "O little town of Bethlehem . . ." but a shell crashed near by, wiping out the sound of those poignant words.

Midnight . . . and it was Christmas Day.

One o'clock, two o'clock. No one slept. Someone singing, someone sobbing.

One woman, groping for some water, took the wrong turning in the darkness and crashed down half a flight of stone steps, cutting her head and knees. We brought her back, and she took the painful and frightening experience without a whimper. She was Mrs. M. A. Minhinick, wife of an officer of the Royal Navy.

Always we knew that the person next to us was thinking of

home . . . in English villages or in London . . . in small American towns or great American cities. Of other Christmases, of friends, of fun, of families.

Our only consolation was that our beloved ones could not dream of the heartbreaking situation in which we found ourselves, of the complete heartlessness and ruthlessness of the Jap soldiers.

Dawn came. “ Merry Christmas! ”

We knew the factory was horribly dirty even by candlelight, but daylight brought new nauseating revelations. We began to clean the place and put it in order. Part of our quarters had been the home of the Chinese resident manager and his family, and their things were ripped apart and spread over the entire section. There was a photograph album, filled with the record of a Chinese life, from the black-eyed baby, through childhood events, and on to the University of Southern California and to Oxford. In what had been the children’s nursery were broken toys, one of which I managed to fix together to take to Derek, Jo Greenland’s small son, for a Christmas gift.

About ten o’clock buckets of a sort of thin Japanese vegetable stew arrived, with tea, both of which were welcome and revitalizing. We could find only a few broken bowls and cups, but these were passed around among us. Mr. Dankwerth offered Mrs. Elegant some tea in a broken cup, and she glared at him: “ How dare you offer me anything in a holder of that sort! ”

Some of the men cleaned up the stinking kitchen and boiled some water. The roof below our floor was virtually carpeted with articles thrown out of the windows by the looters — satins, furniture, papers, clothes, silk.

From our windows, most of them only jagged remnants of glass, we could see many things which told us more and more of the Japanese occupation and its extent. In one yard just below were dozens of army mules, some of them being curried, some lifted up in slings while their feet were being reshod,

and we could see Japanese soldiers bathing in big tubs of water.

We could look up and down the harbor, and it was utterly sad to see the devastation there. But the thing we watched most was the constant coming and going of ferries and small boats at North Point, near us, with an uninterrupted flow of activity. Troops, ammunition, guns, and supplies, all moving into Hong Kong without the slightest attempt of the British to stop them. It was unbelievable that this place, which was the narrowest stretch of water connecting the mainland and the island, should not have been under constant fire and bombardment from our guns. But the ferries were running back and forth as regularly as they did in peace-time, bringing the conquering Japanese and their supplies ashore.

I took pictures of all these things from the windows, hiding my activities even from those in our group, for I knew that my cameras worried them for fear the Japanese would see me and make trouble for everyone.

Over Kowloon was a ballooning yellow-black cloud, designating the burning of some large godowns and an oil installation.

We waited anxiously for the return of Mr. Shields and Major Manners, who arrived at twelve o'clock. The Japanese were angry because, they said, the men were an hour late. Although it was only twelve by our watches, it was now one by Tokyo time — and as far as the Japs were concerned, this was now their territory and the time was Nipponese.

Just before the arrival of the two, a large shell hit deafeningly in the next empty lot, and a number of people who had gone to the roof for the sunlight scurried back to cover. The emissaries stood at the bottom of the steps, and everyone gathered on the various flights of stairs while the words of the Governor's edict floated up the hallways.

"We arrived in time for breakfast with the Governor," was the gist of this report. "We told him what we had seen, how much territory the Japanese control, the state of things over

half the island as we saw it. We have told him of what happened to us, and what is probably ahead for us. The peace terms of the Japanese were extended, but were refused. The war will go on.”

The news was greeted in silence. Then some of the British people nodded and said: “ Of course. We can never surrender to the Japs.” Such belief is pitiful when it is not backed up by sound governmental and military preparation. I hope America learns, before it is too late, that *belief* in our national supremacy and our ability to produce, is not enough. Far from enough.

The two men from the peace mission looked tired and depressed, for theirs had really been a harrowing and hazardous experience. Mr. Shields told me about it later. They had left us about six o'clock, too late to cross through the lines that night, so they had gone into a café on the edge of the Jap-controlled territory and had tried to rest there. Finally someone found a place for them to sleep, but Japanese gendarmes kept shining electric torches in their eyes all night.

They were given a white banner to carry and went through the Japanese line, through a no man's land, and into British defended territory. This was all a matter of a few blocks, and since the British did not know of the coming of the mission, the chances that Major Manners and Mr. Shields would be fired upon were great. This was particularly true because of the fact that after the second peace mission sent by the Japanese, the Governor, Sir Mark Young, had announced that no further peace parties would be considered, and there would never be surrender. The wording had indicated that any such group in the future would be shot on sight, and that such things were all useless gestures on the part of the Japanese.

The British soldiers could hardly believe in the arrival of these two well-known Hong Kong men from out of the Japanese lines, but they were promptly identified, and were taken to Government House, where a Christmas breakfast was being served.

The Governor consulted members of the Military Command, but all agreed that surrender was impossible. They even indicated, I believe, that all we had seen could hardly be possible, and that the landing of the Japanese troops at will was not important. "We can take care of that at any time."

Surrender actually did come late that afternoon. What changed the balance in the meantime is not yet known. Perhaps the facts Mr. Shields and the major revealed brought soberer thought and a more serious analysis after the two had returned.

The men brought back with them a copy of the *South China Morning Post*, the Christmas Day issue, and we read it with interest, mixed with amusement and sorrow. While we were undergoing all of these harrowing experiences, apparently others in Hong Kong had carried on in somewhat their usual way, for the headline read: "Day of Good Cheer."

The story said: "Hong Kong is observing the strangest and most sober Christmas in its century-old history. Such modest celebrations as are arranged today will be subdued, with an eye to Japanese opportunism, but they will be none the less high-hearted on that account.

"For the first time in years Wyndham Street has lacked its stock of ready-to-erect Christmas trees; when people thrust at shop doors or stood in lines yesterday they were seeking, not gift trinkets, but bread or rice; and the steady crackle and buzz which attended all shopping, had a more deadly source than the peacetime cracker and the party racket.

"However, if yesterday's shopping was confined to necessities and there was little gift planning, friends remembered to toast each other—in moderation—at the city hotels, which were crowded toward sundown. Beards were budding, and 'only' suits salvaged from Kowloon were looking a bit scrubby, but all were cheerful in the knowledge that, for all their present hardships, they would not go either hungry or thirsty this Christmas." (*We had gone both hungry and thirsty!*)

“ There was a pleasant interlude at the Parisian Grill shortly before it closed last night when a Volunteer pianist in for a spot of food before going back to his post, played some well known favorites in which all present joined with gusto. . . .”

But it was the messages of the House of Commons and the Governor of Hong Kong on which our attention was focused. “ Speaking on behalf of all members of the House of Commons, a Member stated yesterday that the admiration of the civilized world was centered on the courage and endurance of the British, Canadian and Indian troops comprising the Hong Kong garrison. He asked the garrison to hold on, and said that every day was important to complete the plans to finish off the enemy of civilization. He ended by saying: — ‘ May God bless you and be with you forever. May God strengthen you.’ ”

The Governor of Hong Kong had issued this Christmas message to the people of the colony: “ In pride and admiration I send my greetings this Christmas Day to all who are fighting and to all who are working so nobly and so well to sustain Hong Kong against the assault of the enemy. Fight on. Hold fast for King and Empire. God bless you all in this your finest hour. Mark Young, Governor.”

But the final straw on our overloaded backs was the item which read:

“ The paper [*War Express*] also states that a late report on December 23 said that all Japanese troops in the Repulse Bay area had been cleaned up by 8 p.m. on that day.”

Such incredible misinformation, as we stood there exhausted, hungry, dirty, prisoners of the all-conquering Japs, left us speechless.

Chapter XIII

Rape and Death

NO sooner had we cleaned up our part of the looted Duro paint factory than we were ordered to move. Forever after, in our discussions, this was dubbed the "Duro Hotel."

The Chinese men were left behind, and they were all jammed sadly in the windows as we departed, neither of us knowing what was going to happen from then on. Actually the Japanese later seemed to forget about these Chinese; they did not bring them food, but did not object when they sent numbers of their group out to buy what small amounts they could in the neighborhood. At the end of a week they just walked away one day, drifted back into Hong Kong, and no effort was made to stop them.

Our fate was more unhappy. At one o'clock we were told to go outside, where some trucks awaited us. We were glad not to do more walking, as almost everyone's feet were throbbing from the trek of the day before. We were herded in, standing up, and the Japanese drivers drove like fury, while Japanese soldiers stood guard on the back of the conveyances.

One of them motioned to me to remove a large square black onyx ring I wear, and I bade it a quick mental good-by. He looked inside and returned it to me. That happened a number of times in the following months, and I decided they expected to find a secret compartment inside. Suspicious little men, those

Japs. But only because that is the way they themselves operated in our country and in England before the war.

There was a tremendous amount of damage done by shells in the section through which we were going, in which there had been street-by-street fighting in the early part of the Japs' landing. Big shell-holes had made porous pieces of cheese out of many buildings, and there were abandoned cars and trucks everywhere. Some of the electric wires were down, and we had to duck a number of times, as they came close to our heads, to escape decapitation. At moments the decaying smell of uncared-for dead rose from the streets in nauseating waves.

The Chinese were going on about their lives as usual, as far as we could see. They were bringing pails to get water out of emergency spring outlets, and were trying to buy food in the small markets and little shops that had dared to stay open. Most stores were afraid of looters, and were heavily boarded up.

Japanese soldiers and officers were everywhere and watched our trucks with much glee. Often they would shout to the soldiers who were guarding us, and I was glad I did not speak Japanese.

We were unloaded on a large dock, heavily guarded. Near by was the Taikoo Sugar Company, a huge structure that had been badly bitten by the shelling. We learned later that there had been vigorous fighting there.

It was in this district that a friend had worked with the St. Johns Ambulance Corps during the war. She was the one who had tried on December 18 to tell Sir Mark Young, the Governor, of all the Jap troops she had seen landed at this point. Their hospital became an outpost and then was surrounded. Serving there were British, Chinese, French, American, and Russian doctors and nurses.

The Japs lined them all up and were obviously about to shoot them when a Japanese medical officer intervened, and the women were removed from the lines and ordered to start marching. As they looked back they saw the British doctors trying to escape by fighting off the Japanese bayonets with

their bare hands, but they were all killed by either the slicing blades or gunfire.

"To hell with them," she said to me in somber ferocity, as memories overwhelmed her. "The dirty murderous animals. To hell with every one of them!"

This friend later escaped, hid in the attic of a convent for many days, and finally was rescued by a Red Cross ambulance. Everyone's life was full of peril these days, and the escape of some was miraculous.

As we waited for a ferry to take us across to the mainland and Kowloon, we could see the Japanese unloading box after box after box. One man with military knowledge estimated that during the time we stood there, eighty tons of dynamite were taken off the small boats! That's a lot of death in any language.

Troops arrived, and were marched off. One group of obviously important officers and attendants came amidst much saluting, with shiny boots, white gloves, and braid. I could not see their faces, but later found that this was again Colonel Tada of the peace mission, en route to submit the final peace offer. Peace terms were not really offered; it was stated that if Hong Kong did not surrender it would be completely leveled and made into rubble. Having observed the Jap guns secure range on all strategic objects, knowing that many of the British big guns had been silenced and that there was no air defense, I believe this could have been done by continuously pounding the city from the air, and from the Kowloon side with the large guns the Japs had in position there. In addition, the city was in a desperate state owing to lack of water and the handicap of no light. There was also a nervous Chinese population of a million to consider, and there was no escape for them, for this, remember, was an island under siege.

We were finally loaded on a barge and a ferry which had been bringing over army mules and which formerly had belonged to one of our party. We landed in a miniature Japan on the mainland. Countless Jap soldiers, officers, officials, and

bystanders watched us. They had taken complete charge of the docks, the buildings, the streets.

Again we were loaded into trucks and paraded through Kowloon. But there were not many Chinese in the streets here to watch our ignominious progress, for these people had learned to their sorrow what the coming of the Japanese New Order meant, and were keeping out of sight.

The city was obviously fully controlled by the Japs. The ruins of war had been cleaned away, and there were Japanese signs to direct the traffic. There were evidences of harsh fighting, but this was signified by yawning holes, broken windows and smashed buildings rather than by debris in the streets.

Many of the large fine houses along the way were occupied by the Japanese, not only soldiers, but civilians as well. They stood on their porches and, with wide smirks, watched us go past. One hospital was obviously Japanese, and afterwards we were to hear pitiful tales of what happened when the British staffs and wounded were dumped out without warning.

On almost every building was the flag of the Rising Sun. Children carried them, cars wore them, and they were fastened to all public buildings. Abandoned pillboxes which had been part of the defense plans of Kowloon, virtually unused because of the rapid retreat, had Jap flags flying above them. The tremendously expensive air-raid shelters, miles of them were abandoned.

We had been told by a gendarme officer that we were being taken to the Peninsula Hotel, and that we were not prisoners of war, but "refugees." We were halted near that hotel, headquarters of the Japanese Military Command, while long conferences went on somewhere. We were parked near the arcade I described in the early part of this book, a fine new development with modern shops, which had been called the Chungking Arcade. That sign had already been ripped down and the Jap flag put up.

Finally we were taken to the Kowloon Hotel, a very second-rate hostelry behind the Peninsula, and marched up the

steps, prodded by bayonets. We gathered in the lounge, and an officer told us: "You are now prisoners of Japan. Any infringement of our orders will be punishable by death by military law."

"Refugees" indeed!

From four to ten people were then ordered into each room. No preparation had been made for our coming, and obviously the previous tenants had left on the run. Some rooms had windows broken by shrapnel, and all were in a disagreeable condition.

My roommates turned out to be Mrs. Jean Martin, Mr. Marsman, Mr. Wilson, and eighty-three-year-old Mr. Arlington. Jean and I took one look at the dirt and went to work, and when we finished, the place was cleaner than it had been for years. We scrubbed everything from the floors to the moldings, and washed the dirty sheets, towels, and pillowcases, all in cold water, of course. It was wonderful to turn on water again, and the first thing we did was to take icy showers. But no luxurious Hollywood sunken bath with gold faucets ever seemed so wonderful.

At six the Japanese sent us our Christmas dinner: rice and water! This was to be the extent of our rations for several weeks, then sometimes almost raw cabbage would be added, and on a few days some other unidentified vegetable. But ninety-nine per cent of the time it was rice — and water.

We had been in the hotel only a short time when there was a tremendous explosion somewhere near us. We did not know it then, but that was the last firing of the war, for surrender came late Christmas afternoon.

The garrison had fallen, the city which would never surrender: "the Impenetrable Fortress of the Far East." The siege was ended, and Japan had conquered this last outpost of the British Empire, the first of her conquests of white men's territories.

Old Mr. Arlington in our room, author of *Through the Dragon's Eyes*, was a marvelous character. Sixty-seven of his

eighty-three years, as I have said, had been spent in China. He had been twice around the world in sailing ships, landed in Japan in the 1870's, and gone on to China. He had seen the Japs fight in Manchuria, and told of one fortress there surrounded by a moat which the Russians were holding, but the Japs sent wave after wave of soldiers against it. As they were shot down, they fell in the moat. Then another wave would come, and the performance be repeated, until the moat was filled level with the ground with dead or dying soldiers. The next troops marched over them, stormed the fort, and took it. That, as Arlington pointed out, was the kind of enemies we are fighting, and we should have been forewarned. He had been in Hong Kong fifty years before when the British took the New Territories and it was a historical coincidence he should be here for the Jap victory half a century later.

Although Arlington was so old, he had ridden horseback, swam, and danced until pneumonia had knocked him out the year before. Christmas night he made us all laugh — and how we needed to laugh! — by reciting an old Ming play he had translated from the Chinese, called *Fanning the Grave*. It was one of the funniest things I've ever heard, and to see this elderly gentleman give this hour-and-a-half performance, supplying all the gestures, was an amazing experience.

Strangely enough, I had something to contribute to Christmas. As soon as we were in our room, I sat down and took everything out of my pocketbook to see just what I had left in the world. Tucked far back in the corner of a passport case was a Christmas poem of Mother's which had been published the year before. It had been in this case for a year and forgotten until I brought it to light this strange Christmas night, which also turned out to be Jean's birthday.

There was a wild scramble in the hotel to secure whatever supplies we could. Such independent foraging became, in our emergency parlance, "scrounging," and anyone who succeeded in these activities became famous as being a good "scrounger." Some learned more quickly than others that on

the floor above us were empty rooms, and so managed to get enough supplies to take care, meagerly, of the occupants of their chambers. Mr. Marsman located an extra mattress and a few blankets; I found a couch, which I fixed for Mr. Arlington on a little porch, but most of the time it was too cold for him there and he had to sleep on the floor with the rest of us.

The nights were bitter at this time of year, and the one blanket which covered each one was far from adequate. I had only a light summer coat, but I found a long Chinese robe, in which I used to sleep. The others had heavy winter coats, which they used as blankets also.

Our room was about eight feet square, but it had a tiny terrace that we thought would make up for the lack of space. The Japanese, however, soon made us paste newspapers over the door, and ordered us to keep off the porch, so that ended that little pleasure. It also made our room so dark it was necessary to use electricity during the day.

In fact, everyone was ordered to cover the windows with newspapers. We were informed we would be shot if anyone was caught looking out. It seems that the Japanese officers in the Peninsula Hotel across the street didn't like to see us looking at them. The cats couldn't even look at the kings!

We thought our Christmas Day was a sad one, but it was as nothing to the one being spent at Fort Stanley, where the soldiers who had left us at Repulse Bay had gone. Many of them swam two miles during that eventful night, while others crawled along the beach on hands and knees or went up over rocky, dangerous paths in the hills.

Fort Stanley sat on the highest peak on a peninsula so that it might be master of all it surveyed. At the edge of this section was the little Chinese fishing village of Stanley. Above on the hills was Maryknoll Mission, occupied by many Catholic priests. The ascent was precipitous, and reminiscent of the terraced mountainsides of Italy.

After capturing Repulse Bay Hotel and that area, the Japs fought on toward this sector, and the battle began to rage

through the hills. The trained mountain-climbing soldiers of Nippon were again at an advantage, and their knowledge of the terrain was still evident.

From their vantage point high on the hills, the Maryknoll fathers were able to watch the fighting, and the tricks of the Japs. I was fortunate enough to find the diary of a priest from up-country China which told the story of their experiences. At first there was incredulity at the coming of the Japs, and then they gave hours to prayer for the Allied soldiers. The fighting was still miles away from their peaceful mission, but the fathers went into Hong Kong for news.

Then the fighting came to this side of the island, to Aberdeen, Repulse Bay, on toward Fort Stanley, and the mission was in the path of the forces. "At night the reverberations of the guns shook our building, broke some windows, and smashed some glasses. . . . Some of us moved into the hall to sleep. Toward dawn we realized we had all been awake all night. . . . Guns have been set up on emplacements near by, and the battle is going to engulf the mission. . . . The firing is constant, and the noise is deafening."

In time the British tide receded, and the Japanese washed over them. "The Jap soldiers tied us together, marched us down a gully near by. We saw them with a group of British soldiers who had surrendered, several who had been in the mission. They were bayoneted by the Jap soldiers, and some of our men had to watch the whole thing. . . .

"We were put in an icy cold garage, still tied. None of us had warm enough clothes, or any food. Some Japs came to the window and spit on us. Another promised some water for a gold watch. We thought he would bring water enough for each of us. Instead he brought a canteen for all, which meant one sip apiece. We had to take turns lying down, for the space was so small."

Even the robes of religion have no meaning to the soldiers of the Rising Sun, although the Vatican has retained friendly relations with Japan despite the war.

Then I saw the diary of Syd Skelton, B63742 Royal Rifles of the Canadian Overseas Army, written to Miss Helen Bambrook of Toronto. This was found months after peace, behind a picture in St. Stephen's College, which was used as an emergency hospital. It had originally been found beside an empty bed on December 27 by one of his wounded friends, a brother of Roy Nicol of Quebec, the note said. This man hid it behind the picture in the hope it would be found after the Japanese left St. Stephen's, but it was not discovered for four months.

The diary told of his arrival on November 16 on the transport with the first contingent of Canadians, and of his early days in the colony, the start of war, and his daily part in it — always with a thread of thought running back to his home and to his sweetheart.

There was a medical card stating that Skelton had a substantial gunshot wound in the thigh and was being treated. There were also a number of the Japanese pamphlets which had been thrown down from the planes, and which had apparently amused the young soldier.

Beside the picture of the smiling girl was the picture of a charming old lady. It was all symbolic of a soldier's life — fighting, fighting, hurt, sometimes death, but always a thought of home and loved ones running as an undercurrent through the horror.

It was impossible to take the diary with me, as the Japs forbade us to bring away one word of communication, but it is being held by friends for Miss Bambrook until the day when it can be safely sent to her. It was impossible to find out if the wounded soldier had been transferred to military camp or what had happened to him, for the Japs refused to give any information to friends or families about the captured British soldiers.

The diary which cut into my heart the deepest was written by a young soldier, eighteen years old, who was fighting in one of the bungalows at Stanley while the Japs were blasting away at it from near by.

"What is it all about? Death and blood all around me, and beauty outdoors. . . . They just got my pal Jack next to me. We were talking, when suddenly a shell made a mess of him, and I got a bite of shrapnel. Can I stand it? . . . Today is Mother's birthday. I wonder if she is thinking of me. I am glad she can't see me, and know what I'm doing. Happy birthday, Mother. . . . Noise all around me. They are coming closer. How horrible the shells sound! Oh God, it doesn't seem that I can stand it any longer. . . ."

And here the diary ended.

There was a football field at the foot of the high hill on which stood St. Stephen's College, and here the Japanese were killed by the thousand as they tried to cross it to storm the hills. But again, as in the New Territories, wave after wave of them came, ignoring their dead, always advancing over their bodies a little farther. "*They keep coming! They keep coming!*" The British suffered heavy losses also, and on January 25, when all this ground over which the battle flamed became our concentration camp, there were still British bodies lying about, for the Japanese refused ever to bury the British dead. The bodies of their own soldiers were always quickly removed and cremated, so the little white boxes could go back to the shrines in Japan. In one of the bungalows there were eighteen British dead when the internees arrived, for the fighting had gone on hand to hand through each building. It was a scene of horror, and the glory was only for those who died fighting for their country. I am sure that most of the soldiers would have preferred this to ignominious surrender, with the march to military camps as helpless prisoners of the Japs until the war is over.

The following story was told to me by one of the nurses who went through the worst of all experiences at St. Stephen's. She told it undramatically and methodically, but there were black circles under her eyes, and her thin, nervous hands, which kept knitting the air, give hints of the inner turmoil that retelling it occasioned. I hesitated a long time to ask her to

live through the hours again with me, but I felt that I must have the story direct from one who knew every damnable second of it. And obviously she felt that it must be told, exactly and correctly, so that those who do not come close to the Japanese can know what sort of men they are.

No woman on earth is going to tell of being gang-raped by enemy soldiers unless it is imperative, and only the bravest would be willing to tell her story to the world. I marveled at the inner strength which made her able to answer my most searching questions, and yet I sensed all through it the perspective which she had taken of the blackening experience: she was a soldier at her post; she had suffered grievous wounds which would leave scars on her soul forever, but she had gone through this in line of duty, and she had done her part without fear or failure, just as would any brave soldier.

I checked and rechecked every detail of this story; it has been attested to by soldiers who were present and by those who lived through it. This is no vague "atrocities story"; this is stark truth. I give it to you as one of the most dastardly and blackest pages of Japanese history — ranking with the rape of Nanking.

"It was six a.m. of Christmas morning that the Japs came to St. Stephen's," the nurse said. "We had established an emergency hospital here in the auditorium and the balcony. There were cots, but many of the wounded lay on the floor. A big Red Cross flag was over the doorway. Some Canadian soldiers, exhausted, stopped for a minute to warn us the Japs were coming with their Bren and Lower guns, and stumbled on.

"Colonel Dr. Black, who was in charge, went to meet the Japs. He stepped to the door, put his arms across it, and said, pointing to the Red Cross: 'This is a hospital, and only wounded are here.'

"The Japanese, without hesitation or further examination, bayoneted Dr. Black." The girl stopped a minute as her memory unwound the ghastly picture. "Then they stepped over

Chapter XIV

Hatred and Heroism

LIFE does go on, no matter how strenuous the circumstances, and human nature bobs up at its best and its worst at the slightest of provocations. Here we were, a group of five hundred people, herded into a small hotel, under the extremest of conditions, conquered citizens under the heavy hand of our most hated enemy, without the barest of necessities, much less luxuries, hungry, stripped of homes, wealth, background. No wonder nerves were tense as tightened violin strings, and no wonder that fidgety players made dire twangs and discords as time went on.

The Japanese gendarmes didn't add to our comfort, for they are the lowest type of sadistic human animal yet extant. Somehow the boots on Japanese soldiers invariably seem too large for them; maybe they really are made that way so they won't wear out so quickly; anyway, it always appeared as though these boots were leading the soldiers. Those who guarded our hotel loved their bayonets with the devotion of dogs for their masters, and kept them shiny and bright, and out ready for use at all times.

These men would tramp up and down wooden steps, each one sounding like a miniature army. The only good thing about this was that we could hear them coming four flights away, and so jump for the cover of our rooms. One of the rules our kind caretakers had laid down was that we could

not stop to talk to one another in the hallways, where we went to get a little exercise.

As the gendarmes passed, they would swing so that the tips of their bayonets would come within a few inches of our bodies or faces. There's something about a bare, carefully sharpened bayonet that gives me the crinkliest of creeps up and down my spine!

The first few weeks the Japs came into our rooms every hour or two to take roll call. Sometimes they would think someone was missing, and what excitement that would produce! And there was the deuce to pay if one of the occupants of the room happened to be out when they came. Again the heavy banging boots were our salvation, serving their purpose as well as any air-raid siren.

There were a number of unpleasant experiences, such as the day the gendarme knocked the hat off the head of elderly Mr. Seth, a venerable Jewish gentleman with the gentlest of temperaments. The Jap took the tip of his bayonet and threw off the hat which Mr. Seth was wearing according to tradition.

Another time a gendarme stuck a bayonet into the stomach of T. B. Wilson, the American President Line manager. He just folded his hands in front of him and smiled, and so managed to save face better than the Jap.

Another day the soldiers became enraged at an American missionary woman. They made her kneel before them in the hall, and with their fists forced her to bow her head again and again before a large group.

There was one ugly gendarme we called "Handlebars" because of his fierce-looking mustache. When he came into our room for inspection, we were told by the accompanying soldiers to salute him. We were always supposed to rise for the least of these little men, but this was our first lesson in bowing. Rebellion rises high in your heart at a time like this, but to let it overflow and show would only delight our captors, so we all concealed it.

In the room next to us were quartered ten men, some of

whom were out when the soldiers arrived, and so did not hear the order. Through the partition I could hear an awful uproar, and a Japanese voice went on and on in shrill vituperation. It sounded like a soprano subway going through a tunnel, and I was sure someone was going to be hurt. When I heard a slap, my heart sank to my shoe soles. Of course, none of the men could understand what the long lecture in Japanese was all about, but there was no doubt of its fury. The internees all stood at attention, and one who had stuffed his pipe in his pocket nearly had a blister and a burned pair of trousers before it was ended. Finally the Jap storm spent its force and went on its way to other rooms.

Funny things happened, too, and we enjoyed several incidents. One night, quite late, the gendarmes came to each room, banging back the doors and leaving them wide open. We had been ordered to bed early, and so we could only lie and freeze in the drafts. We managed to understand that "Handlebars" was going to make an inspection tour, starting from the top floor where he had taken over a choice room. Time passed, and no funny man. The next day, through our grapevine, we were able to learn that "Handlebars" had started down the steps, but was so drunk he had fallen the whole first flight, and that ended *that* inspection.

Another evening the same thing occurred — doors were banged open and fastened. We waited, and nothing happened, so after several hours we closed them and went to sleep.

This evening, however, something had happened on the second floor. A group of soldiers had started from room to room, asking for a pair of white gloves. It did not seem possible they would find any, but by chance T. B. Wilson had a pair in a bag his Chinese boy had sent him, and he gave them to the soldiers, who went away very happy.

The next day a Japanese officer arrived with an interpreter, and it was explained that he had been going to a party the evening before and found he had no white gloves. Of course a Jap officer could not appear without them! The stores were

closed, so the order had been given to search our hotel. The officer brought money to pay Mr. Wilson, who refused it, with the remark: "I won't be needing my white gloves for a little while now, I guess." The Jap officer was embarrassed to be so indebted to a prisoner, and yet was so pleased with the gloves that he talked for over an hour and went away with much bowing and hissed thanks.

We never knew what time some unpleasant experience would happen, and it made everyone tense and often cross, as was natural. My favorite enemy, Mrs. Elegant, turned on a group of men one night who were watching some new arrivals going to the floor above us. Her husband was helping one woman with a small bundle.

"How dare you stand there and do nothing, you lazy good-for-nothing men, when my poor, sick old husband is helping?"

I'm sure her husband wasn't grateful for that description, and the men had been punished before by Japs for extending a helping hand. Mrs. Elegant stated a number of vindictive thoughts in a piercing voice, making particularly pointed ones about a very fine man with mixed blood, ending with: "You dirty wop."

He looked at her for a minute and quietly said: "You talk like a woman from Billingsgate," and walked away, while the British people chuckled to hear this expressive phrase regarding London's worst slum applied to this dowager duchess.

The former Chinese room boys, now out of jobs, and being opportunists, began to bring in extra food for sale. They had to give a good share of it to the Japanese gendarmes who guarded the entrance, who considered this to be a rightful commission on the sales.

The boys knew that everyone was desperate and would pay almost any price to get food. A few prisoners had a great deal of money, which they kept to themselves; and others had from nothing to small amounts, which they shared. During the war almost everyone had converted what money he had to large

notes, so greater amounts could be easily carried. The Japanese government declared these should be cashed at full value, but they were never able to enforce that order, even when we left Hong Kong six months after war's end. The \$100 notes brought around \$60, and the \$50 denominations from \$20 to \$30.

Mr. Marsman and Jean Martin had money, Mr. Arlington had traveler's checks, on which he managed to borrow a hundred dollars, and I had about that amount with which to start. (This amounts to nearly \$30 in American money.) Mr. Marsman bought extra food, which he shared with us. But there were two weeks when I had only the rice and water rations, with semi-raw cabbage three times during that period.

Prices skyrocketed as the Chinese realized what a priceless market they had: hungry people who had no other means of getting supplies, and who would pay whatever was demanded. Coffee cost, in American money, \$2.50 a pound; butter, \$2; a tin of small Vienna sausages, \$1; corned beef, \$1.25; sardines, \$1.25; small fruit salads, \$1; toilet paper, \$1. Many people did not have a penny, and they were hungry all of the time. I know — I was one of them for many weeks.

Rumors were as regular as dawn, and as varied. The favorite one was that Churchill had said that Hong Kong would be recaptured in three months. I do not think there were five per cent of the British who did not believe this, and who still clung to the belief late in June, although the weeks had passed three times three many times over.

Then Italy had surrendered; Laval was dead; Russia had conquered Germany; the Japanese were being forced to abandon Canton. I used to go "rumor-cropping" every morning, and there were always strange and wonderful reapings.

We had been locked up only a few days when the Japanese held their big victory celebration in Hong Kong. We managed to get a few copies of their propaganda newspaper in English, and there we learned of the rejoicing (!) of the

Chinese and Indian citizenry at being freed from English bondage, and how they were joining wholeheartedly in the gigantic celebration.

During the afternoon the Japanese sent sixty-two planes over the city. They flew back and forth in formation, stunting, flying low. They came ripping down low over the harbor, and flew high above the peaks. One plane performed the most spectacular bit of flying I had seen in years — an absolutely straight-up spiral, and that takes real flying. I used to fly a plane, and I know. All this took place at almost the exact time we had found a recent *Reader's Digest* in which one well-known writer had said that Japan's air force was a joke — that it would not last ten minutes in the air against real planes — and that Japanese could not fly, owing to lack of proper balancing sense. Despite Japan's extremely successful demonstration to the contrary during the last year, there are still human ostriches who like to think that is still true!

The troops entered Hong Kong with much parading, officers on horses, streets lined with soldiers, flags, banners, singing. It was the triumphal march of conquering men — but they were not our soldiers, and the taste of defeat was acid in our mouths.

Almost the saddest sight I have ever seen in my life was that of the British soldiers being marched off to military prison camp. From a back window in the hotel we took a chance at watching the small part we could see of the next street. The sidewalks were lined with smirking Japanese soldiers and officers, cramming the windows, as well as the streets from shop to curb. The conquered soldiers were marched past the Japanese military headquarters in the Peninsula Hotel, off to imprisonment "for the duration."

They had been stripped of insignia, many carried heavy packs, some were wounded — fine-looking men of the Royal Scots, the Royal Navy, the Middlesex, the Royal Winnipeg Grenadiers, and the Royal Rifles of Canada — men who had fought and lost. Many of their comrades had been killed, their

flag had come down, the colony was lost, and the yellow Jap men were marching the whites off in humiliating defeat after one of the quickest military collapses in history. The soldiers had fought bravely and obeyed orders to the last second. When they laid down their arms they did it amid mutterings — almost rebellion. In spite of their willingness, governmental and military weakness put them on this long, weary road that led to the Jap prison camp. Washington would do well to learn that it is the quality of leadership, as well as the size and amount and equipment of armed forces, that brings victory — or defeat.

Many of the women in the hotel knew that their husbands were in those lines of saddened men — men who were trying to hold their heads high before the smug little men with the big guns. But once in a while I would see a head drop to a man's chest for a second, and then with an effort he would raise it high and march on toward imprisonment. Some of the soldiers were very young — seventeen and eighteen — and some of them were men in their fifties, Volunteers who had left their desks in Hong Kong to take up guns to defend their homes and their families. Now they were going to pay the price for man's effort to preserve the traditions of democratic living.

I had the telephoto lens on my movie camera and managed to get a strip of pictures of this heartbreaking spectacle so men in high control might some day realize what happens when the soldiers who fight for their country and their way of living are defeated because of official shortsightedness — of furnishing too little, too late.

Our newspapers carried a story a few weeks ago about these same men. Twelve hundred were being transported from their military prison in Hong Kong to Japan. The ship was torpedoed. The Japs fastened down the hatches and deserted the ship, going to another in the convoy. A few British men managed to break out and found their ship was being towed, but was rapidly sinking.

Hundreds jumped into the water, trying to escape at any

cost. Many were so weakened by their starvation diet that they drowned immediately. The Japs machine-gunned the others. However, a few escaped and got to Free China to tell the story. They estimated that only 300 of the 1,200 would reach Japan. Many American women had husbands in that camp; they will not know until war's end whether they are living.

We gradually became acquainted with one another in the hotel; although we were not supposed to go from floor to floor, we sometimes wandered off our preserves. Some who had been in charge of the Kowloon hospitals had been ordered to leave with their patients in an hour's time. One group of nurses was left in a school building for days without food or water. Finally they tore up a number of books, broke up some furniture for a fire, emptied the water in the fishbowl into a can, and boiled it so they would not perish of thirst.

Group after group was rounded up throughout the city and dumped into our hotel until it was jammed. Unlucky as we were, however, we were better off than those on the Hong Kong side. Although they had freedom longer, because they were not ordered into internment until January 5, while most of us had been captured around December 23, they were in even worse surroundings.

On January 5 the Japanese gendarmerie circulated an order, without any previous warning, that all American, British, and Dutch civilians must assemble on the Murray Parade Ground at ten o'clock that same morning. Some may have anticipated such a move, although it was almost unprecedented in international history to intern an entire civilian population.

Approximately three thousand persons, men, women and children, gathered from all over Hong Kong, many of them having walked down from the high Peak, some having been robbed and beaten as they came, and were herded like sheep on the grounds. They were then divided into arbitrary groups and marched off to a number of native hotels which had just been evacuated for this purpose.

Chapter XV

Strange Interlude

AMONG those I found in the Kowloon Hotel was Mrs. Lee, the British woman who had been hostage to the Japanese on the first peace mission, with her two dogs. Her husband was with the Colonial Secretary in Hong Kong, as his secretary.

One day word flew around the hotel that Mrs. Lee had been sent for by Colonel Tada, the head of the peace mission, who was at the Japanese military headquarters across the street. Colonel Tada had promised Mrs. Lee, when he took her as hostage, that he would see that she was given full protection if the Japs took possession of Hong Kong. She took several other women with her to the dinner to which she was invited, and although some were frightened at going, they felt they must obey orders.

Everything went smoothly, and they enjoyed good food, hearing music, and getting away from our dreary prison.

While they were at dinner, Mrs. Lee told the Japanese officer that I, too, was interned in the same hotel. He remembered my taking pictures and said he would like to invite me to dinner some time, all of which Mrs. Lee reported to me.

Within a few days an invitation arrived: "To the American young lady cameraman. I would like for you to come to dinner. I am very busy, but will arrange in few short days for your coming to Peninsula Hotel. Tada."

Eventually word of the day set was brought by a gendarme, who looked very impressed by a prisoner's receiving word from his military headquarters. An escort was sent for Mrs. Lee and myself; it was Mr. Ohtsu, another of the Japanese who had been with the mission, a member of the Intelligence Department. He was a man who had traveled over most of the world in the course of his work, and spoke excellent English. He had been the liaison man between the Japanese and the British governments in Hong Kong over all border problems at the edge of the New Territories, and I had observed during the course of the parley that he was well known by Major Boxer, the British officer.

This was almost a month after we had been shut up in the hotel, and the first time I had walked farther than up and down the hall during all those weeks. I was weak from lack of food, and could hardly descend the four flights of stairs and walk across the road to the other hotel, and I didn't hesitate to say so. The air seemed like a marvelous perfume, and I took deep breaths of it, rejoicing in being allowed five minutes in my beloved outdoors.

The Peninsula Hotel, which has always been an English social center, was now filled with Japanese. The back entrance, through which we went, was surrounded by a curved sand-bag barricade, with a Jap soldier on duty.

We were taken to one of the smaller social rooms, and here was a treat for the eyes of a beaten-down prisoner of war. There was a large table with a beautiful arrangement of flowers in the center, loaded with tea things. (Our invitation had been changed from dinner to tea, which disappointed us, because we wanted the food.) At one side was another table with bottles of all sorts of wines, liquors, and liqueurs, all the finest liquid loot of the city.

In a few minutes Colonel Tada arrived, with two other Japanese officers. One spoke good English and had served in America at one time. The other spoke French, but no English. He carried a Japanese-American phrase-book and used it from

time to time. Once, when I had been quiet for several minutes, he pointed out these words: "A penny for your thoughts."

I searched through the book and handed it back indicating the phrase: "All things pass with time." He looked at me questioningly and then began to laugh. After all, he was the conqueror at this particular moment and could afford to smile at my insinuation that some day things might be drastically different.

I am sure I made a very big pig of myself during tea, for I was virtually starved. I ate twelve tea sandwiches, had five cups of tea, and three very fine pastries, but only one small glass of sherry. I told Colonel Tada about old Mr. Arlington, whom he dubbed my "eighty-three-year-old baby." I took the occasion to explain that this brilliant writer was dying because of having to sleep on the floor, without proper covering, and with not enough food. I asked if I might have permission to get a separate room where I could try to take better care of this aged American, because Dr. Smalley had told me that day that Mr. Arlington would not live another week unless he was given special attention. Colonel Tada agreed and promised to send word on to the Kowloon Hotel.

During the peace mission the colonel had not spoken any English, and did not this day, until he had several drinks, and then he spoke almost perfect English. Many Japanese do this, because they think that it admits the superiority of the English language if they have to use it, and that in the future all people must learn to speak Japanese.

"I was very impressed that day in Hong Kong when you took our pictures under fire. You did not know if we throw hand-grenades. You remain at your work. You did not show fear."

"You're wrong," I replied. "I was shaking so I could hardly click the shutter."

"Then much more brave. Nevertheless you remain at post. Japanese admire courage very much."

As I looked around the table, I gasped internally at the in-

credibility of the situation. Mrs. Lee and I, Jap prisoners, chatting with our conquerors as though we were peace-time guests! I decided to take what the gods were offering an inquisitive reporter and to ferret out every single thing I could from the Japanese mind, trying to understand the psychology which motivates them.

I have been asked many times why I think this colonel, head of the Military Intelligence in Hong Kong, extended me any courtesies. I cannot explain it. If anyone on earth can analyze why the Japs do certain things, or act a certain way, they are better than all our State Department, military, and naval information experts put together. Personally I think this Jap officer was highly amused at finding an American woman in the midst of the war, in a British colony, happening to be on the right spot at the right time.

That is war — you turn one corner and you are killed, or you turn another and you run into the greatest of good luck. Taking pictures on the waterfront the morning of December 13 brought me good fortune, which led to this unique experience of meeting the Japanese and being able to get their point of view under these extraordinary circumstances.

(Perhaps you'll remember reading that Larry Allen, captured AP correspondent, demanded an interview with General Rommel, which startled the Germans no end. Reporters' insatiable curiosity can't be stifled by mere imprisonment!)

Just as our military experts take apart captured Jap Zero planes to see what makes them go, I felt I should take the Jap minds apart, if possible, to analyze their reasoning. In warfare the workings of men's minds are as important as their weapons. Since Japan is short on materials and machines, it has been the strength of her military minds that has brought her such incredible victories. Maybe I could locate some weaknesses.

After all, the war was over in Hong Kong, the Japs were victors, and they could afford to be nice to those they encountered, like throwing scraps to beggars from a bounteous table.

In most conquered places in the world no civilians would be interned except known government agents, and actually neither I nor any of the British, Americans, or Dutch should have been held.

At one point Colonel Tada went into a long dissertation about Greek and Roman civilization, how it changed from time to time, with the inference, of course, that now Japan was going to take charge of the history of the world, and our era of white influence has ceased.

At length he asked me: "What do you think of your much vaunted American navy now?" — with a smile.

I tried to laugh as I said: "You stand there virtually with a bayonet in my stomach and ask me that question! You're obviously a student of history; you've been quoting historians of centuries ago. In time historians will write of this war more clearly than we can see it now. Let's make a date for twenty-five years from now to talk about my navy and your plan of conquest."

Why I wasn't slapped at the moment I don't know, except that I was a woman rushing in where angels fear to speak, and, again, I was talking to the victor, who could afford to be amused at what he considered my amateur views.

Colonel Tada and Mrs. Lee went away on some errand, and I had an opportunity to talk to Mr. Othsu. Obviously I had no information of value to the Jap military at this time, as I had been a prisoner many weeks. Besides, what the Japs didn't already know about Hong Kong and all the Far East, down to the last block and rock, wasn't worth knowing!

Mr. Othsu was a very intelligent Japanese, and while I would not have trusted him with the slightest of confidences, it was extremely interesting to be able to converse with one who obviously had a broad view and had traveled enough to see things differently from just an ordinary Jap soldier.

"What does Japan hope to gain by this war?" I asked. "Even if she wins, let's say for sake of argument, she really loses, doesn't she? She will have suffered much destruction,

part of her navy will be gone, buildings will have been demolished, natural resources destroyed."

"Meantime, Japan will have taken all resources of a million miles of land," Mr. Ohtsu pointed out. "Japan will have taken Malaya and all its rubber, on which your country is dependent. We will have taken its chrome — your chrome no longer. We shall have the East Indies — and more oil than Herr Hitler has taken from all Europe during the war."

"Suppose you do. But a million Japanese will die. Isn't it true that Japan will have lost men who can never be replaced, whose sons will never be born, and they have always been important to Japanese?"

"You, like most Americans, lose sight of our psychology," Mr. Ohtsu answered me. "We are taught by our mother at her knees at the age of five, to commit hari-kari if we do not always do our duty first to our Emperor and our country. We would rather die for Japan than live for her. You Americans and British prefer to live for your country. If you think of death as we do from the time you are a small boy, you do not fear it. Rather you hold it a supreme privilege to meet death in defense of your home, country, and your Emperor!"

I think Mr. Ohtsu's next reply is the answer to the question so many Americans ask me: "Don't Japanese mothers hate to have their sons killed as much as American mothers do?"

"We ship from the battlefields white boxes of ashes for the family shrines. They assure honor forever to come."

It is true, and has been evident in fighting both as I saw it, and as the men in the Solomons have seen it, that most Jap soldiers do not fear death, and they — as well as their women-folk — will die rather than surrender ingloriously. There have been some Japanese captured; there have been thousands more who either drowned or killed themselves, or made approaching Americans kill them rather than surrender. We must fight them to the tragic, devastating end and almost destroy them to bring to a finish the warfare in the Far East.

"Don't forget," Mr. Ohtsu went on, "we Japanese do not

think of war in terms of this year or next. We're interested in the future history of Japan. At any cost we will make it secure." Abruptly he changed the subject. "What do you think of our military gains? "

This was at a time when the Japs had already moved through Burma and Malaya; Singapore was about to fall; and the Philippines were tottering.

"I can't deny your military successes," I said. "But you made one mistake. It will cost you the war."

The Japanese looked startled — a rare thing for an Oriental. "What's that? "

"Undoubtedly hitting Pearl Harbor so unexpectedly put you ahead in a military sense perhaps a year, but psychologically you did the one thing that would arouse Americans to a fighting pitch. You might even have bombed Hong Kong and Singapore, and that might not have been enough to make Americans fight you to the bitter end. But you made them realize that no longer were their people or their lands safely separated from you by a wide ocean."

"We took a chance," Mr. Ohtsu admitted. "But we had to destroy most of your fleet at once. Otherwise perhaps we should have failed here, and in the East Indies, the Philippines, Alaska, and all the other places we are going to conquer."

"Most of all, you infuriated them by striking while your peace ambassadors were still in the White House. How would the Japanese have liked it if a personal emissary of President Roosevelt was being received by your Emperor and at that moment we had bombed Yokohama? "

Again I don't know what fates were protecting me in saying these things, except that I was an ignoble American woman prisoner — the small child with the slingshot trying to annoy the giant military machine of Japan.

"Yes, yes, I know," replied the Japanese. "But it had to be done, or what was the use of starting war? There's only one way to win war — destroy the enemy before he destroys you. We consider Pearl Harbor a brilliant military victory, and

we had to destroy your fleet at once. It gives us a year to consolidate what we take, and then you'll never be able to take it away from us."

I had an idea our fleet wasn't "destroyed," but it doesn't do to twist the lion's tail too long at a time, so I changed the subject.

Before we left, Mr. Othsu took us into a large dining-room on the second floor. Strangely enough, it was part of an apartment formerly occupied by Americans I knew, where I had been entertained under far different circumstances. Here were all the staff officers having dinner. At the head of the table was the general who had been in charge of conquering the Crown colony. He was very tall for a Jap, somber-faced, and gaunt. His words were interpreted to us:

"We hope you will work toward peace in Hong Kong. That is our hope for the colony. We have brought the New Order of Peace and Prosperity here, as we will to the rest of the world."

I intended to work for peace, all right — but the peace that would come after the Allied victory, so that allowed me to nod in agreement with this high commander's words. The New Order had already forced three quarters of a million Chinese to leave Hong Kong; the thriving businesses of many Chinese had been confiscated. Throughout China it had killed ten million men, women, and children. In Nanking, Canton, Peking, Hong Kong, Singapore, wherever Jap armies have marched, the hurt dead eyes can ask the questions I could not ask that day.

I wanted some of the food on that table so badly I could hardly restrain myself. There were oranges, and we had seen no fruit for weeks, nor were we to for six more months; fresh vegetables, a salad, meat, liquor. We were ushered out, however, and sent home still hungry.

A lot of problems were solved soon when the little Jap in charge of the hotel let me know that I could have a room alone with Mr. Arlington. Mr. Gomersall helped move the old gen-

tleman to a small room on the floor above, and I fixed a corner on the floor where I was going to sleep. Then someone told me there was a big empty room on the corner and advised me to try to get it. I asked permission to take this spot because it had a bath attached to it, which was of the utmost importance in the care of the old man.

The room which I managed to secure was a very large, pleasant one on the corner, with two beds! I felt like a WPA worker moved into a Vanderbilt residence. There was a bath with cold water, a fireplace with no wood, and a few chairs. The only trouble was that shrapnel had broken all the windows, and it was still very cold, particularly at night. That was why no one else had wanted to move into this refrigerator.

I had managed to get Ah Wah, the number-one Chinese boy, to buy a tiny electric plate, for which I had to give him a \$50 bill (Hong Kong dollars), which he said he could change for only \$22 (HK), the cost of the plate. On this I could re-heat the rice, make tea, and when we had a can of extra food, prepare that. The main thing Mr. Arlington liked about the stove was that he could sit with his feet above it before he went to bed each night, to warm them, which seemed to make him sleep easier.

He coughed for about an hour each evening, and the same in the morning. He had come from Peking to escape the cold winter there, and to recuperate after a serious siege of pneumonia, and here he was in these dreadful conditions, poor soul. He also had to go to the bath about five times a night, and sometimes I'd awaken and be frightened for a minute as I heard him fumbling across the room. Many people were very kind to him and brought him little extras that were hard to part with these days: there were Grace and Hannah Ezra, who brought him chocolate or soup; Mr. and Mrs. Langston, who'd come each night about nine with some bit of this or that, which, added to whatever so and so I had managed to save from the day, made a tiny bedtime snack; W. B. G. Wilson, Gomersall, Dankwerth, Westbrook, King, and others who came daily

with a cigarette, or perhaps only with a cheerful word, that kept our room one of the pleasantest places in our prison — at least, I thought so.

Imagine my amusement and amazement when I was told that about twenty years before, this had been the room of the Duchess of Windsor, then Mrs. Winfield Spencer. The hotel had been new, and was used by the navy a great deal. Here she had lived with her husband, who was attached to the sea forces. Times had certainly changed, but I used to converse with "Wally's" ghost during sleepless night hours and tried to picture what happy times might have been spent in this room years before.

One afternoon I was surprised to hear a knock and to find a Japanese outside. Mostly the Japs just stormed in, looked around, and went out.

"I am Mr. Ogura of Domei news service," said the man, a nice-looking person with quite a lot of gray in his curly black hair, and with kind eyes behind his glasses. He spoke hesitatingly and shyly, I felt, and I sensed a sincerity I had not met in his race for some time.

"Colonel Tada has asked me to take charge of you and Mr. Arlington, as writers, and I wonder what I can do for you."

"Food," we both promptly replied.

Again I could feel the embarrassment in the man's manner, and I knew he felt it was wrong for prisoners to be hungry.

As the months wore on I was to know Mr. Ogura very well, and I want to say that here was a gentleman, in any language. I hope that when victory comes to us, Mr. Ogura can be repaid for all the many things he did for me, Mr. Arlington, and other writers.

In a few days Mr. Ogura came with a briefcase in which he had a few cans of fruit, some cigarettes, and several cans of meat. Mr. Arlington and I nearly wept when we saw the things, for we had run out of money by this time and were

living only on the rice rations, plus a few things friends shared from their meager stores. In addition Mr. Ogura, with much hesitation, asked if we would like to borrow some money from him, "which you can repay when you return to America," he kindly added.

I know very well that Japanese newspapermen are not well paid, and that this meant a sacrifice on his part. He also knew it would be a long time before he would be repaid, and he had a wife and family to support in Japan. When I hesitated, he said the right thing: "I am sure someone in America is being kind to Japanese newspaper people there." I was very happy when I returned home to find that the Jap correspondents had been treated almost like royalty at Hot Sulphur Springs. I hope they tell Mr. Ogura about that.

"Are there any other reporters here?" the Domei man asked.

I told him of Richard Wilson of the United Press of Manila. He was surprised to hear he was present, for he had known him in the Philippines when he, too, served in that city.

Before he left he asked if I could not think out some logical scheme whereby all writers and reporters could be freed to go on with their writing, as nearly as possible in their accustomed way, in this Japanese-controlled territory. The war was finished here, and ordinarily newspaper people would be readmitted to work at this point. I thought perhaps I could be of service to the other writers and so drew up what I thought might possibly get by the Japs as a working scheme.

In part I wrote: "There are imprisoned here in Hong Kong a number of writers, attached to world-known newspaper syndicates. They have stayed at their posts to interpret international events, without thought of personal safety or escape.

"Now that Hong Kong is under the jurisdiction of the Japanese Empire, it seems to me it would be expedient to allow these reporters to go on about their work, sending out dispatches that would allow the nations to know what Japan is

accomplishing here. In addition, they should be allowed to send out the list of all prisoners, so people in other countries may know there is peace in Hong Kong.

"Of course it would be understood that we would never be asked to send anything that would be against the honor of our profession or our country. I am sure that you can understand this.

"Since you have declared peace in Hong Kong, the sooner normal enterprises carry on, the better."

I thought that was diplomatic enough to suit the conqueror — but there were no results!

Chapter XVI

Captive City

ON the evening of January 24 we were all called into the hallway, where Japanese soldiers through a Chinese interpreter gave moving orders to the internees, who were by now ill-fed, weak from lack of air and exercise, and nervous as to what our jailers would do to us next.

"You will all be moved tomorrow to an internment camp at Stanley," we were told. "Our enemies from the Hong Kong side have already been taken there. We hope the British people will help one another more than they did today, and try to assist each other as the Americans did."

This was flattering to the Americans, but embarrassing also, for it made the English people angry at us, although certainly it wasn't our fault.

"You can take what you can carry, and no more," the orders went on.

"Can we take blankets and linen from the hotel here?"

There was a long parley, and then we were told this would be decided in the morning. Everyone was to be ready by eleven o'clock.

"Here are the orders under which you will be governed," the interpreter continued. These began with the statement that since England and America had deliberately attacked Japan, it was necessary to consider us enemies and imprison us as such. "The treatment of the enemies will be based on the way

their respective nations treat the Japanese in their own countries." (How I would have enjoyed staying at a place similar to Hot Sulphur Springs!) "The supply to the enemy is temporarily fixed at four articles: flour, salt, sugar, and coal, with charges and subsidiary and daily necessities to be purchased by themselves." Does that sound to you like the treatment given to the Japanese in our country?

Later the Japanese demanded payment from the British, American, and Dutch prisoners for our bowls of rice and the corners of the floor on which we were sleeping, and threatened to withhold all food unless money was forthcoming. It was called to the attention of Mr. Miyaka, in charge of Japanese Civilian Administration, that under regulations of the Prisoners of War Conference at Geneva, international law indicates that it is the duty of deterring powers to maintain the prisoners, and recover the cost after the war from the government of the detained nationals. Since all money had already been seized and all bank accounts blocked, it was impossible to pay for our food.

Many things were specified in the orders which were posted, but the gap between promise and reality had the proportions of the Pacific Ocean. For instance, it was stated that the head of the American Community was to be our Consul-General and his staff, but actually they were all held incommunicado during our imprisonment, and we had no court of appeal but the Japanese.

A Japanese soldier came to our room later on and said that orders from military headquarters stated that Mrs. Lee, Richard Wilson, Mr. Arlington, and I were to remain behind in the hotel. This was frightening news, for although no one was anxious to go to internment camp, because we weren't sure what horrible conditions we might find, it wasn't comfortable remaining in such close proximity to our captors either.

British residents of Hong Kong told us Stanley was on a peninsula, windswept and cold at this time of year. We knew we did not have proper clothes and were physically too run-

down for such an exposed spot. They also reported that severe fighting had taken place there, and that a great deal of damage had been done to the buildings.

On the other hand, to receive instructions that you were to remain in the hands of the Japanese High Command was as alarming as though they came from German militarists. Colonel Tada had told me he would see that I was able to take care of Mr. Arlington in the best possible manner, and I hoped this only meant he was keeping his promise. I also knew that he had told Mrs. Lee, before the fighting ended, that she would be well treated for her part as hostage in the peace mission, and that he had sent for Richard Wilson a few nights before to talk to him about allowing writers freedom in Hong Kong.

Nevertheless, no matter how frightened I was, there wasn't anything to do but obey orders. As I worried about it during the sleepless night, it finally all evolved into a shining rose-tinted picture in my mind — perhaps if I remained behind, even if it was dangerous, I would be in a position to help the Americans and Britishers in camp as no one else would be. I had found so far that by speaking frankly, and perhaps daringly, to the Jap officers, I got further than with timid phrases and mock humiliation. I knew I should be one of the very few foreigners able to reach the ear of the Japanese High Command, and certainly if I was being given this rare chance to serve, I should take it just as a soldier would who is given opportunity to undertake a vital mission. Perhaps I could be of no use, and I might later be imprisoned, but at least I would have tried to help. With that I went to sleep.

Many of the grand people I had come to know in the hotel came to our room in the morning, as worried and frightened as I was about my immediate future, and giving me their best wishes. I had a feeling they were bidding me a final good-by and expected dire things to happen to me — and I wasn't too sure myself that they wouldn't!

It was an extremely sad hour as the internees began to lug their bundles down the stairways and line up in front of the

hotel. Left behind were Major and Mrs. Manners and Mr. Moodie, as well as the others I have mentioned. Mrs. Lee and I hung over a balcony to watch them, and it was an ordeal of no mean proportions to see that shabby-looking group assemble with bed-rolls, small ragged bundles that contained all that was left of their earthly possessions and beloved homes, and odds and ends they had picked up which they thought might be useful in the life ahead. At the last minute word had come that everyone could take what blankets and linen he could find, and these alone made large bundles for the weakened prisoners.

Japanese officers yelled orders, and slouchy-looking under-slung gendarmes pricked the prisoners with their bayonets. Some Chinese with weeping eyes watched from the other side of the street. One darted across the road to a friend, and although she was slapped by a gendarme, she didn't seem to mind, since she had already handed over a little parcel of food.

It was a bitterly cold day. Some of the children had measles, adults had been very sick with dysentery, and hardly any had coats or the warm clothes which they should have been wearing.

The Japanese officers became impatient, and finally one of the British committee men called out: "Line up, for God's sake, or you're going to get us all bayoneted."

We had been warned to move, and move quickly, when word came that the Japanese were very nervous and weren't going to brook any show of rebellion or resentment.

"March!" shouted the Jap officer, and off went the long, weary line. Two men had put a broom-handle between them, and strung from it various bundles, carrying them the way Chinese coolies do. Some had huge bundles strapped to their shoulders; others staggered with overloads. There were a few coolies, but many people did not have the extra pennies to pay them and so had to struggle along with their burdens.

At the harbor-front these hundreds of British, Americans, Dutch, a few Filipinos, some Chinese, and even the Japanese

wife of one of the Britishers were herded onto an overloaded ferry for the long journey around the island to Stanley, where barbed wires and armed guards soon shut them off from the world of freedom and humanity. Three thousand of them are still there. Three hundred of us have come home to tell the story of Japan's intentions toward the white peoples of the world and their allies.

I managed to get a few snapshots of the overburdened prisoners before they moved off. You would have wept to see this group being sent into human bondage. There were all of those, except Mr. Arlington and Mr. Wilson, who had gone through the siege of Repulse Bay with me, many of them from twenty to forty pounds lighter in just one short month; doctors and nurses who had been through hell; exhausted mothers and wan-looking youngsters.

It was a strangely silent hotel to which we turned back, and the gnawing fear inside of me grew like an expanding balloon. As I hurried up the steps to see how Mr. Arlington was taking the commotion, I met Mr. Ogura, the Japanese newspaperman.

"I have come to take you to Repulse Bay to get a change of clothing, and bags for Mr. Arlington and Mr. Wilson. Colonel Tada secured permission for you to do this."

Since during all these weeks I had been living in the slack suit in which I was captured on December 23, many times sleeping in it, I was overjoyed. I was also cold, and hoped to find a coat to wear.

I was hit by an extraordinary feeling of coming out of a jail as we went down the street. Outside of the quick walk across the road for tea, this was the first time I had been in the open air since Christmas Day. I expected that at any minute some gendarme would poke me with a bayonet, but since Mr. Ogura was in Japanese uniform, I suppose this was a silly fear. All Japanese wear uniforms in war-time, no matter what their tasks, with identifying armbands.

We went first to Mr. Ogura's office in the Peninsula Hotel, where he had a luncheon of rice and fish and I had my first

real meal in six weeks. This was the living-room of the same apartment I had visited many times before the war — but what years ago that seemed now! A young Japanese girl in uniform was there also, who spoke English and had been brought up in Hong Kong. She said she had been held prisoner by the British during the fighting, and I suppose she was glad we had changed places — that now hers was the conquering nation and she was free. Perhaps she had a little sympathy for those who were now prisoners, probably feeling that we were going to remain in Japanese hands for a long time, while she had been on the wrong side of the war fence only three weeks.

Mr. Ogura, the girl, and I started out after luncheon, armed with a long paper, brilliant with red stamps, and ultra-official-looking. We were stopped many times, particularly as we boarded the ferry, where a distrustful-looking Jap soldier glared at me with angry eyes.

A line of Chinese, at least a mile long, was waiting for a boat. The Japanese authorities had "suggested" that it would be wise for many Chinese to return to their homes in the country as soon as possible, as there was not enough food to feed them in this section. Within the next month three quarters of a million Chinese were virtually forced out of Hong Kong, where they had found refuge for so long. Actually this is something the British colonial government should have done long before, according to the view of the majority of the Englishmen, because of the lack of food and water on the island and the barren surrounding mainland. Perhaps the story of the Battle of Hong Kong might have had a different ending if this had been carried out before the coming of the Japs.

It was a tragic-looking harbor we crossed, with the masts of all the sunken and scuttled boats rising above the water like crosses marking the burial place of proud ships . . . and with the Rising Sun flag flying above all the craft still operating and on the piers. Here the Japanese navy were in charge, and they were a different type of men from the soldiers — more intelligent-looking, less brutal.

There were some gunboats in the harbor, and I counted twenty-six ships loaded to the waterline with booty that was being taken from Hong Kong. On the deck of one I could see hundreds of cars. Another was being loaded from a small boat with crates of American canned food. We had been given underground information that the British godowns had been opened, and an estimated hundred million dollars' worth of food, supplies, munitions, and guns, all had been sent Japanwards. I only hope the American submarine parts which had been held there for future action were destroyed before Nipponese occupation.

All the damage along the waterfront become more evident as we approached Hong Kong. The last week of the war had brought much additional shelling of the city. There was hardly a building which did not have open-mouthed holes, and the balcony had been ripped away from one which sided on the square. The modernistic Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank Building had gaping windows, with fluttering futile curtains in offices into which the Japanese had not yet moved. On the terrace of the American Club from which I had taken pictures, I saw a group of Japanese officers pointing things out to one another in their new domain.

What a changed city Hong Kong was! The stores were still closed, and the street was jammed with sidewalk merchants. There was not an inch for a mile of blocks where Chinese were not squatting, selling American corned beef and fruit salad and peas; Australian mutton and jam and butter; Singapore pineapple and canned duck; Scotch whisky and French champagne; English cakes and soap and toothbrushes and pipes and sweaters and shoes. Much of this was stolen merchandise. Some came from shops which did not dare to open for fear of looting mobs, and so put salesmen with baskets in front of their places of business. Many had army cots loaded with salable material.

Immediately after the fall of Hong Kong organized gangs of looters, like human tornadoes, had swept up and down the

streets, breaking in store windows if they were not boarded up, spilling the materials on the street, taking what they wanted, leaving the rest. The Jap soldiers did their share in broad daylight, thus making Hong Kong one of the most looted cities in the world, by both amateurs and professionals.

Chaos had seized the city for a period, and, as I mentioned before, the Japanese soldiers had been given three days of complete freedom. Then the tough gendarmes had taken hold, and a bit of quiet returned. Chinese puppet police were given long staves, and everyone was ordered to get an armband and an identification card which would allow him on the streets.

Mr. Ogura took me first to the Japanese Ministry of Information for more permission to proceed. This was located in the headquarters of a former British regiment, part of which had been successfully shelled, and one whole wing had collapsed. A shell had come through the tower of the near-by cathedral, and had hit this building in back of it.

In the center of the open court was a huge pile of burning books, which verified the story I had heard that orders had been given to burn the entire stock of certain stores and offices. It was a sickening sight to a book-lover, and I turned my eyes away. I didn't have time to think too much about this, for just at that moment we approached a table where a group of Jap soldiers in shirt-sleeves were eating, some of them drinking beer.

One red-faced young Jap saw us coming, reached down and picked up a big stick of wood, and threw it at me, fortunately hitting me on the shoulder instead of the face, as he shouted: "American!"

Mr. Ogura was on one side of me and the girl on the other. None of us said anything. We went on into the building. I really felt sorry for Mr. Ogura, for he was trying to be kind to me, doing the things he hoped were being done for Jap newspapermen in America, and he had no control over this vicious gendarme.

I think this action brought home to me more stunningly than anything else the fact that I was now an enemy in a con-

quered country, and there probably was hardly a Jap soldier there who wouldn't have been happy to kill me!

As we left the building I could see a number of young Germans working with the Japanese, and there were also a few swastika signs here and there in the city.

Then a car came up with a young Chinese driver, and we started back over that drive to Repulse Bay which held such varied and stirring memories for me. All this trip gave me an excellent opportunity to see what war and Japanese-occupation had done for Hong Kong, and I felt like a volunteer in the secret service. As we passed one of the big cricket greens and the huge racecourse, I could see thousands of cars lined up. Apparently every automobile in the city had been brought to these gathering-places, like great car cemeteries, ready to be shipped to Japan for use and scrap iron. Many had bullet-holes in them and vividly told the story of close battles. There were smooth big American limousines and tiny little English Austins, trucks, ambulances, sedans, and roadsters, every make and breed of English and American car.

In the crowded Chinese section life seemed to be going on as usual, but there were Rising Sun flags over almost every door — raised, I suppose, in fear of the victor. The shops were open, markets were busy, and dirty little children played in the gutter. But there was that strange smell of decaying, rotten food, human excrement, and unburied dead that I now recognized, and it still hung over this section like an acidulous fog.

Then the road began to climb, overlooking the Jockey Club, which could tell such a tragic tale of Japanese occupation and the rape of British nurses.

"There was a big battle here," Mr. Ogura said, pointing to the valley down the side of which we had been marched the day before Christmas. "The commander of the Canadian forces was killed, and also many Canadians." He didn't add that many Japanese had also perished, but he knew it as well as I did.

It is a lovely valley, well guarded by green, flower-covered

hills, and I hope every young lad who lies there has found a happier, more peaceful world in which to rest through eternity.

We reached the top of the Peak, where a barricade had been erected. The gendarmes looked at our crested sheet and slowly motioned us on with their bayonets, although not too willingly. The paper evidently came from the top or I am sure we should have been ordered back.

From here on, each foot of road brought memories which choked me with bitterness. It was from the top of this peak that I used to feel I was entering Shangri-la. The utter peace of the peaks, the butterfly-patrolled hillsides, the sweet fragrance of pine and flowers, sun and sea, the ruffled waters of the bays below, dotted with picturesque sails of wise old Chinese junks and sampans, were so perfect that the world offers few pictures of greater beauty and divine creation.

Now the fine houses perched on the edge of the hillsides so they could have clear visions of the sea, with their blossom-veiled terraces, were looted and soiled and empty. But it was more the deeply etched memories of the road as I had last seen it that blinded me now — where British bodies had lain by the hundred, rotten and black and dead.

The bodies had been removed, but the spirit of the lads who were gone beckoned to me and demanded that I pass on their messages of good-by to those who were left behind. I could feel that — but I also could not forget that smell of death; I could feel it seeping again into my senses and my mind.

Past Eu Tong-sen's mansion we went, where the Japs had marched their prisoners, to the corner of the garage where the Japs had first appeared that morning in December. Although the fighting was long over, the Japs had a large sandbag barricade here, and we were again stopped and examined. These victors were not taking any chances of surprise attacks, and they still maintained this vigil when we left in June.

I had a feeling that was almost one of reincarnation, as I looked up at Repulse Bay Hotel as it still nestled at the foot of

the peaks which had betrayed us. The windows of my room were quiet now; the gardens were filled with flowers that bloomed untended, and over the trellises on the porch was a cretonne of green leaves and sprays of carmine blossoms. The gay umbrellas were still beside the fountains, but there were no happy guests looking out over the beach and the sea. Only silence — silence — silence.

I had been here before, in another life, another world. I knew every lovely inch of the place — but I also knew the horror which had lived here. Visions came flashing to me from some of the happiest days and nights of my life which had been spent here . . . which would be inked out with the terror of the siege, with its destruction and the death of those who were young and brave.

From the terrace I had watched the moon rise suddenly and perfectly from behind the peaks, flooding the sky with silver waves, making of the sea a mirror so clear that a million stars were reflected on its serene breast . . . and on another black night I had known that hundreds of young soldiers were creeping away to a rendezvous with death.

I had been there in another life, and now I had to enter doors that led back to remembrance.

Chapter XVII

Guard of Honor

MR. OGURA left the car to see if I would be allowed to enter the hotel. Sandbag barricades and soldiers guarded the side entrance; the front doors were closed.

Without turning around, the Chinese driver in the front seat said, in perfect English: "How are you being treated?"

I was startled, and then skeptical. There were too many Wang Ching-wei Chinese in Hong Kong for comfort.

"I'm all right," I replied, "but a bit hungry."

"We heard you weren't being fed enough," the Chinese continued. "I am a Chungking Chinese, and formerly was an accountant in the — Bank here, but I am forced to drive a car now to earn a living."

"What news do you have from the outside world?" I queried.

"The Chinese have advanced in southern China, the Americans are fighting hard in the Philippines, but the Japanese are advancing in Malaya." He spoke quickly.

"And Russia?"

"Russia is fighting desperately, and holding the Germans."

I knew then that this man must have more than an ordinary amount of knowledge, for the Japanese were not printing a word about the European war in their propaganda papers, and certainly nothing about Russian victories.

"What is happening here in Hong Kong?"

"Thousands of Chinese are starving, and the Japanese are harsh rulers," my informant went on. During all this time he had not turned around, and I was casually looking out of the window toward the sea. I noticed a slight stiffening of his back, and I stopped talking. Mr. Ogura was returning.

We went into the hotel through the side entrance. The corridors were vacant, and the rooms which I had last seen so filled with life and death were silent now. The windows in the hallways were vacant, too, but I could still see the grim-faced men who had crouched beneath each one, scanning the hillside for the soldiers who were sniping at us. And particularly I could remember the burning eyes of the young Volunteer who had just received word that his wife had been killed by a Japanese bomb.

We went into one of the large suites, where several young orderlies waited in the living-room, and onto the sun porch, where two Japanese officers were sitting. The younger had highly polished boots and a superlative air of superiority, while the older one was more like the businessmen I had formerly known in Japan.

"This is Captain Hondo, who has charge of the hotel, which is being converted into a convalescent hospital," Mr. Ogura said. We all bowed and sat down, and a Chinese boy in white immediately brought us pots of tea. He looked at me as though he were seeing a ghost, for he was my dining-room boy, and I suppose he knew that all British and Americans were prisoners. I nodded, and his eyes recognized me as he slipped quickly out of the room.

Mr. Ogura and the captain conversed for some time, while the newspaperman explained why we were here, showed him the orders, and asked for permission to go to my room. After we had finished our tea, two youthful soldiers were assigned to us, and we started down the long curving corridor.

I can't tell you what a strange sense of unreality accompanied all of this revisit to the hotel. The empty rooms, the empty corridors, the empty windows, all overwhelmed me and

by contrast brought back those last noisy, shell-filled days of the siege, the strong color and sounds that history used in painting the scene of the Battle of Repulse Bay Hotel.

Captain Hondo had told Mr. Ogura that all the bags had been removed from the private rooms, put into the luggage room, and sealed by the gendarmerie. However, I was welcome to go to my former room to see if anything had been left.

The hotel was immaculate. The holes in the walls where bullets had bitten were filled, and the burned places in the carpets repaired. One of the soldiers carried a tray with keys to the various rooms, and although mine was missing, we managed to open the door with another.

It had been a strange coincidence that both times I had been in this hotel, in 1936 and in 1941, I had been assigned to the same room. But stranger than all was this return of the exile now.

All of my bags were gone, but I was able to get my insurance papers and will, which I had hidden behind a clothes cabinet. While the three men were busy prying these out, I managed to look into another place where I had hidden some jewelry and film, and found it was all safe. Some day maybe I can retrieve that fine string of jade and other pieces; the films will have faded so they will be no good, but they won't be any good to the Japs, either!

Looters had entered the hotel before the Japs were in full occupation. We had also learned, through the "bamboo wireless," as it is called in China, that a few weeks after our departure, while many of the neutrals were still being held in the hotel, many Japanese officers had arrived for a week of revelry with their Chinese mistresses from Canton. They probably left with some fine fur coats and pieces of jewelry. But for the most part the luggage had been stored away and sealed, just as the Japanese officer had told us.

"There is one room with odds and ends that were left loose in various places," Mr. Ogura said. "Perhaps you can find some of your things there."

Another of the large suites had been converted into a store-room, and here were supplies of linens, bolts of cretonnes, pillows and hotel supplies.

"They have not been able to start a hospital yet because so much of the linen was stolen," Mr. Ogura told me. "There are only 90 pairs of sheets left, and according to record there should be 500."

The clothes-room was filled with small wicker baskets, a huge pile of miscellaneous garments, odd shoes, hats, all the things that the guests had not had time to pack as they hurried out of their rooms. I could find nothing of mine, but since I still did not have a warm coat, I did not see why I should not have one of these. I asked Mr. Ogura, who hesitated, but since he knew I had been suffering severely from the cold, he finally agreed.

I picked out a man's warm coat, which was not more than half a dozen sizes too large, a sweater, a nightgown. I looked longingly at all the other stuff going to waste, and wished it could go flying to its owners. Dresses, baby things, men's wind-breakers — how precious they looked!

"I'm now guilty of looting also," I admitted to Mr. Ogura, "but it is going to be wonderful to be warm!"

When Captain Hondo was told I had taken the coat, he, too, looked severe, but finally told Mr. Ogura it was all right if I would return it when I got my own. He said possibly the gendarmes might later allow the seal on the luggage room to be broken, and then I could reclaim my own garment and return this one. I thought at first this "seal" business might be an excuse, but one of the Chinese boys who came into the room said: "Your luggage in baggage room, missy. Maybe you get now?"

As we left the hotel, I was able to get a good view of the lobby dining-room where the fighting had been, and where the hundreds of Canadian and British soldiers had established their miniature fort. It was empty now, and the holes in the walls had been filled. The desks in the office were closed, and

the tables in the dining-room were packed against the walls. The porch, where more tables had been set so we could look across the bay while we ate, was occupied by only a few lonely leaves that ran around in little wind-blown circles.

Mr. Ogura took me to the luggage room so I could see the seal for myself. It was pasted across the door, with a big paper written in red letters. Later on in camp when I reported all this to the former Repulse Bay guests, they were skeptical that any of our luggage really remained behind the door, but felt that the Japanese were using that as an excuse to cover up all the losses. Later events were to justify my belief that our possessions were just out of my reach that day.

I took one last quick look at the hotel as we left, and wondered how long it would be before history released it again for its natural function of feeding international travelers with quiet, peace, and beauty. I was glad to leave, for it had been like visiting a perfectly preserved mummy, still with its outward living form, but quiet and inanimate and dead.

Our long journey had been for nothing, and I hated to go back and tell Mr. Arlington I did not have his bag, for he would not quite understand why he couldn't get his belongings.

I had also been commissioned to get the bags of Major and Mrs. Manners, Wilson, and Marsman — and all I was coming back with was a coat that made me look like a female Charlie Chaplin, and a silk nightgown and a warm sweater. All the rest, however, had many more clothes and more money than I did, so I thought they would not begrudge me my little bit of warmth and comfort. Mrs. Lee had several trunks full, thanks to Colonel Tada's intervention, and her two dogs received a daily bowl of food from the Peninsula Hotel.

When I returned to the Kowloon Hotel it was almost seven in the evening, and I was so exhausted I could hardly talk. I was weak from the many weeks of scanty food, and mentally tired from the strain of the return to Hong Kong and the Repulse Bay Hotel, and still remembering that piece of wood that

had been thrown at me. I found that those who were left had shifted rooms and had picked out the best in the place, but I got another and made the beds so we had a place to spend the night.

About a week later the gendarmes came to get Major and Mrs. Manners and Mr. Moodie, who also remained in the hotel, and gave them a few minutes to get ready to go to camp. The soldiers could not find who had given the original order for them to remain behind, and so they joined the internees at Stanley. Then Mr. Arlington and I moved into their larger, brighter room; in fact, we moved seven times in all before we left that hotel, due to the shifting plans of the Japanese regarding the place.

Marsman was given his freedom by the Japanese as a Filipino citizen, but he continued to make daily visits to the hotel, or at least stood across the street and nodded, but soon he also disappeared from the scene. At first he had worn good clothes. Then he had put on an old sweater and hat, for the psychology of the people on the streets now was to look as poor as possible, so looters and robbers would not attack them. I realized he had begun his attempt to reach freedom in Free China — which resulted in the story *I Escaped from Hong Kong*.

With Mr. Marsman's disappearance, I began to hum: "Ten little Indians . . . Nine little Indians . . . Eight little Indians . . ." and wondered when we would be moved also, for I had no feeling that our remaining behind was permanent.

The two guards who were put over us now were our delight in the month to come. Both were University of Tokyo graduates, and undoubtedly were selected for this duty because of their high caliber. One worked for Mitsui and one for Mitsubishi, which is like being employed by the houses of Morgan and Rockefeller in this country. One had been a leading athlete in Japan, and both were immaculately clean in mind and body.

Our contact with these boys was one of the few happy experiences of our captivity — but, poor lads, they are probably

dead now. One, Mr. Uehara, was our full-time guard; the other, who relieved him at meal-times and on his days off, was Mr. Kimura.

Uehara wore thick glasses; his stiff black hair was shaved close, which amused him as much as it did us; and his pride was a pair of evening shoes he had found somewhere, from which he had cut the tops away so he had shiny patent-leather bedroom slippers left when he was through. Both wore warm white wool socks and cheap khaki uniforms, which were always clean. Their nails were dirtless, their faces shone, and their shirts were always well washed.

Mr. Uehara spoke quite a good deal of English, and he was full of questions. Did I have a family? How old was I? Where did I go to school? Did I have brothers and sisters? Why did I leave America to come to the Far East? He had an equal number of homely everyday questions about Mr. Arlington.

He wanted very much to come to the United States to go to college "when the war is over." How much would it cost? Where did I think he should go? Just how long should he stay?

Most of our conversations we could carry on in words, but sometimes we had to resort to writing, for he could read English better than he spoke it, as is usually true of foreign languages. I managed to save a few of our scraps of conversation, and on one I find he had written: "How many Japanese in America?" I had answered: "In America there are 200,000 Japanese free, only 3,000 prisoners. In Hong Kong all Americans are prisoners. We think not fair." Uehara just shook his head and looked sad.

One day when he arrived for his morning visit, I said: "Mr. Arlington and I are good prisoners, are we not?"

"Prisoners, prisoners — what is that word?"

I tried to explain and finally resorted to writing. "In Japan, when one man kills another, he is sent to jail, and then he is a prisoner."

"Oh yes — a *bōryū*." (I think that was the word.) "But no, you are not prisoners. You are internees."

"All right, then," I replied. "If I am not a prisoner, I want to go home."

The young Jap soldier looked at me a minute, then smiled: "Then I am a prisoner also, for I want to go home too."

After that, each day when he arrived he would say: "We are all good prisoners together today, aren't we?"

I think that this poignant thought was one of the most revealing things I ever learned during this strange period in which I was striving to piece together bit by bit the psychology of the Japs. I feel quite sure there is not a single little Jap soldier who would not like to be home with his family, but also that there is not one who isn't willing to sacrifice and die for his Emperor, without question of right or wrong.

Our two guards insisted that I understand they were not "shooting soldiers." One was apparently in the ordnance division, and the other an engineer, and they didn't want me to think they killed people.

The boys liked Mr. Arlington, and there was scarcely a day they did not bring him a package of cigarettes, and often they brought a can of condensed milk. I'm sure their pay was only a few yen a month, but they venerated the age of the old gentleman, and they wanted to show it. Almost every night about nine o'clock they would come to our room with their cans of milk, for apparently they had received these every day, with one for Mr. Arlington. Sometimes they brought hard biscuits or pieces of pastry from their dinner, or bought across the road at the Russian restaurant.

One night there was a great clattering in the hall. It sounded like the old days when the gendarmes came banging around without warning. I answered a smashing rap on the door, and in walked eight Japanese soldiers. My heart did a tap dance all over the floor of my mouth. Execution squad, or what?

They looked around the room, examined everything, and sat down as though for a long winter's visit. Mr. Arlington could not speak Japanese, but Chinese and Japanese written characters are the same, so he asked some questions and then

found one soldier who spoke some Mandarin Chinese. This boy was a handsome, sullen person, not very Japanese-looking, who said he was a graduate of the Tokyo Military Academy (approximately the equivalent of our West Point), had studied in Peking, and had traveled a great deal.

Of course I was an object of curiosity, and I could sense many questions being asked. I was trying to act like a hostess at any ordinary fireside event, but I wasn't happy inside. Some of the soldiers were tough-looking individuals, who slouched in the chairs, and all had guns and bayonets. The armament of the leader was a handsome sword which he seemed to have much trouble handling, as it was nearly as big as he was. All had been drinking, and there's nothing encouraging about alcoholic Japanese.

Mr. Uehara was sitting to one side, looking unhappy and saying little. I couldn't figure out the situation, for obviously these were not friends of his. And if not, what were they doing here?

They dropped cigarettes on the floor, messed up everything, and seemed to have taken full possession of our room. The only word I could manage to get was "Singapore." From this I realized more troops were being transported to Malaya. Finally about midnight they all stalked out, and I nearly collapsed from relief — no firing squad tonight.

"A bunch of bad soldiers from a boat now going to Singapore," my guard said, and I could see that he was as relieved as we were to see those men leave. He apparently reported this visit to his headquarters, for he later told me: "No more soldiers allowed to come your room. Only me and Mr. Kimura."

One day in February there was a knock, and upon answering it I found a Japanese officer, with only one arm. "I have been put in charge of you by Colonel Tada," he said in excellent English, "while Mr. Ohsu is in Canton."

He wore a long sword, carried a briefcase, and was a different type from any I had encountered before. My view of the

various departments of the Jap military machine was daily being broadened.

I had been chatting for some time with this officer when I noticed a ring on his finger which looked familiar to me. "That is a University of Michigan ring!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, I went there to school," he replied with a smile. "And you too?"

Later I realized, of course, that Mr. Uehara had reported to headquarters to what school I had gone, and this man had been selected for that very reason as the liaison between the Office of Military Information, for which he worked, and ourselves.

Many things in life at this time seemed — and were — fantastic, but I think the hours I sat prisoner in that second-rate hotel in Kowloon, talking to a Japanese officer about lilacs and springtime in Ann Arbor, about football and Hill auditorium, and the Diagonal and toasted hot rolls at M's, were about the strangest. I had taken it for granted that Mr. Kondo had lost his arm in the war, but he told me differently.

"I was skating cross-handed near Dexter" (scene of Ann Arbor's winter sports) "with a fat girl who slipped and fell on my wrist. My arm became infected, and everyone wanted me to go to the hospital, but I wouldn't. When I went back to Japan, it became worse and I told them to cut it off."

I'm going to jump ahead in my story to a letter I received just two weeks ago from T. Hawley Tapping, general secretary of the University of Michigan. Enclosed was another letter from Dr. Ignatz G. Uhrig of Battle Creek, Michigan.

"In the *Michigan Alumnus* was an article written by Gwen Dew. It is about a Mr. Yozo Kondo, and an 'M' ring. If this ring was of cast silver, I cast it in my senior year as a dental student. I know this Japanese, I am sure, for he roomed at the same address as mine. We believed that he had TB of the arm, and that he was going back to Japan to die. He wanted a remembrance of Michigan, and I suggested that I might cast him a ring. He was very pleased with it, and I thought he had died years ago. . . .

"This young man went back to Japan with a trunk full of photographs of different views of the United States. I always felt he had to deliver them to his government before he died."

The young man who went home with the pictures of American cities, rivers, and ports was in Ann Arbor in 1919!

Mr. Kondo came to see us several times, each time bringing a few cans of milk or fruit. He also visited the others, but I felt he was more interested in talking about schooldays with me.

One day late in February he came in the early afternoon. It was a dark, cold day, but when he asked if I would like to take a walk, I was as delighted as a child, for I had been walking only twice in two months.

The streets were still filled with venders; the Indian silk shops had begun to open and here and there a few windows had been unboarded. We walked up wide Nathan Road, past a former British garrison now filled with Jap soldiers, to the canteen set up by the Japanese government for its military forces. Here they could buy cigarettes for a few pennies, canned milk, fish, and meat for extremely low prices. (It was all loot, anyway.)

Mr. Kondo left me on the sidewalk while he went in to buy some things, and I quaked every time a gendarme looked at me. I had no pass or armband which gave me a right to be on the street, and any one of them might have whisked me off to jail.

On the way back we passed a long line of marching Jap soldiers, apparently just disembarking from transports. Mr. Kondo removed his hat and stood at attention.

"Those white boxes they carry are the ashes of our dead," he explained.

Walking beside some of the soldiers were German police dogs, the trained animals that hunt with them, particularly in swamps and mountains where there might be ambushes. Germany sent twenty-five thousand of them to Japan at one time for military purposes. The dogs don't carry bayonets with which to kill, but their fangs are well trained!

Mr. Kondo bought me a bag of candy which seemed like a

bag of gold in ordinary times, and a few cans of pineapple and corned beef to take to Mr. Arlington. I felt like Santa Claus when we returned, with legs shaky from weakness, but happy for the fresh air and freedom of the brief hour.

"Do you know why I took you for a walk today?" the Japanese officer asked as he left me in front of the hotel. I told him no. I think his answer was a supremely important indication of the effects that an American education may have on a Japanese boy.

He bowed, and shook my hand.

"Today is Lincoln's birthday."

Chapter XVIII

Balcony Seat

THERE will be those who criticize me for saying anything good about any Japanese, as I have in the foregoing stories. I look at it differently. I should hate to think there was an entire nation of people, many of whom have come under the influences of an American education, or of the countless American representatives of Christianity, who have poured millions of dollars into Japan to teach the principles of our church and our country, that was one hundred per cent bad.

If there are not at least a small number of thinking, far-seeing and sincere Japanese, the hopes for a future peace are sad indeed. It is on the shoulders of such intelligent Japanese as these few I encountered that the strenuous terms of the peace which we must some day impose on this aggressor nation must rest. It is lucky the military machine has not yet destroyed these Oguras, Kondos, Tadas, and Ueharas, with fundamentally good characteristics which cannot be stifled.

At present the Japanese hate the British more than they do the Americans. Part of the cause for this lies in the attitude the colonial Britisher takes toward anyone else in the Far East, which gives the Japs, with their inferiority complex, high blood-pressure. This colonial British smugness is as likely to be directed against Americans as anyone; the only difference is that we just laugh at it, take it as an affectation we don't quite understand, and go beyond it to admire the fighting qualities and the blunt honesty of the average Englishman.

Another element leading to the Japanese hatred of the British was the British possessions in the Far East which got in the way of the rampant Japanese car of Juggernaut — British concessions in China, British colonies, Burma, Malaya, Singapore, Hong Kong, Borneo, New Guinea, Australia, India. These barriers of white control in the Orient against which the Japanese have had to fight belonged to Great Britain rather than America. The Philippines have been the only block we offered, and our lenient government allowed the Japanese to settle there by the thousands, run businesses, make money, and so act easily and efficiently as “honorable spies.”

But I predict that Japanese hatred will soon turn toward America, because it will be our planes, our ships, and our soldiers that will ultimately defeat them in the Far East. When American planes continue to bomb Japan, and when women and children are killed, as is inevitable in modern warfare, an intense hatred will flame up with consuming power against our country.

Even before the war began, Nipponese military authorities were feeding this fire with propaganda, which always pointed out to the average Japanese (who knows only what he reads, and that is government-masticated before he ever sees it) that it was America who was “strangling” Japan, not allowing her to buy enough rubber, tin, gas, and oil to continue her necessary growth. It was America who froze her funds in the Orient. It was America who was giving China money to continue her fight. It was never stressed that it was also American scrap iron that was building Japanese fighting planes and machinery.

Neither was anything said of the fact that America did not approve, although she was weak in showing her disapproval, of the constant bombings of Chinese cities, of the rape of Nanking, of the horrors of Japanese occupation. Nor was it stressed that when the Japanese very deliberately sank the *Panay*, to see just how far they could go in insulting the American flag, we turned the other cheek.

Nor did we make other than a few weak diplomatic squawks

when the Japs attacked Shanghai in 1937 and took possession of all but the few miles of the International Settlement. On the day the Japs bombed Shanghai, I wrote: "It would take a thousand marines to stop the Japs from further aggression at this point, for they are not ready to fight America. If we wait a few years it will take a million marines and armed forces." We did, and it will.

Each time Japan has struck — and won — she has become a little stronger materially, in morale, in confidence. She waited tentatively to see what would happen in Manchukuo. Nothing. . . . In China. . . . Nothing. In Indo-China. . . . Nothing.

For twenty-five years previous to 1941 she was busy building a military machine, and now it was well oiled and in full running order. Japan had soldiers who had been under fire, and were expertly trained in killing and conquest. She had also trained them in mountain fighting, in swamp battles, in freezing climates, in the air.

Never had she hidden any of her intentions regarding the Far East. She said she intended to rule the whole of it, but when she actually struck we all acted like the magazine advertisements: "When he sat down to the piano to play, everyone laughed."

We didn't laugh after Pearl Harbor, Hong Kong, Indo-China, Burma, Malaya, Singapore, the Dutch East Indies, the Philippines, Midway, Guam, the Aleutians, the Solomons. We didn't laugh, but we weren't ready to fight. Japan was. We had played her waiting game, and when she was ready to strike, she did. We're still playing her waiting game, for naturally Japan loves our "Defeat Hitler first" idea — why not?

It has already given her more than a year to consolidate her gains, which include a billion tons of coal and iron, almost 100% of the rubber the United States used to use, 60% of the world's tin, a tremendous supply of oil — as well as 1,000,000 square miles of territory, and 500,000,000 people. In other words, this year has given her time to weld the second largest

empire in the world into a working whole. She is planning an underground tunnel from Japan to the mainland. She is working day and night to build roads through China and the Malay Peninsula, so that she can eventually have a road from Tokyo to Singapore!

Given this, Japan doesn't have to worry if her navy loses some of its potency. She can have a land-based army and land-based planes. Indeed, anything Japan can do to encourage the Allies to defeat Hitler first, she will consider super-diplomacy.

It was no wonder the Jap soldiers we saw in Hong Kong were confident and cocky little devils. Each day brought new victories to them. Always we hoped the news we saw in their English-written, Japanese-directed newspaper, the *Hong Kong News*, was pure propaganda. Often we had a sunken feeling in our hearts that it wasn't.

There was a turncoat Britisher called Drake on the staff, and he wrote devilishly clever editorials. The British had imprisoned him with the Japs when war began, but now he was free and working.

We could hardly believe that the Japanese had advanced so rapidly in Malaya. Too long had we been taught that the jungles and swamps of the peninsula were natural barriers. It hadn't dawned on our smart minds that the methodical Japs would take up the problems of jungle ills and swamp progress one by one until they were solved.

I remembered sending with amusement an item to *News-week* from Japan. The Japanese logicians had announced that lack of perspiration had been added to the Nipponese idea of the superman. According to a professor in a Japanese university, the Japanese had more rights as colonizers in tropical and semi-tropical countries than Americans, British, and Russians because they perspired less.

Perspiration was a sign of weakness, the learned professor announced. "The amount shed by a nation may determine its fate." According to the announcements, the British and Ameri-

cans sweat up to 4,800,000 drops in the time when the comparatively dry Japs perspire no more than 3,000,000 drops. All this seemed like a foolish little bit of Japanese logic as I read it, but how vital it becomes when tied up with the after events in the swamps and jungles of Malaya!

We had been smugly sure the Japs couldn't "stand the tropical climates," and thus couldn't possibly make an attempt to take Singapore via Malaya. Undoubtedly this professor was only one of many who had been studying this very problem for countless years. It was not the Japs who fell under the strain of jungle fighting! England and America might well have studied in advance the problems of soldiers who might have to fight through the tropics. "*The amount of perspiration shed by a nation may determine its fate.*"

As the days went on, and the Hong Kong paper predicted the fall of Singapore, we felt ourselves part of a lost kingdom. The paper daily gave news of the progress of the Japs, and though it announced the final capitulation before the actual surrender, the main details it gave us have proved correct. The day came when there was an extra, and the front page was half full of the headline:

SINGAPORE FALLS

How heartsick were the British, and how discouraged were we! I knew the strategy of the war in the Far East had been laid out on the assumption there would be a three-cornered triangle from which to work — Singapore, the Dutch East Indies, the Philippines. Hong Kong entered into the picture as a naval base, but I suppose it was known that this city might eventually fall. At least that seemed evident even to a non-military observer like myself.

A holiday was declared by the Japanese government upon the surrender of Singapore, and huge parades and celebrations were arranged in which the Chinese were supposed to take part. Long parades passed under our windows, the typical dragon procession of China, with small boys in costumes,

young men with banners. Lanterns were hung everywhere and there was music and extra rice for the Chinese, and time off for the Japanese soldiers.

In front of my room was a balcony, and I hung over this for hours each day. There was nothing else to do, and it was surprising what one could learn by just watching the living in one block. At first there were not many people on the street. Then, little by little, Chinese, Russian, Portuguese, and other neutrals came out of their frightened hiding-places and went about their work. The Japanese ordered all businesses to open, and although they were not able to enforce this for many months, a few shops did take down the boards which had protected them from looters.

Then cafés opened for the Japanese soldiers, and in order to attract business these places kept their music going constantly and loudly. There was one Japanese song I heard a thousand times, and I'll never be able to hear that type of tune again without thinking of our street scene.

The Japanese also ordered all English signs removed from streets, shops, hotels, everywhere. At first some of the shop-owners, apparently feeling that maybe it was a little premature to destroy their English signs, pasted paper strips over them, with Chinese lettering. Either the Japanese ordered this stopped or the owners reconciled themselves to a long Japanese possession, for soon these were ripped off, the English painted out, and Chinese signs went up. As I have explained, many Japanese and Chinese characters are identical, so they were really putting up Japanese signs. I took a series of pictures of the restaurant across the street — first with its original name; then with the paper strip over it with an English name with a Japanese flavor, Tokyo Café; and finally with its name in Chinese characters.

Today no one in Hong Kong, unless he was extremely familiar with the city, could find his way around. There are no longer the streets that have played such a part in British history in Hong Kong for a hundred years — Queen's Road, King's

Road, Wyndham Street. Now they have long Japanese names which I'm sure even the Chinese can't pronounce.

One morning I watched an exciting panorama below me. A young Chinese ran down the road, and shortly afterwards came two turbaned Indian policemen. I sensed a drama to come, so perched my camera on the bathroom window, locked the door so no Jap soldier could come in, and made a series of pictures the producer of a Hollywood thriller might envy.

I saw the young Chinese run around a corner into what I knew was a blind block, and the Indian policemen turn the other way. Now the Chinese came running back, clinging to the wall, at about the same second the policemen returned.

The boy, cornered, turned his back to the wall and faced the Indians, who came to within ten feet of him. I could see their arms rise, pointing toward the culprit, and hear the faint echo of the shots almost as the Chinese slid to the sidewalk.

In a minute around the same corner came two Chinese coolies carrying a wooden plank. On it was a young Chinese coolie girl, with the broad cheekbones and the clear skin of a country dweller, lying dead. Her hands dangled and swung heavily as the two men walked along in their queer walk-trot. A stray bullet had killed the girl as she worked, scrubbing the pavements, and she was being carried back to the tiny hovel and good earth from whence she came.

The street-cleaning girls were part of the Japanese direction of the city. There were about thirty girls and women in the squad, who came daily with scrub brooms and pails full of clean water. They would throw the water on the pavements, curbs, and streets, then scrub them well, while the sound of their high-toned chatter rose to my window like that of a school of blackbirds.

My corner window looked down the street, which ended in what had been British military buildings, radio masts, harbor signal towers, and barracks. The Japanese had taken over, of course, and each night at sunset they would come into this block-long street, a bugle would blow, and they would all

turn and bow toward the land of the Rising Sun and pledge new allegiance to their Emperor.

There were two brick sheds at the opening of the wall, and here the soldiers had set up a scrubbing-room. I could see huge tubs of water, rising steam from the sheds, and soldiers arriving with towels. Chinese girl barbers would come with their equipment in small bags, and keep the soldiers' heads clean-shaven. Mr. Uehara said everyone up to the rank of lieutenant had to have his hair cut off. The stubs of their coarse black hair made their pates look like pigs' backs and bristles.

Once I saw the young Jap soldiers seize a dirty little Chinese beggar boy and put him through their own cleaning squad. They really scrubbed him hard, threw away his ragged shirt, cut his hair, and sent him away looking at his clean hands in amazement.

Catercorner across the street was the very large YMCA building, with a fine swimming pool and recreation rooms. This was filled with soldiers, and I could see them on the roofs, sunbathing. In the back courtyard were scores of American trucks and drums of American oil, all seized upon occupation.

I could also watch all the fine loads of fruit, vegetables, and meats that went into the military headquarters across the street in the Peninsula Hotel, as well as truckloads of liquor. All that didn't worry me as much as the boatloads of things I could see in the harbor, if I leaned far enough over the balcony or went up to the top floor of the hotel. Day after day, ship after ship sailed away to Japan loaded with booty.

Often at night I could hear marching feet, and then I'd know the troops were on the move again — some going to Canton for fighting, some returning, some being sent to Malaya.

A three-day black-out was ordered. According to the paper, it was just a practice session to keep the Chinese people familiar with the routine; but late the first night I heard the steady dull roar of motors, so I put on a dark coat and slipped out on the balcony. As my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, I could see long lines of marching troops with full

fighting regalia, packs on their backs, helmets on top of them, guns with unsheathed bayonets. Dozens of trucks rumbled by, and many horses passed. They were all headed for the harbor a block and a half away, and many transports full of men and equipment must have pulled away from Hong Kong those few nights.

A few days before this, young Uehara had come in with a grin, telling Mr. Arlington he had permission to "take him a-walking" for a few blocks that evening. This was to be Mr. Arlington's first venture into the outdoors for two months. I went ahead with Mrs. Lee's two dogs on a leash, Mr. Arlington was behind me, and then came Uehara. I heard a crash, and turned just in time to see the old man come pitching down the stairs head first, and heard the sickening sound of his forehead hitting the iron posts. I was extremely frightened, for I feared that he was too delicate to stand this shock.

We carried him to the bottom of the stairs, and after his first daze he said: "I'm not hurt much. Why, I've had lots worse falls from my horse than this!" There was a cut on his head which I bathed, and his ankle hurt, he said. He insisted on taking his walk, however, and so we paced through the darkened streets for a dozen blocks.

Two weeks later I was wakened about two a.m. by a smashing crash and the sound of moaning. I rushed to the bathroom, and there was the old man flat on his back, with blood pouring from his head. I tried to lift him, but he was a dead weight. The poor old soul had fainted away, and when he revived he was very sick. He kept complaining of his spine, and I was afraid he had injured it badly.

Gradually he had become weakened during all these weeks, and although I had tried hard to feed him enough, that had been impossible. After the other prisoners had been sent to Stanley, all the Japanese authorities sent us was some bread and butter each day. With the money Mr. Ogura lent me, which was all we had, I bought milk, and so fed Mr. Arlington and myself mostly on bread and milk, and soya milk left

by friends who had gone to camp. Some days I managed to have Ah Wah, the Chinese hotel boy, bring in a vegetable or a can of beef or mutton, and then we'd have a very special dinner.

From this time on, Mr. Arlington did not get out of bed until we left the hotel. After his fall, which was quite a shock, I could hardly sleep nights, and always tried to turn on my bedside light when he got up for his frequent trips to the bath. I was afraid he would have another fall and perhaps kill himself, and then I should have felt frightfully responsible.

Shortly afterwards there was a loud knock one night, and outside was a small Japanese in civilian clothes, and behind him a larger one, harder-appearing. I did not recognize the leader until he spoke, because he looked so different from the way he did in officer's uniform — for this was Colonel Tada and his bodyguard.

"I came to see how the eighty-three-year-old baby is," he said. After chatting a few minutes with him, Tada told me he had flown to Tokyo to see his wife and children and had just returned. He went in to visit Mrs. Lee, and I could hear his voice through the hall for a long time, the Japanese who had not spoken any English when I first encountered him.

I was to learn later that Colonel Tada was considered quite a military expert in Japan, and had written a military textbook. He was put on the staff of the new Japanese Governor-General when he arrived, so he must have been considered an important man. I heard also that Mr. Kondo, the University of Michigan student, was secretary of the Tokyo Chamber of Commerce, but this I have not been able to verify.

About this time, late in February, things began to break up, as though more powerful currents were sweeping down from mountain heights, and we felt a change in the air. At first we had been the only people in the hotel except the Chinese owner and his family. Then some Japanese officers moved in on the first floor, and we were hoisted to the third. Then we were told the first two floors were to be fully occupied, and at the very

last, the entire hotel was taken overnight for Japanese troops. Sometimes they would come wandering up to our floors and peer curiously like children at their captives.

Then word came that the two young guards who had been so kind to us had been ordered back to active duty in Canton. I've always thought headquarters felt they were too sympathetic to us and shifted them for that reason. I wrote a note to Colonel Tada thanking him for the high caliber of soldier he had put over us, hoping he would let the boys stay, or if they had to go, my thanks might put a good mark on their record, for after all they had been very kind to us. I am sure they had no wish for actual "killing" fighting and would have liked to remain as our guards.

On their last day they went to Hong Kong, hired a car, and went out to Stanley to see the internment camp. Upon their return they said they hoped we wouldn't have to go there, for it was cold and crowded, and the windows were still out of many buildings.

I promised, after the war was over, to send each of the boys' small sisters an American doll, and that seemed to please them immensely. The last afternoon the two arrived with their coats on (they usually were in shirt-sleeves or sweaters), with special cakes from the Russian restaurant, and not the Japanese tea they liked, but coffee for Mr. Arlington and myself! As a going-away present, Mr. Uehara left his treasured patent-leather bedroom slippers for the old gentleman.

I admit I felt very sorry when these two young Japanese, who in the midst of a bloody and warring world, had tried to make things easier for their prisoners, left us. They said they were to depart very early, so I went to the balcony at dawn. The two came and stood under my window, all ready to embark to whatever field their military government was sending them, with full marching equipment, and tears in their eyes as they waved us good-by.

Chapter XIX

Cake Without Frosting

IT was suggested by Mr. Ogura that it would please Colonel Tada, who was responsible for our "freedom," if we would write a story about what we had seen in Hong Kong during the fighting. Such a request had been expected, although we were told that this was not "required."

I felt the time had come to try to help my fellow countrymen and the British and Dutch in internment. That had been my purpose in staying behind, because on the whole it had been a lonely existence — no fresh air, little food, no exercise, and none of the people I had liked before with whom to talk.

I struck first with a letter I sent to Colonel Tada, which read:

"I hope you will find time to talk to the Red Cross representative who is interned at Stanley. As far as I know, this is the first time in the history of modern warfare that a high representative of the Red Cross has been held prisoner. As you know, the Red Cross is not a political organization, but a humanitarian one, concerned with caring for the health and food of all peoples whether enemy or not. During the earthquake in Japan, nearly 20,000,000 American dollars were sent for relief by the American Red Cross, and this would be true in future peace-time catastrophes or emergencies.

"The fact that the Red Cross reported from Geneva on the number of Japanese prisoners in America means that this or-

ganization is helping these internees in the United States, and will see that they have good food and medicine.

"I do not wish to overstep my privileges, but I do want to do everything possible to be of service to my country at the present time."

This was not acknowledged, and the Red Cross man was never released.

Colonel Tada came to the hotel late one afternoon with Mr. Ogura. He was complete with white gloves, big sword, and well-tailored uniform. He had conveniently forgotten his English again, and the newspaperman did all the talking. The colonel was being sent to Canton for a time, they said, and he had come to bid us good-by. According to Japanese custom, he said, he was presenting Mr. Arlington and me with a farewell present — forty yen (ten dollars), with which to buy food — and expressed a hope that the old man would get his strength and health back soon. How he expected this with no fresh air and sunshine, only the bread and butter which was being sent each day, with just the little bit extra I could buy when I got some money like this, I never quite figured out. I was glad to use Japanese money (as they had taken so much of mine) to buy a few tins of food and to pay for the things I had been having Ah Wah get to nourish my charge and myself. In order to wipe out any implied obligation I immediately gave Colonel Tada a fine coral and cloisonné ring for his wife — which surprised him, I'm sure.

Since Colonel Tada was going away, he wondered, according to our translator, if I had ever written anything for him which he could read or pass on to his successor. I nodded and gave them the article which I had ready for just this moment.

Colonel Tada said he had recommended that we be allowed to stay in the hotel under guard, hoped we would get along all right, and wished to assure us that we need not worry about being sent to camp.

My article went back with Colonel Tada to military headquarters — and the next day we were ordered to camp!

In writing my article, I tried to give a straightforward account of what had happened in Hong Kong, so that the whole thing would have the ring of authenticity. I realized, of course, that the Japanese knew every tiny detail of what had happened before, during, and after the siege, and that I could not possibly be betraying any fact they did not know better than I did. They had at least fifty thousand spies working for them in the city, so I didn't think they had missed a moment in anyone's lives!

I wrote what I considered a reasonable picture of my experiences — a layer cake of the various weeks. But when it came to finishing the article, I didn't put any frosting on it. I knew the officers would read carefully what I had written, looking for something that could be used for Jap propaganda, and that undoubtedly this piece of American writing would go directly to the High Command. It was a rare opportunity and I intended to make full use of it. It might not do any good, but it was well worth trying.

I managed to smuggle out of imprisonment what I wrote, which in part went like this:

"I've always said I wanted to be a 'foreign correspondent,' never a 'war correspondent.' But since fate made me present for warfare, I'll tell you what my reporter's eyes saw, not what my woman's heart felt.

"War came with unexpected suddenness, as you know. It is something of which we have talked for months, but I hoped and prayed it would never come. I hoped that nations could reach some understanding so that trade and commerce and peace could continue. I've traveled many hundreds of thousands of miles in my lifetime, and I've known good things in all countries, and I've tried to help make my own countrymen see these things through my writing and pictures. . . .

"Japanese plans were well made and quickly carried through, and thorough knowledge of the terrain became more evident as the siege continued."

I went on to tell of what I did the first week of the war, and

of the meeting with the peace mission. Then there were passages like this:

"The next day I spent some time in finding out how rice was being distributed, and went to see the dreadful sights when a shell was dropped on Pottinger Street, which made me heart-sick. I had to go back to Repulse Bay Hotel for films, and I was never able to get back to Hong Kong again. . . . It had never been the intention of the British authorities to make Repulse Bay Hotel a military objective. . . . Suddenly we guests found ourselves in the midst of soldiers and gunfire.

"The British authorities realized that civilians had become accidentally involved in warfare, and that women and children and businessmen must be saved at all costs. . . . A group of Japanese soldiers arrived with fixed bayonets. . . . We were told to leave the hotel, carrying whatever small bag we could carry. It was a strange sight to see us go, old people, babies, invalids, as well as the others. We had had no food since two o'clock the day before, and did not have anything but crackers and a lump of sugar for thirty-two hours, and how hungry we got!

"We spent Christmas Eve in a looted paint factory. . . . The next month was spent at the Kowloon Hotel. . . . We did find it hard to live on only rice; it was like a Japanese having to eat only bread."

I now felt I had sufficiently drawn the red herring across the trail. Certainly even the keenest of Japanese Intelligence men could not find a single fact there they did not know about Hong Kong, yet obviously I had told the truth of what had happened to me. Now I took my life in my hands:

"I hope that some day when peace comes ways will be found by mankind to settle differences without war. The world must become friends, or modern civilization will be lost. Maybe the women of the world will have to find some way to keep their husbands and sons out of war, so that there may always be more sons and more fathers, and no dead soldiers.

"Perhaps this is not the place to write this, but I shall take a

chance, as I consider it of so much importance to the future of all of us. Because of my hopes of the peace that must come sometime, I do think that the treatment of civilians by the Japanese Empire is of the utmost importance. While these civilians are technically enemies at present, some day I believe that Japan and America and Britain will be friends again.

"Then there must be no unnecessary bitterness in the hearts of prisoners of war, or permanent peace will not become a reality, and our sons cannot become friends. For the sake of the thousands of British civilians and soldiers and the few hundred Americans now interned in Hong Kong, I beg for the sake of the future of our nations that you do everything possible for their comfort. I realize that at present there is war outside of Hong Kong, and so things cannot be as they were in peacetime. However, Hong Kong has already been captured by the Japanese, so peace has come to this colony. And it is to be remembered that the better the treatment of prisoners by any country, the greater will be the virtue of that country after war ceases.

"I read a report in the *Hong Kong News* of January 25 by Domei, from Geneva, that there are only 1,484 Japanese prisoners of war among all the 200,000 Japanese who live in America. In Hong Kong alone there are more civilian prisoners than that, not counting the soldier prisoners. Believe me when I tell you that I know my American countrymen well enough to swear that these Japanese will be well housed, well fed, and well treated. Some day you will talk to them and know for yourselves this is true. There are still thousands of Japanese free in the United States to go about their lives, to help bring understanding between our countries. All of this makes me believe, in the interest of future peace, that it is doubly important to treat Hong Kong prisoners with great understanding and care.

"I sincerely believe that when peace comes, Japan and America will be friends once more. Your students will go to our universities. I hope arrangements can be made for young

Americans to go to your universities. Let us exchange students instead of soldiers. Don't you think that is a good idea?

"When I spoke to your general at the Peninsula Hotel, he said that I must work for peace. That I will do. Whatever I can do in Hong Kong to work between representatives of Imperial Japan and my countrymen, as well as the British internees, I will try my best to do well, for the sake of future friendship between all nations."

At ten the next morning order came that we were all to go to concentration camp. Apparently the Japanese High Command didn't like my cake without frosting. At that, I presume I am lucky that my punishment for speaking out to my captors was light. After all, I might have been jailed or shot.

Chapter XX

Looted City

THE ORDER to go to Camp Stanley didn't come as a surprise, but in fact rather as a relief. It had been hanging over our heads like a murder threat. I was lonesome and wanted to see other people, and I knew it was important that Mr. Arlington be sent to the hospital.

Mr. Ogura came about noon, a very perturbed young man. I am sure he had felt he was going to be able to keep us out of camp, and to get the other writers back into the city. He had gone to Colonel Tada when he heard the news, but apparently could do nothing. Undoubtedly he knew that the Jap correspondents in America were at Hot Sulphur Springs in luxury, and it was not right that we were being sent to camp.

As he left me at the foot of the steps, I was touched when he said: "Miss Dew, I am very embarrassed, and very ashamed." That was a tremendous admission from a Japanese about orders from his country. He walked away with bowed head, and I'll never forget him.

Mr. Kondo, the University of Michigan Japanese, came for us at the appointed time. He was leaving for Canton the next day, and he also looked unhappy about our being sent into exile. He took us to the boat which was to go across the harbor, where a truck was to meet us to take us to Stanley.

There were a group of British soldiers on the dock, apparently boys who had come from hospitals and were now

being sent to military camps. They were young and fine-looking, but thin, and unhappy about the next step, as was natural. We gave them what cigarettes we could dig up, although we were not permitted to talk with them.

Mrs. Lee had all her trunks with her, and her dogs, besides a chest that belonged to one friend, and a trunk of another. Then there was the stuff belonging to the rest, in odd bags and bundles. By the time we were all loaded in, we looked like a bunch of refugees sitting on their bundles.

Mr. Kondo waved us good-by from the Kowloon side, putting us in charge of a Chinese woman interpreter. There was no truck waiting in Hong Kong, so she went to telephone, leaving word with the Japanese guard that we were not to go beyond the end of the pier. We waited and waited in the cold, for it was a dull bitter day, with a discouraging wind blowing down the harbor. I was wrapped up in the too-large man's coat, but it wasn't warm enough. Mrs. Lee looked comfortable in her fur coat, but everyone's face was red with chill before we were through.

Apparently the people on the Hong Kong side weren't much concerned about the new prisoners, for they had forgotten to send the truck, or it had been too full that day to take passengers; it was the one which took provisions daily to the camp.

The girl returned, bringing another Chinese girl interpreter, saying it had been arranged to send us to the New Asia Hotel for the night, and we could go to camp the next day. A truck came, with a group of dirty coolies who promptly said they wouldn't carry all of Mrs. Lee's heavy trunks and bags and chests for less than a dollar apiece. After some argument we were all piled in and went sailing through the streets of Hong Kong, perched high on top of the luggage in the back end.

The New Asia Hotel was a small Chinese inn, in a poor district, across from Wing On's, a large Chinese department store not yet reopened. The hotel was still partially boarded

p, but we were delighted at one thing — the place was clean, aside from a few rats. I suppose it had been a place of rendezvous before the war, not quite a brothel, but not too inquisitive of its guests' credentials.

There were also room boys, and it seemed good to see clean white coats and the smiling faces of these landmarks of China. One helped me get Mr. Arlington into bed, for he was thoroughly chilled by this time and a pretty sick old man. He was sent to a hospital in two days' time, much to my relief, for I was greatly worried at his growing weakness.

On our floor was the office of a Mr. Cheng, who was in charge of the American, Dutch, and British internees, acting as liaison between the Japanese and those in charge of Camp Stanley. He had been employed by the National City Bank of New York before the war, and had done a great deal of YMCA work. I suspected his sympathies were pro-American, and with Free China, but he had been ordered by the Japs to do his job, and he had a family to support.

One night he told me about the looters coming to his home in Kowloon during the first days of the war. He lined his large family — wife, children, relatives, and servants — around the living-room and told them not to move when the hoodlums arrived. The first bunch came pounding up the stairs, and he opened the door and bowed to them, inviting them to enter. This took them by surprise, and they feared a trap of some sort.

"My house is poor," said Mr. Cheng, "but I know you are poor men too, and this is war-time. Come in and take what you will."

The looters entered, looked around, took some food and flour, what money they could find, a few valuables, and left.

Not long afterwards a second band came, and Mr. Cheng did the same thing. They demanded more money. "Some other men were here first and took our money, but I will ask if any member of my family has more." His wife said she had saved

enough to feed her family the next few days. "Give it to these men," he said, so she obeyed.

"But I cannot let my children go hungry," she pleaded with the leader of the looters. He looked around the room, counted the number, and handed back enough to buy bread for the next day! These men gave Mr. Cheng a paper which said the house was now under the protection of this group, and left.

A third gang came storming up the stairs, and the performance was repeated, but this time there did not seem to be any money to meet their demands. The men were furious, and it looked as though trouble was going to ensue, when the amah said she had a few dollars hidden away, and she would give them that. The faithful servant then turned over her last few pennies. As the horde was leaving they discovered the written statement the last group had left, which Mr. Cheng had put up inside the room.

"Why didn't you show us this before?" the leader demanded.

"I didn't fasten it on the outside because I was afraid someone might tear it down," he explained. The looters took it, demanded paste, and stuck it tightly on the outside of the door.

"You will not be bothered any more," they solemnly assured the family. "You have paid for your protection." And no more groups did ransack this apartment, although they continued to come to the floors below!

Mr. Cheng told me the first time he met me: "I have heard a lot of you before the war." He never said more, but I guessed he knew of my work to help China for the previous four years. I became more sure of this as the days went on and we were not hurried off to camp, for he had charge of sending the truck with supplies each day and could easily have seen that we were sent the next day.

It seemed strange that first night to ask the room boy to order food from a restaurant and have it appear served on a table with napkins, salt and pepper and sauce — all those things

we had been missing. We could afford only a little, but it was a plate of well-cooked rice with vegetables and hot tea.

Again I became a window-hanger-outer, and since our hotel was on a main street, there was much to see. Early in the morning the farmers came swinging along in the rhythmical walk-trot of the Chinese laborer, with loads of vegetables hanging on poles from their shoulders or being wheeled in barrows. Then the women with buckets who removed the "night soil" from the Chinese buildings near us went on their rounds. Next came the Chinese men and women going to their work, which was starting again, as the Japanese tried to enforce "business as usual." Large two-story British trams, or streetcars, went by, loaded with customers.

Groups of Japanese soldiers passed from time to time, but there did not seem to be any regular guards as there had been on the Kowloon side. Upon occasion there were Chinese with long staves who enforced order, and Indian policemen with large badges. It seemed that many of the Indians had swung to the Japanese side, but how much this was wish to serve Japan and how much desire to survive is hard to tell. It was evident the Japanese were working with propaganda among the Indians, for the papers told many times of Indian meetings where the necessity of a tie-up between India and Japan to work against the white race was stressed. On India's Independence Day there were special ceremonies and meetings arranged by the Japs.

At five o'clock the little prostitutes would appear on the corner. There were about fifteen of them, ranging from fourteen to twenty years old, with their amahs. There is a peculiar custom in China among this group: these women servants always go on the street with the girls, solicit business, drive the bargain, and accompany the pair to the brothel. These girls were dressed in thin straight Chinese gowns, with high heels and bobbed hair. Before business really began they ran around chasing one another, laughing, giggling, fooling with young Chinese boys who were apparently their friends, acting

like any normal girls of their age under ordinary circumstances. As dusk approached they became hard young sirens, watching for trade with cool searching eyes.

I was greatly amused once at watching an aged amah trying to strike a bargain for her charge with a very drunken Jap soldier. There was much evident haggling, discussion, and anger. But finally the Jap agreed to terms and went off — not with the girl in question, but with the old amah!

I decided the first morning in the hotel that since I was on my way to Camp Stanley anyway, I might as well see what I could before that time, for probably this would be my last glimpses of Hong Kong for years. I hoped the Jap soldiers, if they caught me on the streets without a pass, would do little but slap me, or hurry me off more quickly to internment. I didn't stop to think about going to jail — what was the use?

So I took a deep breath, and dived nose-for-news first into the Jap city at nine in the morning and did not return until three for something to eat. I dug out my last hidden twenty dollars, which I had been saving for dire emergency, and had that converted into Chinese dollars at such a great discount that it made what I bought extremely high. But I wanted to buy some things for friends at camp, and I had heard that one needed shoes badly. I bought these first, then I got needles and thread, laundry soap, soap flakes, stockings, socks, garters, and pieces of material.

Every time a Japanese soldier would look at me, fear jumped right through me and zippered up my backbone. All white people left in Hong Kong now were supposed to be either German, Swiss, Portuguese, Spaniard, or Scandinavian, but they all had police cards, and most of them identification armbands. I tried to look very nonchalant, as though I had a right to be where I was.

My trips this morning and the succeeding mornings until we went to camp were very revealing. The main streets were still lined with hawkers, and for virtually miles you could buy everything under the rising sun. The looted contents of Hong

Kong houses and shops were spilled out in these street stores, and you could find anything you wanted if you went far enough.

I bought some canned stuff, although when the time came, the Japs allowed us to take only a few cans to camp. I had great fun in looking for the best bargains. One of my biggest joys later on was a five-pound tin of jam and one of California prunes; they just about saved my life and reason in the months to come.

Evidence of bombing was still to be seen, although workmen were digging away at the debris at the Central Market on Queen's Road. I was shocked at the huge amount of damage that had been done to the police station. As I had seen it just after it had been bombed, it had looked bad, but I supposed that was because of the debris and loose fallen brick. Now it was evident that the center had been as neatly cut out as a sharp knife takes a pie out of a tin. There were only the outer walls left, and it was a wonder that even more police had not been killed.

My delight was Cat Street, the second-hand heaven, where all the good and bad things from the looted houses came to rest. In fact there was a whole bevy of such little streets in this hilly section, hidden away in a purely Chinese area. One of the streets, which ascended by way of steep stairs, was lined with booths, most of them filled with books.

Here were books from all the finest libraries in Hong Kong, private and public. There were first editions, many of them signed, leather-bound and gold-embossed, with steel engravings. There were medical and engineering series, complete histories and encyclopedias, tomes in every language. I admire books, and it was heartbreaking not to be able to buy these fine volumes, at such ridiculous prices as from five to fifty cents. In some places they were sold by the pound to use for lighting fires, and among them were many rare books.

I was able to buy only one, a John Bunyan, for fifteen cents, apparently given to a Chinese student in Yale University in

1876 by a Stephen Hubbell. There were hundreds of others I yearned to own!

One block, with tables loaded with loot, was boarded off. Cut-glass decanters of heavy weight and good quality were very popular in Hong Kong in pre-war days, and here were hundreds of them, selling for twenty-five cents apiece. There were delicate champagne glasses and wine goblets, Swedish blown glass or iridescent Italian ware. Ivory carvings of delicate beauty, unusual pieces of jewelry, scrolls, brocades, all mingled with Dunhill pipes, crested cigarette-cases, and hammered silverware.

Other tables had electric fixtures ripped from the looted homes, bulbs, wires, plaques, along with electric irons, coffee urns, toasters. I got an electric iron for a dollar, which later in camp served twenty-two people and was considered quite priceless.

A person with a little money could certainly have picked up a houseful of valuables in this section, and although I could not buy, I did enjoy prowling around. The streets were jammed with buyers, neutrals, Axis members, Chinese, and countless Jap soldiers. It was a pretty tough section of the city, and I was always a little relieved when I got myself out of it.

Emily Hahn came to visit one morning. "Mickey," as she is called, is a literary tradition. I met her first in Paris in 1929, then again in Shanghai in 1936. Her books include *Seductio ad Absurdum*, *Congo Solo*, *Affair*, *Steps in the Sun*, and *The Soong Sisters*, all more or less autobiographical except the last, and her Chinese sketches in the *New Yorker* are well known.

Mickey is a law unto herself, and loves to do things in unique and startling ways. She used to smoke black cigars, and was famous for her two gibbons, who had complete wardrobes down to dinner jackets and fur overcoats. Just before the war Mickey had Hong Kong in a dither of social uncertainty because she was having a baby, whose father was Major Charles Boxer of the British Intelligence, who had represented the

English during the Jap peace mission I encountered, and who was already married. There was never any secrecy about the affair, for Mickey wouldn't have liked that, and she had too many friends in high places for even the staid British colony to ignore, so they accepted the situation. After the baby's birth Major Boxer registered as the legal father in the Consulate, and life went on. (Major Boxer's arm was injured during the war, and he was in the hospital for many months.)

After the surrender of the colony, when the Japs ordered all "enemies" to enter concentration camp, Mickey went to the Japanese Consul, told him she was married to a Chinese and therefore was a Chinese citizen, and didn't have to enter camp. She didn't, and is still free in Hong Kong with her young daughter.

I asked Mickey if she could locate a wrap for me, and the next day she brought a Japanese officer's coat, made of excellent khaki and well tailored. It fitted as though made for me, and had a Schiaparelli-ish air with its swagger pockets and fitted outline. Mickey said it had been left behind in her apartment after a Japanese group had occupied it, and she had found it when she returned from staying with the Selwyn-Clarks during the siege. I was very appreciative of the gift.

I wasn't quite sure whether the Japanese on the streets, seeing me wearing this, would question it, or whether they would think I was some sort of special officer about whom they hadn't heard. I wore it rather furtively the first day, but it seemed to achieve nothing but respect, so after that I marched forth boldly wearing my Japanese officer's coat.

I stopped at the Domei office to see Mr. Ogura, and he looked at me in surprise. "You've got a new coat."

"Oh yes, isn't it good-looking?" I replied. "It is an English riding-coat." (I thought I'd at least try that angle!)

He smiled as he answered: "I don't think so, Miss Dew. It not only is a Japanese officer's coat, but it happens to belong to a member of the press."

Well, I had at least managed to get the proper uniform for

my profession! (This coat is now one of my trophies of the war.)

Another caller was Victor Needa, the Eurasian jockey, who had been at Repulse Bay. His wife was a member of the Moller shipping family, well known in the Far East, and he thought she had managed to get to Australia. To make a living at the present time under Jap rule, he was buying and selling various articles, from drugs to clothing.

We went to his office for luncheon, and I had the first meal of the type we're used to in America for three months. Afterwards I went back to the hotel and was very sick, for my stomach had been so long without the right kind of food, or enough of it, that it could not stand this good food. I found that just as your stomach has to become used to too little, it rebels just as much when it begins to get regular-sized meals again.

Needa had a Chinese boy cooking for him, who had been cook in one of the wealthy English families, but now was without work, of course. He offered to cook for Needa, on one small electric plate, just for his meals, which gives some idea of the straits which these Chinese faced.

I asked Needa to go with me to see the American bankers who were held in a near-by hotel. The Japanese had held out of camp, in addition to our small group, the American, Dutch, and English bankers. They were to help liquidate the banks, direct the opening of safety-deposit boxes, and the payment of the small amount the Japanese allowed non-enemies to draw.

This hotel was much worse than ours, and I felt very sorry for the group when I saw their quarters. They were small cubicles strung along the dark corridors, with no windows, and the walls did not reach to the ceiling, thus allowing no privacy. Each day the bankers were marched to their offices under guard, and marched back again, and often slapped. Otherwise they were not allowed outside except on the roof. This went on for six months, and although they managed to

at and drink better than the internees at camp, they were a allid and sickly-looking lot when they joined us at sailing time.

One of the young bankers, Don O'Kieffe, had rescued the half-dozen movie films I had left at the American Club, the ones a member of the Consulate had refused to take, and had managed to hold on to them during the war and up until this time. I had him turn over the films to Mr. Needa, feeling that since he came under the neutral classification, he might be able to keep them for me. I knew my small amount of luggage was being searched from time to time, and films were contraband, of course.

After visiting various banker friends, we left the hotel and walked for a few blocks along the Bund. Jap gunboats were in the harbor, and the waterfront was well guarded with soldiers and barbed-wire barricades.

The streets were mostly deserted, and strangely quiet for a Chinese section. I saw a bundle lying on the curb, and directed Needa, who had not seen it, to walk around it.

In a bright little red coat and bonnet was a tiny starved Chinese baby abandoned in death, probably by a starving mother, looking up at the compassionate skies with black staring eyes. Its wee fingers were clasped around a single blade of dried grass.

Chapter XXI

Rule of the Rising Sun

HONG KONG was in a transition stage, under enemy control, and to be free for even a few weeks to see it was a shining streak of luck. Here was a hundred-year-old British colony being converted by the little men in the greenish uniforms into another cog in the machine of the expanding Japanese Empire.

Certain things were happening: stores were opening; offices which had been British were being converted into Japanese ones. Leaders in the Chinese population found it expedient to form a "Rehabilitation Committee," supposedly to help the Chinese population adapt itself to the New Order. Among the men on the committee were Sir Robert Hotung and Sir Shouson Chow, of whom I have written before.

There were certain things the Japanese hadn't been able to stop — the sudden death of scattered soldiers; the fluctuation of money, which is still chaotic almost a year after occupation; a passive resistance with which the Japanese could not cope.

This was evident in one order, under the guise of "Advice issued to all workers of the Public Department," which I copied:

With a view to enable Chinese and third nationals working under him to understand fully the true policy of the Government, Mr. T. Oojima, Chief of the Land Communications Depart-

ment and Acting Chief of the Public Works Department, issued the following statement yesterday:

Since the occupation of Hong Kong by the Nipponese troops you have given your co-operation in restoring various activities here. To such services here, I wish to express herewith my appreciation.

At present, the construction of a new Hong Kong has made good progress. But both in the expansion of the Kai-Tek Aerodrome, and the resumption of the entire Canton-Kowloon Railway Service, further efforts are required of those of you with technical knowledge.

The Nipponese troops have made swift progress in their attacks on Britain and America, and very soon the same quick offensive will be launched against India, Australia and Canada. Such a state of affairs, I believe, has been perfectly realized by all of you.

However, in the construction of the various enterprises in Hong Kong the same high speed is required in order to bring about this early accomplishment. In your work in future the following points are worth remembering:

1. You must not forget that Hong Kong has been changed into Nipponese territory since Nippon's war with Britain. Frequently, there are people who make unreasonable demands because they have forgotten the above reality.

2. You have been saved from molestation by desperate characters, and have been given the chance to continue your peaceful occupation here because of the peace preservation efforts taken by the Nippon troops. The latter have never relaxed their vigilance in this respect, whether at night or during rains or storms, and whether on the border, on Nioigamine or at sea. You people may meet with some inconvenience when you are being searched in the streets, but in carrying out these duties the troops are only out to protect your livelihood here. Therefore, on occasions like these when you are being searched you should be polite toward the troops.

3. Assuming that the Nipponese troops had first attacked the Philippines, Malaya and the Dutch East Indies, and had delayed the offensive against Hong Kong, the British and American enterprises here would have been deadlocked, and all imports to

Hong Kong would have been stopped. If that had been the case, the Chinese in Hong Kong would have suffered considerable hardships. If you should think over this well, it will be realized immediately the treatment you are now getting here cannot be said to be unequalled.

4. All employees must understand that they will be punished if they misbehave themselves, and do such things as accepting bribes or other similar misconducts.

Several more rules followed, and then the last:

Employees must carry out their duties faithfully and with confidence, and what they can do today must not be left for tomorrow. In other words, they must carry out their work with enthusiasm in order not to disappoint the expectations of the authorities.

Regarding your present positions and treatment, I will give full consideration towards their improvement. Now that you have participated with Nippon in the construction of East Asia, you should be very proud of yourselves. Your accomplishment in this respect will be admired by future generations. Because of this, you should continue your present work with courage.

I think this was an excellent example of the iron hand in the velvet glove. Undoubtedly it indicated the fact that Chinese were being forced to work for the Japanese, but were stalling as much as they could, and perhaps even sabotaging various projects. The Japs as yet did not want to order mass punishment, but unless full co-operation was given it was evident it would be forthcoming.

When the new Japanese Governor-General arrived to rule the colony, there was much celebration. The first time he came across from the headquarters in the Peninsula Hotel in Kowloon, every curtain along the entire route he was traveling was ordered drawn and every person was commanded to leave the streets. Truckloads of Japanese soldiers with machine guns patrolled to see this rule was carried out. Chinese police with staves were stationed at every corner and every fifty yards along

the way. As usual, I had a slit in my curtain, from which I was watching with my camera.

No one is supposed to look down on a Japanese soldier or official, as that is looking down on a representative of the Emperor, and thus on the Emperor himself. If anyone had been caught, he would have been shot.

Another afternoon the Governor came to one of the theaters for his official reception by the leaders of the Chinese community. The streets were massed with people this time, the streetcars were flower-trimmed, and flags of the Rising Sun were everywhere.

I made my way to within a short distance of the route, which was blocked off, just in time to see a full-length drama. A Japanese soldier on duty saw a Portuguese step from the curb to cross the street. The Portuguese had an official armband, and thought he had the right to pass. The little Jap soldier didn't agree and shot him.

The bullet, most unfortunately for the Jap, only went through the Portuguese's shoulder, and then went on to embed itself in a Japanese officer's heart. Death was instantaneous, and it seemed as though the following events were almost simultaneous also.

The little soldier was immediately surrounded, his insignia were ripped off, and he was down on his hands and knees begging for his life from his superior officer. Jap soldiers with tapes began measuring, and the section was roped off in three winks' time. The dead officer and the pleading soldier were loaded into a truck and hurried off — and I imagine there were two very dead Japs not long afterwards.

As for me, I just turned around and went straight back to my hotel room in a tremendous hurry.

The Hong Kong Hotel, which had been the city's social heart, was now the headquarters of Japanese officers. At both entrances were high circular sandbag barricades, with Jap soldiers with fixed bayonets standing guard.

The Gloucester Hotel was changed to the Matsubara Hotel,

its rates had jumped, Japanese food was served, and only wealthy guests could afford to go there. The Japs were the only ones with money now. Needa took us one afternoon, and several sandwiches and tea cost four dollars.

I went into the office building where the various newspapers had been housed. A Japanese and Chinese staff were at work, and at the desk formerly occupied by my friend Stuart Gray, editor of the *Hong Kong Telegraph*, was a Japanese in uniform, now editor of the *Hong Kong News*.

I covered every street for a radius of three miles, and knew more about Hong Kong when I was through than I had in all my previous months there. I went down streets I would not have dreamed of entering before because they had looked too narrow and dirty, but I felt I must avail myself now of this exceptional and final opportunity.

There was one street, a block long, which was boarded up at both ends, with just a small doorway going into it. It looked mysterious and a little dangerous, but I ventured in and found one of the most delightful Chinese byways I've ever visited — Silk Street. It was lined with shops filled from floor to ceiling with a million bolts of exquisite Chinese silks, and bowing Chinese in rich robes stood behind the counters.

One steep street was filled with food of every description, but I have no powers to tell you of the dark masses of eels, the baskets of snakes, the mad-looking fish, and the queer-shaped vegetables which stared blank-eyed at me as I passed. The smell not only went to high heaven, but seeped down to low hell, I'm sure.

Every few blocks I would find ragged remnants of buildings which had been blasted to charred bits, by sticks of dynamite dropped from the skies. Here you knew death had been a constant visitor, and those who scratched at the debris were not looking for materials, but for remains of men.

Stores which had not been looted were being denuded of their stocks by buyers who realized that when things were gone, there would be no more shipments of American drugs,

French perfumes, English woolens, Australian meats.

There was a pots and pans street; a firewood street, where I saw sticks of fragrant wood which had obviously been hacked out of someone's fine sandalwood-lined rooms, being sold for fires; an old-clothes street; a tea street; a grocery street; an herb and medicine street.

There were Chinese beggars, some of whom held dead or dying babies in their arms; others who threw themselves on the sidewalks in frenzies, frothing at the mouth, groaning, moaning, spitting.

People looked at me with surprised eyes, for I guess I did appear American despite my Jap coat, and everyone knew that all Americans were supposed to be in internment camp. Once in a great while I'd meet someone I had known before the war—Scandinavian, French, and one American, Albert Fitch, who was driving a supply truck into camp. We stopped for a furtive minute of talk and then hurried on.

A group of men remained out of camp to drive supply trucks into camp. They were threatened and mistreated many times, but bravely carried on in face of all obstacles. They included the Americans Dr. Robert Henry, John Morton, Carl Neprud, Eugene Pawley, Charles Schaefer, Charles Winter, and the Britisher R. T. Owens-Evans.

These men secured passes to work under the Hong Kong Medical Department. During the next half-year they trucked 350 cubic tons of food from Hong Kong to the camp, and 800,000 tons of firewood to the various hospitals. They were free from camp—free to see two hundred Chinese die on the streets each twenty-four hours, from cholera, smallpox, dysentery, starvation, and Jap bullets. Free to watch the Japs close half of the fourteen Hong Kong hospitals, to experience the "squeeze" the Japs exercised in their control of hotels, restaurants, utilities, and food. In other words, the New Order of Peace and Prosperity in the Far East!

Once I saw James Lee, a Chinese I had known in America. He must have lost forty pounds, and looked tired and dis-

couraged. I gave him a minute nod, but put my fingers across my lips, as I knew the neutrals, as the Japs classified the Chinese in Hong Kong, were not supposed to talk to "enemies," and were punished if they were apprehended.

In fact, the orders which the Japanese had laid down for the rule of the Chinese in Hong Kong were strange and wonderful, and are among the treasured things I smuggled out of camp. There were seventy-nine of them. Here are some:

Persons transgressing any of the following items will be liable to imprisonment under three months or a fine not exceeding Yen 500:

1. Refusal to attend to an official summons without cause.
5. Falsely assuming an official rank or title or a scholastic title, or falsely wearing medals or orders.
9. Obstructing any traffic route by blocking it with carriages, carts, cars, boats, furniture, or any other object which may constitute an obstruction.
10. Making any unnecessary noise lying down or getting drunk in any place of free traffic.
14. Doing anything which will obstruct the flow of a stream or a drain.
17. Failing to chain up a fierce dog or any other fierce animal.
18. Without a good reason, releasing another person's boat, raft, cow, horse, or any other animal.
23. Desecrating temples, Buddhist halls or churches, graves, monuments, statues and other similar objects.
24. Practicing singing, dancing, music or making any other noise in the late hours at night.
26. Giving a performance which is harmful to public safety and good customs.
27. Circulating false reports and rumors with the object of deceiving other people.
28. Making inflammatory and unreliable statements and adopting a conduct harmful to the public order.
29. Delivering speeches concerning political affairs or other affairs causing confusion in political affairs, out-of-doors.

30. Using inflammable material for building purposes without obtaining permission.

31. Burning fires in the vicinity of a house, other building, inflammable goods, or a mountain or field.

32. Firing crackers without permission.

34. Hiding in an unoccupied house or unwatched building or ships.

35. Loitering anywhere without a fixed address or employment.

36. Acting badly or interfering in a place of worship, celebration or procession.

37. Taking fruits and vegetables or cutting trees and flowers in a public ground or another person's field or garden.

40. Holding in possession, or purchasing or selling, or receiving and delivering smuggled and illegal goods.

41. Practicing hypnotism on a person.

43. Practicing gambling and similar conduct.

45. Illegally making and using another person's name cards, etc.

46. Wearing strange clothing, or talking and behaving in a queer manner, and loitering and refusing an official order.

47. Following a person without a lawful reason and pursuing him.

48. Being a beggar, or compelling another person to act as a beggar.

49. Acting wrongly toward another person's business, or obstructing it.

50. Preventing another person tendering, or forcibly requesting another to join in tendering, or obtaining a share of business or money profits from a successful tenderer.

52. Selling poisonous drugs, or selling and handling them without permission.

54. Collecting filth and dust in one's house so as to endanger public health.

55. Making water in street, park and other publicly visible places, or compelling another person to do so.

57. Deceiving the public with false statements foretelling good or evil fortune, or supplying the public with charms or giving people charms to carry on their person.

58. Obstructing medical attention by supplying persons with charms and religious potions.

60. Committing prostitution, or acting as intermediary in committing prostitution.

61. Being naked or acting in a disgraceful manner in a public place.

62. Harboring on one's own premises some young or old disabled, sick persons in need of some help without reporting them, or having dead corpses without reporting them to the authorities.

63. Camouflaging a human dead body, or holding autopsy, or burying or cremating without permission.

64. Burying or cremating outside of a public graveyard or cremating place.

65. Discarding without reason the carcass of a dead animal, or any other filthy matter, or contravening the health regulations.

67. Displaying or selling unripe or rotten fruit or rotten meat or other harmful edible or drinkable substance for a profit.

68. Selling or handling birds or animals that have died of sickness, for food.

70. Refusing as doctors or midwives to attend the call of sick persons or pregnant women about to give birth to a child.

73. Unreasonable oppressing or obstructing a servant by master.

74. Disobeying any orders issued by the police.

BY ORDER OF THE HONG KONG GOVERNMENT

Some of the rules are obvious and reasonable, but underlying many of them are instructions to the Chinese to lead the Japanese way of life, or else. . . . The necessity of even issuing some of these rules indicates the Chinese were taking their own little ways of annoying their new masters, the men of mighty Nippon with their fixed bayonets and their hand-grenades.

All of this time I had been tinkering with the idea of trying to elude these same little Nips by attempting to escape into Free China. I even went into the matter of prices, which

ranged from \$200 to \$2,000, neither of which I had. Many wealthy Chinese were escaping by junk, only to be high-jacked by pirates near the city. Moreover, I felt my story would not be complete unless I went into the concentration camp and saw the bitter conclusion of the fall of Hong Kong, and what we can expect of the Japs when they are victors in any part of the world.

Chapter XXII

Prison Bound

I TOOK full advantage of my respite and watched the busy little Japs taking everything of value out of Hong Kong, setting up a military government, clearing the city of almost a million Chinese, and scaring the rest into subjection. It was a shift from the rule of the Empire of Great Britain to that of the Empire of the Rising Sun, the country with ambitions to become the world's largest empire.

A few Chinese managed to whisper to me words of sabotage; of preparations going on in secret for the day when war would be waged again over Hong Kong; of an underground reaching from this city through miles of Japanese-controlled China to the capital of Free China in Chungking. While there are many Wang Ching-wei Chinese in the city, there are also hundreds of thousands on the side of Chiang Kai-shek. They are quiet now, but the time will come when they will appear in their true colors.

I don't imagine the Japs have full confidence in the Chinese who have apparently swung to their side. After all, these men had sold their souls for money in deserting their own country, so what could be expected in the way of true and lasting loyalty to Japan?

Madame Wang Ching-wei visited Hong Kong and was given much publicity. She was accompanied by other members of the puppet Nanking regime, but I noticed she was

always escorted by a large group of Japanese soldiers and officials, who never let her out of sight. She is reputed to be a ruthless woman, making millions out of her country's plight and her Quisling proclivities.

Mr. Ogura was making efforts with the gendarmerie, who controlled our movements since we had left Kowloon, to let us remain in Hong Kong, but we knew it was only delaying the evil day. Mrs. Lee had been allowed to join her husband on the British Governor's colonial staff, which was being held together to complete the turning over of government matters to Japan.

Our group had dwindled again — "Three little Indians . . . two little Indians. . . ."

I kept wishing I had money with which I could buy things to take to camp. Needa, hearing my sighs, said: "I can't advance you any money, because I'm broke. But I can get material for you if you will accept the responsibility of it all financially, of managing to sell it in camp, of getting the money back into town to pay for all this. And, above all, if the things are confiscated on the way to Stanley by the Japs, you will still be charged with them — and if you are put in jail because you are found with them, I can do nothing."

A happy thought indeed, but I had heard how desperately people in Stanley needed everything, so it seemed worth trying. Many in camp had money, but couldn't buy even a needle if they needed it. The Japanese had allowed nothing to go to the internees in the way of clothes since their imprisonment, now stretching into the third month, and with tropical hot weather coming on.

Dr. Selwyn-Clarke, who had been in charge of the British Public Health Service before the war, had managed to get the Japanese to allow him to continue his work after occupation, thus probably avoiding epidemics and attendant troubles of war and death. He was allowed some contact with camp, but could not take in any medical supplies or clothes. He, like the few others who were left "outside" by the Japanese,

were termed "pro-Japanese" by some shortsighted internees. They did not realize that the doctor, and the others who lived in Hong Kong in the shadow of the ruthlessness of the Japs, were actually taking their lives in their hands daily to help their fellow countrymen who were prisoners and could not help themselves. I think by the time I left camp in June, Dr. Selwyn-Clarke, and the rest who had been trying to assist, were better understood and appreciated. People like this don't do things to be "appreciated," but they don't mind not being damned for it either, I know.

It was this doctor who had made up a list of the articles needed most seriously in camp, and from it were selected the things I was going to try to smuggle in under the Jap soldiers' wide-nostriled noses.

So when the day came with word that we were to be sent immediately to Stanley, I was ready and loaded with dynamite, as it were. I had very little of my own to carry, so the four additional duffle bags I had acquired didn't look too suspicious. Inside them were six hundred yards of khaki, two hundred pairs of khaki three-quarter stockings, a hundred pairs of shorts, several dozen shirts, a hundred scarves, needles, thread, buttons, elastic. In addition, I bought some few medical supplies and other necessities. The canvas bags had my name on them in big letters, so there was not to be much doubt who was bringing in all the contraband if it was apprehended.

I had been told all of this time that I could keep my cameras and films. I had hidden much of my film before the surrender; some was distributed around Hong Kong, some was in the office of the British Ministry of Information, who burned everything the day they fled to Chungking before surrender on Christmas Day. Thus I had with me only what I had taken from the time we left Repulse Bay on through that deadly trek, from the windows of the looted paint factory and the Kowloon Hotel, and what I had managed to expose furtively during these last few weeks. Now Mr. Ogura reported that Colonel Tada had learned the gendarmerie would take away my cam-

eras in camp, so I had better leave them in Hong Kong. I could choose my place to deposit them, and when I was sent home, or the war was over, I could have them again.

I had been unable to get in touch with any Chinese friends, and about the only person I trusted was Mr. Needa, so I turned over my four cameras, tripod, and films to him. He was a neutral, he had been brave at Repulse Bay, and we all felt he had saved our lives when the Japanese first came, by his calmness, his knowledge of the language, and the way he handled things.

I had hung onto these cameras through thick and thin, at a time when everyone said it was impossible, that they would be the first thing the Jap soldiers would take from me. I carried them, forty-five pounds of equipment, around my neck on that ten-mile trek, and on each succeeding move. You can imagine how sad I felt now to let them go. I felt that my hands were being cut off, but since I had no wish to have a bayonet explore my insides, I obeyed orders. Needa promised to put the equipment in his safe and hold it for further instructions. I prayed that he would, for unless I got my pictures out, I knew there would never be a true movie of the fall of Hong Kong, because I was the only non-Japanese who had made a complete record of it. Well, it's all gone and I wake up countless nights thinking about those pictures neither you nor I will ever see.

As I was boosted onto the truck I bade good-by to those cameras and films, and perhaps it was a good thing I had all that contraband on board to occupy my mind from there on. I decided immediately I would never be a good smuggler, for that stuff certainly was agitating my mind, although I hoped not my face.

Just before we left, Mr. Ogura taught me a Japanese phrase to say to any tough gendarmes, and so I concentrated on repeating that over and over: "*Onegai shimasu, onegai shimasu,*" which roughly means: "Please be careful with my luggage."

On the truck were a Chinese woman and two children going to camp to join a British husband and father. There were

also two Englishmen, Mr. L. Guy and Mr. Lawrence, who had been brought out of camp by the Japanese civilian government to restart the soda factory belonging to Watson's Pharmacy. The Jap navy had taken control first, however, and weren't going to relinquish it to the civilian department, and so the fight went on for weeks. In the meantime the two men were confined in our hotel, not even allowed on the street, and so they were anxious to get back to camp, where they could at least walk about.

The truck was piled high with bags and bundles and boxes, and the trunk and chest which originally had been in Mrs. Lee's care, left behind by her to see if we could get them into camp to their owners.

Crowds gathered to watch the white prisoners being sent off to the yellow man's jail, and we must have been a pretty amusing sight. Mr. Guy had on a soldier's brown campaign hat I had found somewhere, Wilson a too big fuzzy one with a feather in it that Needa had given him, and my head was tied up with a white hand-towel scarf. We were perched on the bundles like monkeys in a high cage. With an insulting roar of the motor we were off — this time headed directly into concentration camp, not to be released until the war was over or an exchange of prisoners arranged.

I think Japanese truck-drivers belong to the same category as American ones, for they love to cut corners and take curves at a high rate of speed, and show an intense desire to shake everything in the truck into a complete hash. Our driver was no exception, and since we had nothing to cling to but one another, most of the way we looked like a football squad at the height of a touchdown pile-up.

We passed the thousands of cars parked in Happy Valley, up onto the same curving mountainous road I'd traveled in peace and war. This road winds through my Hong Kong experiences like the pattern thread in a tapestry, through dark tones and light, sunshine and shadow. As we skidded around one curve a box on the rear end flew off and crashed, but we

stopped to rescue it. Later Wilson's hat took off into the air, and a Chinese coolie along the road caught it and started to run, fearing his manna from heaven would be reclaimed. We didn't stop for that.

On the side of the hill we passed a mission which had been shelled, and almost all of the fathers killed, an estimated number of fifty. Again we passed through the various Japanese barricades guarded by the little slant-eyed men with the big straight guns. Over the top we went, looking down once more on that exquisite sun and seascape, with the majesty of the highest point, the Peak, as a backdrop, and the island-punctuated sapphire sea in front of us far below.

We passed the grim guards at the corner of Repulse Bay Hotel, and I looked for the last time at this place which had played such a large part in the history of my life in 1936 and 1941, as well as in the history of the British Empire. It was silent and waiting, and some day I hope to see it again — when we have won the peace.

On beyond the hotel we went, along the curving road I used to walk daily to pick flowers and watch the sea. It was through these hills the Jap snipers had slid among the bushes like silent sinuous snakes killing and wriggling onward. Then into the little fishing village of Stanley, a typical Chinese spot, with a harbor filled with junks and sampans with tattered sails. There had been devastating shell-fire here from the hills above, where British and Japanese guns had blasted away, and some shells had dropped in the heart of the town, killing or maiming. At the last there had been hand-to-hand fighting through the streets as the British retreated block by block back toward Fort Stanley, standing sentinel on the high promontory overlooking the sea.

At the edge of the town we were stopped, and now my heart began to do a double-quick dance, for the test was coming. Jail or no jail, I had got past the other sentries, but these meant business, I could see, and it was their particular job to inspect the baggage of incomers. We were ordered off the truck, and

Chinese women wardens searched my person for guns, I suppose.

I tried not to pay too much attention to the truck and the inspection going on there. Thank heaven, my things were down below some heavier bags, so the others were inspected first. There were several tough Indian police poking around, and a few Japanese soldiers. One of the Indians pointed to one of my bags and found that it was locked with a safety padlock. He called for its owner, and I walked forward with lead in my shoes.

I fumbled in my pocketbook, I searched in my pockets, and, my goodness, it was hard to find the key! I started taking everything out of my bag again, shrugging my shoulders at the police as much as to say: "These women never keep things in order, and always lose keys. Stupid, that's all." I finally found the key after much fiddling, and the soldier opened the bag, but had apparently tired of me and mine by this time and just stuck his gun down in it once or twice, ran his hand over it to hunt for weapons, and waved it away in disgust. It's: "Women are such bothers, don't you know?" even in the Indian's psychology. The Jap soldier looked at the outside of the rest of the duffel bags, at me, and moved on.

I could hardly believe the ordeal was over, and my legs felt like wobbly jelly as I climbed back on the truck. I had passed the test, and my contraband was safely inside the camp, for by this time the truck had speeded up, passed between high stone gates guarded by turbaned Sikhs and smug small Jap soldiers.

I was in Camp Stanley, now a prisoner of the Japs in every sense of the word!

I had dreaded this minute for so many weeks that I couldn't quite understand the feeling of release that was flooding up inside me. I was entering jail, and yet I felt suddenly freed. It was not until I had more time to analyze this that I realized its meaning: from the time I was captured, on December 23, on through the months, I had been in constant contact with the Japs, my enemy; we were prisoners in a small hotel and

surrounded; when the others went to camp, I was directly in the hands of the Japs, with only a few other white people free in the city of a million; I was under constant surveillance, and there was always the danger that I might be jailed, mistreated, tortured, or even killed on the street, and no one would know what had happened to me. Before, I had been one lone American among thousands of enemy Japanese; now I was among friends and allies.

I was inside a concentration camp of 3,500 people, and the Japs were mostly outside, looking in, of course, but interested only in keeping us inside, and not particular about what happened to us in the meantime. The walls that separated us from the world also separated us from much contact with our capturers.

In other words, I was now once again in a white man's town, surrounded by British and American and Dutch, and the relentless uncertainty of the day-to-day existence in Hong Kong, where anything might be, and was, happening, was over. Food, no matter how scarce, would come to me daily, while in Hong Kong I might have starved, and Mr. Arlington with me, for all anyone cared. If I had been sick the Japs would not have provided medical attention. In camp, while there was no medicine, there were doctors who would try to help, and friends who would watch.

I hadn't realized what a coat of fear had sheathed my heart during the time I had remained behind at the order of the Japanese High Command, until it began to melt like winter snow as we drove through the camp. We went first along a wide road, ~~repaired~~ ^{renamed} Roosevelt Avenue; I found, and here and there people waved and shouted greetings at us, as though we were returning to college after a vacation.

The truck began to climb a hill, and we passed a mother and a small boy, who screamed a welcome at us. It was Josephine Greenland and Derek, whose cheeks had begun to regain some color from the sun and outdoors.

Before the administration building, on the highest point over-

looking the camp, we stopped and unloaded. The building had been half blown away by a shell, but flowers still grew around it, and a hibiscus hedge was red-starred with waxen blossoms.

Mr. Cheng, of the New Asia Hotel, had written a card to the head of the camp, another Mr. Cheng, who was his cousin, telling him that we were good friends and to help us as much as possible. I still think this dates back to his knowledge that I had been a friend of Free China, and that was where his sympathies actually lay, although he was working for the Japanese Empire. So while the luggage of the rest was being searched, mine was passed by unopened, and again a miracle saved that precious material which was later going to clothe hundreds of people in camp.

In a few minutes word spread around the camp that we had arrived, and before we were finished with inspection friends were there to greet us — Hugo Mladinich and George Dankwerth, who had been at Repulse Bay Hotel; T. B. Wilson and Fay Booth and others of the American President Line, who had been at the Kowloon Hotel; and many I had met in various places along the bloody Hong Kong trail.

I was still a little bit stunned by my feeling of release and freedom. I was now inside a concentration camp which I knew housed hunger and lack of vital necessities, but there were green trees and flowers, wide spaces, a warm sky above, and a friendly sea surrounding us, and even the Japs couldn't take that away from us here. There was something on which to feed our souls, if not our bodies, and it is better to have that than nothing, I've found.

In addition, I was out of sight and sound of too many damned Japs. I was with my own people, even if it meant living in human bondage. Come what might in the months or years ahead, I was with those who believed in fighting for the right of men to live in freedom and equality.

Chapter XXIII

By Right of Conquest

I HAVE an idea that when the Japs finished gathering all the Allies together after surrender, they hissed to themselves through their gold-filled teeth: "What on earth are we going to do with all these prisoners?"

Then someone bowed and replied. "Where is there a place big enough in which to dump all the useless white people?"

After a few minutes' thought the answer came: "Stanley Peninsula. It sticks out in the sea, and so escape won't be easy, and its too cold and windy now, and too hot and sun-beaten later on. It is far away from Hong Kong, so the Chinese can't very easily smuggle in help. And some buildings there haven't been too badly smashed by shells."

The third little Jap may have asked: "Are there enough supplies for all those men, women, and children?"

"What if there aren't?" the top officer would have replied. "We don't care what becomes of them, so long as we get them out of our sight in Hong Kong. Let them figure things out for themselves. We'll dump a bit of food there, enough to keep them alive, although we don't care if they die. So sorry, please, but to Hades with all people of the white race."

So Stanley it was, and I don't suppose a group of 3,500 people were ever dumped so unceremoniously into a place, without previous thought or preparation, and left to shift for themselves without the slightest aid being given to them.

When the internees first arrived, they found evidences of violent fighting still unrepaired. Roofs of houses, corners of buildings, windows, roads, had all been marked by shell or shrapnel.

Many British bodies had been left in one bungalow where hand-to-hand fighting had gone on, and more were found under bushes or in gullies. The Japanese had cremated their dead, but left the Canadians and British to rot, for they refuse to honor even the dead of other nations. For months there was one body on the beach that no one could reach outside the barbed-wire barricade, and the Japs refused to let a burial party, under guard, go to it. Four months after we had been in camp, a withered arm was found on top of one of the houses.

The area that was to become our home, called Camp Stanley, was on a rocky peninsula, ending in a high cliffed promontory. Just beyond us was Fort Stanley, which had been the original reason for erecting any buildings here. Then houses had been built; later the British had erected a modern jail, a college and school had been developed, and apartment houses for the wardens and minor Indian civil servants had been added. Adjoining us, but on the mainland, was the small Chinese fishing village called Stanley. The section was hilly, and the climbing was precipitous — hard on weakened legs and hearts.

In one section the British had built seven apartments to house 260 Indian civil servants. The Japanese now herded 780 Britishers there, most from the finest section of Hong Kong, the Peak. I think they took particular glee in putting those who had lived in the best surroundings into the worst now. This was the least desirable section, because it was low and without a breeze. Parts of it had been badly blasted away and could not be repaired. The toilet facilities were extremely inadequate, perhaps even for the Indians before, so it was not a pleasant situation now.

On the top of one steep hill was St. Stephen's College, of which the classrooms were turned into dormitories. As many

as twenty men lived in one room, sleeping on the floor, or on improvised beds made out of doors or boxes, or whatever the owner's ingenuity created. In another building the British police were placed.

Three small bungalows near by held 45 to 50 people apiece. Two of my good friends, Lucile Eichenbaum and Margaret Jay, lived on the open porch of one, and were always being rained on, blown out by small typhoons, or frozen. Someone finally built a low wall for them out of remains of other buildings, and this formed some sort of protection.

On an opposite hill was the group of buildings which housed most of the British and Americans. These were apartment buildings, and every single room, from kitchens to entry halls, was occupied. In fact it was considered quite a prize if you got a servant's room, because these were so tiny it was impossible to put more than two in them. Imagine an existence where a room six by seven feet is considered the choicest place!

In the living-rooms of most of the apartments eight or ten people lived, men and women thrown together, often with three or four children. As many as 82 used one toilet in these quarters.

Only a comparatively small number of internees had brought army cots, because no one had any warning or any idea of the treatment to be accorded them, but the Japanese never recognized the need of furnishing sleeping equipment for their prisoners. Seventy-five per cent slept on the floor, on narrow army cots, or on beds made of slabs of wood raised from the floor by blocks of stones taken from blasted buildings. Everyone tried to get his body away from the floor at night, if possible, because of the scorpions which infested the camp.

Between the two hills was what we called "the American Club." It had been a recreation building and club, and 50 American men were billeted there. They had the best place in camp, because their rooms were more fully equipped, the building was in better repair, and there was a complete kitchen in running order when they moved in. Food-preparation was

immediately taken over by Gingles, an ex-navy man who had had restaurants in Hong Kong for years. Because food was his hobby and he was cooking for such a small number, he could get better results with the rice, and pull tricks with the small amounts of extras that were issued.

Next to this was the Dutch building, similar to the American and British apartments, but not quite so crowded.

In all there were more than 3,000 British, 70 Dutch, and 350 Americans. There was no place to cook for the large number of people when they were herded into camp, so emergency kitchens were set up with no help from the Japs, created out of rubble by the internees. The Americans got busy at once and constructed stone ranges, makeshift utensils, and a huge boiling pan for rice. From this place were served 257 people twice a day for the next half-year.

The British weren't quite so quick to adapt themselves to circumstances as the Americans, for they still felt: "This can't *happen* to us," and "They can't *do* this to us." Of course the Japs weren't supposed to treat prisoners of war in this manner, but they were doing so, and there was no redress but to make the best of it. For three months the British internees from the Indian quarters climbed almost half a mile to the British apartments to get their pails of food, and then finally managed to erect a kitchen in their own quarter.

One Englishman remarked to an American: "You are lucky to have so many of your working classes here to build things," and was amazed to find that the men indicated were bankers, brokers, and executives of our biggest firms.

The men in St. Stephen's College also got busy, put up a clever kitchen, and worked hard to do the best they could with the poor food. My friend Eric Curtis was one of those responsible for the success of the endeavor.

If you are the least bit tempted to grumble about sugar or coffee rations, ponder on what the Japs gave us for food: At ten in the morning in the American quarters we received a small bowl of rice and three quarters of a cup of thin gravy.

At five we received another dose of the rice and the same amount of questionable stew. Many times the small amount of meat in it should have been rejected owing to its bad state, but it meant no food at all if it was sent back. Sometimes it was so fetid and diseased it had to be returned, and then we went even hungrier.

Buffalo meat and fish heads were among the delicacies issued to us, and alfalfa was considered a rare treat in the stew.

According to the Geneva Convention for Treatment of War Prisoners, which Japan never signed, but which she claims she lives up to, it is specified that civilian prisoners receive at least 2,400 calories a day. The highest amount we ever received was 1,800, still 600 under minimum, and for three months it averaged 850 calories a day!

During those months the Japanese issued *no fresh milk to adults, no fresh fruits or fresh green vegetables, and only three duck eggs per person during the entire half-year*. In February this was the issue per person, per day: 8 ounces of rice, 5 ounces of meat (including bone), 6 ounces of vegetables, 1/50 pound of sugar, 1/50 pound of salt.

One day the rice was so bad that the Americans who went to receive it rejected it. "Then you will have nothing to eat," the Japs stated. "That is all there is." So the bags were brought down to the garage, which was part of the kitchen, and I was one of ten who volunteered to try to find some that was edible.

I have heard of food that was alive with worms, but I never quite believed it. But I swear that when this rice was poured over the table for sorting, it actually undulated with the movement of the worms and weevils in it.

We sorted it kernel by kernel, removing the livestock, and trying to pull off the webs of eggs which surrounded almost every grain of rice. At the end of half an hour of exacting work, trying our best to save the ration, we all voted that we would rather go three days without any food than eat this diseased and filthy rice.

Three quarters of the people in camp ate out of tin cans

they picked up from garbage piles. Some had found a few dishes in the apartments in which they were lucky enough to be assigned. It was a sad and dreary sight to see the ragged internees line up each day with their tin pails and cans for food which was unsatisfying and disagreeable anyway, eating just to stay alive.

I had a particularly good-looking tin can of which I was proud because Charles Larson found some wire and a piece of wood and put on a very fine handle for me. The Larson family were among the most ingenious in the American group, as well as the most energetic. There were "Dad," "Mother," and three boys, Raymond, Billy, and Junior. Mrs. Larson had a big job on her hands to wash for all of them and to keep everyone out of mischief in that active growing family.

Something was always happening to one or the other: Dad kicked a ball and ripped off his toenail; Raymond had an operation for appendicitis; Junior got an eye infection and had to have his arms strapped down to keep him from rubbing his eyes. But they were always a cheerful lot, and willing to help others, which meant a great deal in our community life. One day I heard Junior, about eight years old, muttering to himself: "I'm just damned sick and tired of this life, sick and tired, that's all." I found myself echoing a fervent "Amen!"

I was moved around from place to place, owing to my late arrival and other factors. The first night I was put in an empty room from which the Chinese women wardens had just been moved, and I occupied this for several days. During another period I occupied a high iron hospital examination rack, narrow and hard, in the community clinic, located in a former kitchen. At night the huge cockroaches held merry cockroach carnivals, using me as the arena.

I was then assigned to a room with Mrs. Alice Dobbs, a young American whose British husband had been killed during the war. The couple had come from Kunming in Free China for the Christmas holiday, and when the battle began he had volunteered and was killed. Previously he had been a

member of the English Department of China's Salt Tax Administration. Two of the children, John and Jenifer, were in Kunming without word of their father's death or their mother's whereabouts, and one was with Alice's mother in Pennsylvania, going to school. When we were repatriated Alice had to come with us, leaving her two youngsters in Free China.

We lived in a very small servant's room, with a damp, cold cement floor and no curtains, chairs, or beds. There was not room enough for two cots in the space, so Alice slept on the porch on boards laid across an iron frame she had found, and later I slept there. My cot was about eighteen inches wide, and because of the poor metal in it, it sagged immediately; actually it was more comfortable on the floor, except for the cold, the cockroaches, and the scorpions.

I had been fortunate in being able to buy this second-hand cot in Hong Kong, and pitied those who were sleeping on the floor, although I had done so for many weeks. Later I went back to that again, but not out of choice.

Our room was in the servants' wing, and in the front was an even tinier room, in which lived William Taylor of the United States Treasury Department, a member of the Stabilization Board. Actually he should have been with the American officials, and I do not know why he was not sent to live with those who rated — but did not receive — diplomatic privileges from the Japs.

There was a small kitchen where the Chinese servants had cooked their meals in "chatties," earthen bowls, on wood fires, which we could not obtain, of course. Then there was a Chinese toilet, which is a hole in the floor, with no seat. While others in the camp longed for the day when they would return home so they could have privacy in their bathrooms, with no long lines waiting outside the door, I wished not only for privacy, but for a place on which to sit. Life resolves itself into concrete and practical things in an internment camp, and there are few modesties, false or otherwise, left by the time you have been there very long.

The camp had organized itself into working order as quickly as possible, and there were various committees and working squads.

There was the sanitation committee, on which among those who served were M. L. Southwick, Richard Sanger, Frank Peters, Jack Shannon, and William Stanton. I was particularly impressed by the way Bill Stanton did his work, because I had visited his home and knew from what different surroundings he had come. But so had the others, of course.

The sanitary squad went to work each morning about half past six, when they scrubbed the pavements, walks, and hallways, kept the lawn in fine shape, and did all the general cleaning around the camp. It was hard work, but none of the men ever murmured.

Then there was the squad that chopped the wood each day for the kitchens. That work was particularly strenuous, and I don't know how these men managed on our meager diet. You could hear them sawing for hours; among those I remember seeing were Gordon Frisque, Paul Dietz, Peter Elder, Jack Dwyer, and Fred Hill. Dietz also repaired shoes and made many things, and Hill became our electrical expert. In ordinary life these men were all American executives.

Another squad kept the water boiled at all times, and this was of tremendous importance to the health of the community. You can't drink water directly from the faucets anywhere in the Far East, and it was particularly important to avoid epidemics in our camp. This necessitated many long hours spent in little cubbyhole kitchens, boiling water in a heater which had to be stoked part of the time, and was partly heated by electricity.

I remember watching at this job Captain Albert Miller, sixty-seven years old, who began working each day at five a.m. to have sterilized water ready for the Americans when they rose. Then there were Dr. J. F. Steiner, Paul Gregory, King Paget, Rev. John Bechtel, Rev. R. B. Beaver, Rev. O. Z. Quick,

Rev. R. D. Bullock, C. C. Krohn, N. F. Brewer, and Dr. M. T. Rankin.

Boiled water was ready in the American community for drinking from seven a.m. until eight p.m. Since this was much longer than in the British section, someone was always trying to borrow a bit, and because our workers couldn't bear to turn down mothers with children, it meant extra hours for the Americans.

The kitchen staff had the longest, hardest job and probably got the most criticism. Human nature remains remarkably the same under most circumstances, and some people just have to complain, even when the rotten rations we were issued by the Japs didn't taste like a dinner at the Ritz.

These men began about five every morning, getting the rice ready for the day's first meal, to call it that, at ten. They worked most of the day, and were often in the kitchen until late at night. They toiled under the direction of C. E. ("Chuck") Cady,¹ one of the hardest-working men in camp, although he was also seriously ill all of the time. Under him was Charles Butler, and the crew of the *Admiral Williams*, an American ship which had been caught in Hong Kong in the drydocks, where she had gone for repairs, including H. R. Ravn, Wm. Howley, G. H. Sundberg, Carlton Wiseman, and C. W. Adams.

The Reverend "Oz" Quick cleaned huge buckets of rice each day; Henry White, Chinese-American lad, worked constantly; and Henry Durschmidt, of Standard Oil, spent many long hours in the hot kitchen.

The boat crew had done dangerous volunteer work in Hong Kong during the war, and one had been killed, a mess boy

¹ Since completing this book I have received word that Chuck has died — Chuck, who worked too long and too hard for us at camp, while the Japanese would not allow him proper medicine or care. He has died since we returned to the United States, victim of Japanese inhumanity that would not permit medical care even to captured prisoners of war. He died as much a victim of Japanese aggression as though they had bayoneted him — one of the first of many who will die as a result of our months of semi-starvation, improper food, and barbaric living-conditions.

named Jackson. John Raymond, one of America's two bull-fighters, and also a shipping executive, head of the American Trading Corporation, was in charge.

I heard a lot of complaining, but I knew I didn't want to wash that dirty coolie rice, or cook and clean the bloody awful-looking pieces of meat and fish I saw being carried in wheelbarrows to the kitchen from the Jap headquarters. I don't think I would ever have eaten anything if I'd had to handle that revolting stuff raw!

We had less dysentery and stomach ailments in this American section than in any other, and I'm sure this was due to the care the kitchen staff took in keeping things as clean as possible, no matter how many squawks came when once in a while they threw away something they considered inedible. People, in the good old American way, were always getting fighting mad at the crew, holding meetings about it, and invariably ending up giving Chuck and his helpers a vote of thanks for their splendid work.

Frances Baynes, Junior Leaguer from New York City, helped in serving and in the kitchen, doing more than her share of community work. I always envied Frances her lovely curly hair, and felt that when the fates created me they must have forgotten they were going to put me in a concentration camp, where my straight fine hair was a maddening problem.

Mrs. Laura Ziegler, who had six of her many children with her, organized an efficient "diet kitchen," where those who were ill could get specially prepared food. This food was the same as for the others, except that by preparing it in small quantities, making rice water for dysentery cases, and arranging it carefully, it was much better for invalids. Food for the children was also prepared here. Leonora Hospes worked eight to twelve hours a day in our American community office. These three women were outstanding in the work they did for the benefit of the entire community — and these were days when it was important that every person try to help the others. Hard, tough days, I assure you.

I had always considered that the saddest sight of China, and perhaps one of the most symbolic of its widespread poverty, was that of Chinese women and children brushing up rice kernels from dirty pavements when they fell from bags being carried through the streets. I had taken pictures of that as representing famine and dire need in China.

Now I've seen American and British children doing the same, and the sight stabs your heart with a flaming rage that is agonizing. One day someone spilled a bucket of rice being taken to the kitchen. The children ran in mad confusion to scoop it up from the dirt and crammed it into their mouths. I'll never forgive Japan for that as long as I live.

Nor will I forgive the small group of Americans who managed, by hook and crook, to smuggle in enough supplies so their private storeroom held enough food for the next year and a half. While others in camp were virtually on the verge of starvation, these people and a small group of friends were dining on hams, canned fruits, bread, butter, meats, eggs, shrimps, fresh lettuce, and all the other things which belong in an American diet. They held Sunday-morning waffle breakfasts, champagne and Scotch parties, while 3,500 other people tried only to get enough food to keep alive, and for months were without tea or coffee or a single piece of bread. Almost everyone tried to get a few cans of food ahead, as wise provisioning, although for a long period that was an utter impossibility. But dozens of cases of food in storage under conditions like this — it was damnable!

This inhuman group of four also managed to corner the exclusive use of a kitchen while many internees had no place even to reheat their rice, or while as many as one hundred used the same stove. They also had the only electrical refrigerator in the entire camp, except in the community kitchens. One reminded me one day that she had given me many fine dinners before the war, and that was the first time I had ever realized I was expected to go on giving thanks for past hospitality for years to come. Imprisonment does queer things to some people!

Day after day throughout the months, children, and sometimes adults, went to the garbage pail of this group to take — and eat — what they had thrown away from their abundance. Among other things in their storeroom were 27 bags of flour, 18 cases of corned beef, many cases of canned milk. A committee member taking inventory of everything in camp found a clothes-room with shelves lined with tins and packages of every kind of food. One night when I was sleeping on the porch, I was wakened about two a.m., as was the other sleeper in this section, by noises down below. We could see by the night lights seven figures sneaking along by the wall, carrying some of those sacks of flour from the American quarters to friends in other parts of the camp. At a time when everything belonged, or should have, to the community, a few were hoarding in the most despicable sense of the word. At times the community seethed to the point of mobbing these quarters, and was held back only by the inertia which comes from hunger.

In the British section was a fabulous character, Maurice Abraham Cohen, also known as Two-Gun Cohen, General Moishe Cohen, or Brigadier-General Ma-Kun. He had been a general in China's army for twenty years, and bodyguard to Dr. Sun Yat-sen, President of China. He helped organize the Canton armies which Chiang Kai-shek later led, and got them supplies and arms. General Cohen also persuaded the Cantonese to bring in foreign officers, mostly German and British, to train them, which largely accounts for the military successes won by Chiang Kai-shek when he swept northward in 1926. During the last years he has been busy running supplies from Hong Kong through the Japanese blockade into Free China, but the Japs caught him when the city fell. Whether they knew what they had is a moot question.

One day General Cohen felt there was some "finagling" in one of the British kitchens, so he went and asked questions, which made the cook mad.

"You're a fine one, Cohen, to say anything about stealing," he blurted out. "Your hands aren't reputed to be very clean."

"Maybe you're right," the general replied. "I've fought, I've maybe stolen, I've done things that probably were wrong. But, by God, I've never taken food from hungry women and children under any circumstances, and you aren't going to now!" With that he hit the cook in the eye, and a glorious fight ensued.

None of the Americans cleaned up on our "hoarders" until on the ship coming home, and then several black eyes ensued. Good food not only brings back fighting strength, but never allows one to forget the hungry days suffered while others ate cake, as it were.

It was reported there was a bit of juggling done with some funds supposed to be used for community charity work at this same time, which was covered by a large-sized check on the way home, but about this I've never been able to get a statement out of the headquarters of the organization.

All of this made me furious, along with the majority of the American community. I expressed it in a meeting one day this way: "I don't mind being mistreated by the Japanese. They are my enemies, and I expect it from such a low type of military masters. But I expect fairness among Americans at a time like this, and it is a crime and a shame that such a few can be so unfair, when almost one hundred per cent of the Americans in camp are doing everything in their power to do their share and to make things go as well as possible under the circumstances."

It is hard to make others realize what it feels like to be gnawingly hungry day after day, week after week, if they've never gone through it. And no matter how hungry, there was no place to go to get a "bite to eat," for the cupboard was agonizingly bare.

I was extremely lucky during my first months in camp to have the can of prunes and the large can of jam to add to my rations. Then someone had a birthday party, and I brought forth my jam can. It was cleaned so thoroughly it shone like silver! I had to sell a few other tins I had to get money for some

necessities, and then I was reduced to straight rations for two months.

Internees were losing weight very rapidly. Almost everyone lost 20 pounds within the first two months. In the group of men in the "American Club" 100 per cent lost 20 pounds, and over 50 per cent lost from 50 to 100 pounds! I lost 25 pounds, which I wouldn't have minded if I hadn't been so hungry and sick inside.

Over 30 per cent of the camp developed beriberi, scurvy, pellagra, or other vitamin-deficiency diseases. Things became so bad that the following plea, with additional clauses, was sent on March 13 to the Japanese headquarters:

We are asked to transmit for your information and kind consideration the following resolutions passed by the elected representatives of the three committees:

RESOLVED: The representatives are requested to seek Mr. K. L. Cheng's good offices in the matter of obtaining foods, merchandise and articles important to the health and well-being of the Internees who already are evidencing signs of fatigue and ill-health; becoming shoeless, ragged and emaciated. In this connection the representatives are asked to seek some arrangements for bringing in of larger quantities of primary goods for diet balance, shoes and shoe repair materials, clothes, stockings and socks, milk for infants and school children who are either no longer given the former insufficient milk rations or have never received milk rations respectively. To this end the said representatives are urged to suggest to Mr. K. L. Cheng, and as promised by Mr. Miyaki to the Internees, that it would be appropriate if some Internee or several Internees could proceed to Hong Kong for the purpose of facilitating the purchase and/or acquiring of these goods, merchandise and commodities, imperative to the health and well-being of the Internees.

The said representatives are also asked to bring before Mr. K. L. Cheng the grave conditions forming within the Internment Camp whereby, through the recent diminution of rations and the already previously deficient diet, Internees are showing signs of health impairment, beriberi, scurvy, pellagra, and the general health of the communities is sinking to a grave low ebb which

will necessitate extraordinary hospitalization, invalid feeding, and perhaps may result in death, particularly to the interned child population.

This was signed for the American Communal Council by William P. Hunt, chairman, and T. B. Wilson, delegate; for the British by L. R. Nielson, chairman, and D. L. Newbigging, delegate; and for the Dutch by N. A. Bolt, chairman, and W. R. Pownall, delegate.

It was never answered, and conditions daily became worse.

Mr. Cheng, the superintendent, had quite a reputation for taking "squeeze" from things coming into camp or from individuals. I wasn't too surprised, but a bit alarmed, when he sent for me one day. He and the other Chinese heads of various parts of the camp were waiting for me. I thought he had got wind of the material I had brought in, and was going to demand a share.

Instead he said: "You had a number of cameras in Hong Kong before the war. Where are they now?"

I was glad to report they were out of my hands, for undoubtedly he would have confiscated them, and I should never have seen them again. The whole group looked much disappointed at my reply.

Not too long after this the Japanese removed Mr. Cheng from headship of the camp and put in two of their own race. The head of these thousands of prisoners was Mr. Yamashida, who had been *second barber* in the Hong Kong Hotel for twelve years, and who was reputed to hold a very high rank in the Japanese army. The other was Mr. Nakasawa, who had been a tailor's assistant in the city for five years. There are no lengths to which the Japanese are not willing to go, nor any sacrifice too great in personal life, to serve the interests of their Emperor.

Many people have asked me what we did with all our days. By the time we had finished with just the job of keeping alive, there was no energy left for anything else. Internees had to do all the work in camp, cooking, cleaning, washing, keeping the

camp in order. There were no vacuum cleaners, just hands and knees. There were no washing machines, just knuckles and hard work. Sometimes there was no soap, and usually only cold water for everything from hair to sheets and blankets.

Almost every night for half a year Walter Frese of the United States Treasury Department played the piano in the American Club for an hour, along with A. M. Fifer of the Red Cross. Internees from all the communities drifted in to listen to the music of happier days and to forget for a little our hours of Jap imprisonment. Walt was one of the most beloved men in our camp, and I am sure no one will begrudge this tribute. He worked in the office, he worked in the kitchen, and then he gave everyone joy by his playing at night. His clothes became shabby, he lost weight alarmingly, but he never once complained, and his spirit kept up those of others who were faltering.

One day our community held a display of all things made by the American internees. It was remarkable to see what ingenious things necessity turned out. One man had made a scale out of odds and ends; another wooden spoons and forks. A "schooner" bed was rigged up to keep out the malaria mosquitoes. Women braided hats out of dried reeds, wove shoes out of string. Paul Dietz devised a way of splitting the wooden soles of the clogs he made, so they wouldn't be so stiff and hard on the feet.

I was proud of my exhibit, for it included some brilliant crimson stockings I had knitted at the Kowloon Hotel, which earned me the title of "Red Socks." Then there was a blouse made from a nurse's thin veil I found, and when I finished there wasn't an inch of material left in the square yard of goods. I made bootees for the Owens baby of bits of gray and pink yarn, and a very brief pair of shorts and bra top from some curtain material. These tied at the back and the sides to keep them closed, because there were no snaps, and were quite a trick (I thought).

All these things were purely feminine enjoyment, but the

men had their pride also. In the Kowloon Hotel most had to let their beards grow because there were no razor blades to be bought, begged, or stolen. Some blades appeared in camp, and the men all learned they could sharpen these on the edges of glasses by running them round and round the edge, so most of the beards disappeared. White guard uniforms made their appearance, still bearing the prison insignia; these had been found in the apartments upon arrival.

Just previous to our departure some charity material was sent into camp, and distributed through welfare committees. It seemed mighty funny to be on the receiving end of such issues, but I took the gaily colored wash-basin, the straw mat, and a sweater of many colors with gratefulness. These sweaters had been bought to send to the South Sea Islands, I believe, for each had three startlingly vivid colors in them; mine was bright yellow, vivid blue, and purple. Others were green, red, and orange. All were strange and wonderful, and our camp suddenly looked like a peacock gone mad.

One of the strangest things I found out was that you can shine shoes by rubbing hibiscus blossoms on them, and pink ones give an especially good sheen!

Chapter XXIV

Just People

IF you can imagine someone being able to set up a hot-dog, hamburger, and ice-cream stand in Africa or the Solomons, and what a typhonic descent a group of American soldiers would make on the place, you can picture what happened when word went around camp that I had shorts, shirts, stockings, and other necessities. I was frantically busy selling them at first, and they went like the proverbial hotcakes. Here were 3,500 people, most of them with only the clothes in which they had been interned months before, now already worn, torn, and dirty, and none to be got from the Japs.

I was afraid the Jap headquarters would get wind of what I was doing, so I was glad when a storeroom was found for what stuff didn't fly away the first day. Thereafter I took "orders," and later delivered the goods, feeling like a traveling salesman. The American Community Council bought the khaki, and a committee was organized, with Dr. M. T. Rankin supervising the plans, to make all of the material into shorts. Miss Marion Dudley, who was doing welfare work in camp, canvassed the whole American Community taking orders. If a person could pay, the cost was \$1.50; if not, a pair was given to him or her, and funds were raised within our group. The sewing was all done on funny old-fashioned hand-turned sewing-machines, making noises like tractors, and taking as much effort to run.

These had been found in the Indian quarters when the internees arrived.

Since the material was precious, and time was vital, the pants were made with side openings. The men called these "sissy pants," and scoffed at them all during the time in camp, but were so glad to have anything that they did not fuss too much.

By this time most men had cut off the bottoms of their long trousers to make patches for the seats, which had worn out. They whittled clogs out of pieces of wood and strapped them on their feet so they would not have to go barefooted. Nails were found by searching the ground near shelled buildings. Girls unraveled gunny sacks, and crocheted shoes with wooden hooks, also whittled out, and cut up curtains and tablecloths they found in some apartments, to make shorts. Even the missionary women wore shorts. I'm sure they must have been embarrassed a great deal at first, but everyone was doing a lot of adjusting, and they did too.

After the American needs were filled from the material I had convoyed in under Jap eyes with such trembling, the rest of the khaki was bought by the British welfare group, and they repeated the program of shorts-making.

I managed to smuggle the money back into town to Mr. Needa on three different occasions, and breathed a sigh when the last bit went — I had handled almost \$2,500 in cash, and my responsibility in getting this material sold, and the money back into Hong Kong, had given me nightmares many nights. I took a small amount out, as Mr. Needa had told me to, to buy myself a dozen cans of extras at the canteen and to lend to those who had none.

When I first went to camp I had great pleasure in giving away some of the few things I had been able to buy, and sold the others which I had bought with my borrowed dollars to those who seemed to need them the most. It was sad to have people beg for things which I did not have, or had already sold, and to know that I could have brought in more if only I had had the cash while I was in Hong Kong. Many people had

managed to bring in a large amount of money, while others had nothing — not even a dollar or a penny. Most were generous at sharing; there were some who hoarded, as will always be true, I suppose.

On one of the first days in camp I had given Mrs. Adelaide Van de Veere, whom I had just met, a pair of red socks, which certainly paid dividends later on. I had not bought myself anything before I came, so when the seat of my slacks seemed finally about to give out, I was in a desperate state. I had got so I hated to stand next to myself in the slack suit in which I had been captured on December 23, and in desperation had washed it in cold water. Wool — cold water — and constantly worn slacks and jacket added up to a funny-looking outfit when I was finished and the dirt which had been holding the thin threads together was washed away.

It was then Bobby Van de Veere rescued me by giving me a very pretty dress. It seemed strange to don a skirt once more. Betty Thompson also gave me one, which made my wardrobe seem as extensive as a Hollywood star's. Two dresses in my possession, after four months of none! Bobby not only donated the dress, but as she was a clever saleslady, appointed herself to my "staff" and helped a great deal in selling my stores. She also gave me some jam on rice cakes sometimes, and that was caviar and champagne at a time like this.

It was extraordinary what some of the women were able to do with the rice. Some put it in the oven, dried and browned it, thus making a sort of popcorn, although unpopped. Others ground it down with stones, made flour, added water and a bit of sugar when they could get it, and made a cake. Rice pancakes were another thought, and once someone was lucky enough to get some sweet chocolate, which we melted down, mixed with the rice, and allowed to semi-harden; it really was delicious. We found that water substituted for milk worked out all right, and that the pits inside prunes held an inner center which was good.

The continuous rice diets brought many comments, damna-

tions, and continuous hatred of the Japs. However, there was one angle that was amusing. As I said before, life resolves itself into fundamentals in concentration camp, and discussions are very frank. Several times I overheard men talking about the effects of the rations on their normal likes and desires. There were a number of pretty young girls in camp, many of them wearing the briefest of shorts and bras, but sex did not seem to rear its ugly head. This bothered most of the men, and after deep sessions over it, they would always end by saying: "Well, I was worried about myself, wondering if the war had affected me. But if it's the same with you, it must be the rice diet."

The rice diet!

It was the theme song of the camp, and the nightmare of every person there. After months of it my stomach finally rebelled and wouldn't take more. My mouth developed small ulcers, and then I was in a fix, since there was hardly anything else to eat. Dr. Gourdin gave me an order which allowed me to buy some things at the canteen, and they were a lifesaver.

This international canteen was started by the Americans. At first the British did not want to join, but then saw its wisdom and helped establish it financially, as did the Dutch. The plan was to buy — or have the Japanese buy, of course — provisions in Hong Kong, to sell to the communities to supplement the starvation rations. You would have thought the Japanese would have been delighted to make money out of the camp, but they did not feel that way. They just wanted to keep us on rice and stew.

So it was very seldom they would send anything out from Hong Kong, saying there were no trucks in which to bring things, and it was too expensive. Gas was \$4.50 a gallon, so there was something in that! Besides, they added, there was nothing to send anyway.

The result was that the canteen opened about once every five weeks, and then with only enough to last three hours, for 3,500 people. The prices were exorbitant, and exchange for large-sized bills extreme — usually \$68 for \$100 — \$27 for \$50

— and most internees had only a very small amount of cash, and no more coming in, of course. Yet the prisoners were so hungry for even a few extras that a line would form at five in the morning for the opening at one thirty in the afternoon, and the sun had become blistering hot these days. One Jap officer admitted: "I would not have believed it if I had not seen it with my own eyes." Old men and women, far over the age to be interned according to any standards of international warfare, and children, held their places with the weakened adults.

A plan was finally worked out by the community councils whereby only so many cards were issued to each building. Each person who drew a lucky number on the floor could buy for four people, with only one item from each food group. The most you could buy would amount to a can of beef or mutton; a can of fruit salad or jam; a can of coffee, at \$2 per pound, tea, or chocolate; a pound of chocolate candy; soap, toilet paper, thread; butter, at \$3.50 a pound. That was not the exact list, but approximates it. Probably you would not get into the canteen again for several months, so the addition to your diet was infinitesimal.

The Japs were begged time and time again to bring out more provisions, but they never acceded. When complaints went in to gendarmerie headquarters in Hong Kong about the meagerness of our diet, the gendarmes would say: "That's more than our fighting soldiers are getting. Let them live on it." This was true, because a Jap soldier can virtually exist for weeks on rice, which makes a tremendous problem for us to meet in actual fighting. The Japs would never admit, of course, that our standards of living were higher than theirs, and that we required more to eat also because of our larger stature. Most Japanese gain two inches when they eat our food in America, and in Japan before the war, attempts were being made to make the nation taller and stronger by better food.

Early in internment the British police discovered there was a godown of food within the camp radius. The Japs were re-

moving the food, but one building hadn't been touched. Each night the police would crawl down there and bring back supplies, some of which they sold, some of which they gave away to friends. One gave me a tin of cheese one day in exchange for something I had done for him, for which I was deeply appreciative. (In fact, this was the sergeant who had tried to get me to move out of Hong Kong before the war!)

"We police have been damned in camp for 'stealing' out of this godown," he said, "but I'll bet not a single person would refuse a tin if we offered it to him, no matter what he's said before. We think it's sabotage, not stealing, under circumstances like this, and if we weren't starved, we wouldn't do it." The Japs caught the men finally, punished them, and put up additional barbed wire around the godown.

There were several attempts at escape from camp, an almost impossible feat because of the barbed-wire barricades and the armed guards. In one night, however, two parties got away, which included Julius Epstein and B. J. O'Neill, Americans. Another included Gwen Priestwood, a very pretty British girl, now in the United States, and a tall blonde charming girl, Elsie Cholmeley. Also in one of the parties this night was the police officer, Thompson, who had interviewed me when I was taken to headquarters during the war, for taking pictures of the peace mission.

Each time there was an escape, more rules were laid down for the camp. Everyone had to be in his own building by eight p.m., and a roll call was taken at ten p.m. Lights had to be out at eleven, and when people were careless, shots were taken at them. No one could leave his quarters until eight in the morning.

Three police who escaped were captured and brought back to the jail within the camp, in horrible condition. They showed marks of bayonets and starvation, and one was almost dead. The Japs finally allowed a British doctor and nurse to go to him, and it was thought when we left camp that he would pull through.

Another dangerous task which several American men internees undertook, owing to necessity, was to crawl over the barbed wire to the shore to get sea water. They brought it back to the kitchen to boil, so the American group would have salt, which we needed so much, in our very bad rice. The Japs had promised salt — but what are promises to Japs?

We were a queer group, because we were a small international village with every type of person, from every walk of life, all living in slum conditions or worse. There were all the English government officials, with the exception of the Governor-General, Sir Mark Young; no one knew what had happened to him. He had gone to the Japanese High Command at the time of surrender, and later was rumored to be held prisoner in the Peninsula Hotel. (In November 1942 the Japs announced he was a prisoner on the island of Formosa, along with Lieutenant-General J. M. Wainwright, commander in the Philippines, Governor Thomas, of Malaya, and Lieutenant-General A. E. Percival, commander in Malaya.)

There were all Sir Mark's staff members, and minor government officials. There were business executives from shipping lines, stores, export companies; brokers; attorneys, doctors, dentists. There were policemen, clerks, retired colonials, teachers.

At the top, socially, was Sir Arthur Blackburn and his wife, Lady Blackburn. Perhaps you will recall that the Japs bombed the British Embassy in Chungking before England and America were in the war, and one of the officials was injured. That was Sir Arthur; his face was badly hurt. He had come to Hong Kong for treatment, and was not only caught in the war, but injured again. He and his wife lived in a room with eight other people, including a number of children; most of them slept on the floor.

The Japs never allowed Sir Arthur to go into Hong Kong for treatment, although he needed it badly, except one day in half a year. According to international law, he should have been granted diplomatic immunity and not even held in camp.

Certainly according to all rules of humanity he should have been given proper medical treatment.

There were interesting people, dull ones, and gay ones. There were unimaginative ones and adventurers. There was "One-Armed Sutton," whose amazing history in China is a saga. He has made and lost several fortunes — a big fine-looking man, who made headlines once by catching a hand-grenade thrown at him and tossing it back in time to explode on the enemy. But he finally lost an arm when he didn't throw quickly enough!

There was Dorothy Jenner, an energetic newspaper woman representing the Associated Newspapers of Australia on a marvelous round-the-world assignment. Caught in passing, she was as restless as a caged eagle. There was pretty Bea Whitham from my home state, with small Jonathan, born just before the war, whose British father was held in military prison camp, after seeing his son just once. There were attractive Esther Grant, whose husband was also held in another camp; Joan and Mary Smalley, clever sisters; generous Anne Clinton, manager of the famous Yellow Lantern shop, related to Brigadier-General Denig, head of the Public Relations of the United States Marines. And kind James Whyte, whose daughter is in the British Embassy in Washington — Mrs. J. T. Locke. There were many I knew and liked in the kaleidoscope of the camp.

There was a small building used as a hospital, and here all the doctors except one, and the nurses, worked on a voluntary basis. There was little or no medicine, and the Japs would never allow any to come into Stanley. A small amount was smuggled in by the American truck-drivers, and some was left from the days of fighting. At times a large number of people were extremely ill with dysentery, and the staff worked day and night. There were some deaths, and a number of births.

One death in particular made me feel very sad — that of a Mr. Simmons, who had been on the long trek from Repulse Bay, at the Kowloon Hotel, and then in camp, so he seemed

like part of my whole Hong Kong experience. He would sit on a hillside in camp, looking across the bay at his fine home on the opposite hill, which he had built to enjoy in his old age and to share with his family. One morning he got up, looked out of the window, sat back on the cot, and died. I think he died of a broken heart.

The American community was particularly proud of one couple. While many of the parents-to-be spent much time in worrying and complaining, these two, Allison and Reginald Owens, made the best of a bad situation. They had been assigned a small kitchen in which to live, with an entrance room three yards wide. They converted the kitchen into an attractive bedroom, and the wee little room into a cunning nursery. Reg was capable with tools, and he made a crib, a small wardrobe, a clothes-holder complete with tiny hangers, and a nursery bed, out of all sorts of odds and ends. They pasted baby pictures from old magazines on the wall, with paste made from rice kernels. Curtains were made from scraps of material; and everyone gave odds and ends of cloth to make the baby's clothes, or knitted socks and jackets from bits of yarn, or raveled out old sweaters.

It was fortunate that Reg had been a representative for a large American drug firm, Parke, Davis & Co., for when the two came to camp, they sacrificed all clothes and personal things to bring along a bagful of all sorts of vitamins to keep Allison healthy, and so feed the baby.

But the thing which we all enjoyed most was the spirit in which the couple accepted living under such conditions, eating such food, having nothing with which to work, and yet keeping happy and smiling. Allison was a very pretty girl, Australian by birth. She kept lovely-looking up until the day she walked to the little hospital by the sea, and was just as charming when she returned. We were all delighted at the arrival of Madeleine Jeannette. When I think of pampered mothers at home, and then of what this one went through with

always a smile and never a grumble, I feel there should be crosses of honor for women in war also.

One of the most dramatic stories I heard about the entire siege also had to do with a baby being born into our warring world. In Stanley was a nurse I knew and liked very much, Margaret Morgan, who had worked at one of the large British hospitals.

It happened the December night when the Japs were making their first landing on the island. The British ordered a complete black-out, with full martial law, and any single exposed light was to be shot out. So in the vast hospital there was only one tiny little blue light in the heart of the building. There were many injured soldiers, British and Canadian, and agony rode through the wards. In one ward were five women, one of them an expectant Portuguese mother of twenty-eight, awaiting the birth of her first child. About midnight the baby decided to arrive prematurely, and things began to happen. It was impossible to move the mother to the operating-room, and there was only a small bag of instruments at hand. That had to do, however, as well as the cot bed on which the mother was resting.

Thus it was that Margaret and the other nurse began to deliver the baby in absolute blackness, choosing the correct instruments entirely by sense of feeling. The other women in the ward offered words of encouragement. When the baby was nearly born the mother asked: "Is my baby a boy or a girl?"

In the darkness the nurse felt the baby, and reported a boy.

"I'm happy," the mother said. After a few minutes she said: "How much does my son weigh?"

Margaret picked up the child and hefted it in her arms. "I think about seven pounds," she replied.

But what made the story most vivid and painful in my mind was the remark made by one of the nurses in the course of the delivery:

"Shall we move the bed up to the window, so we can see now and then by the gun flashes? "

Thus it is that life goes on even in the midst of war. Bravery lives in the hearts of women as well as men when a land and people are battling for the things which are right.

Dr. Harry Talbot, a Britisher, set up the first medical clinic in camp, an American one because he got the approval and help of the American community first, and because he had visited in the United States and worked with the American Bureau for Medical Aid to China. He had caused quite an uproar before the war with a very frank speech in which he told the Chinese of Hong Kong they were not helping their own people as they should. In the city, he said, were several hundred millionaires hiding behind British skirts, who should get busy for their own country. There was a great deal of poverty in Hong Kong among the Chinese, and he felt they should help there as well as in Free China.

Dr. Allston Gourdin, an American, was another who gave almost his entire time to keeping the Americans as well as possible. There were always dysentery, malnutrition, cuts, burns, boils, and other sicknesses with which to deal, as well as the attendant ills of our almost purely starch diet. The clinics were open each day, and there was no charge, of course.

During my time in camp, I had dysentery, dengue fever, and malnutrition, as well as a swollen ankle from a black spider bite, and that's enough for a while.

I was almost bitten one day by a deadly poisonous bamboo snake, for whose bite there is no antidote. Captain Thomas and I were working in the yard when he suddenly said: "Go inside at once." As I turned back from the doorway, I saw a snake crawling across the place where I had been raking. I ran for a shovel, and Cappy stabbed the snake with it over the head. The snake kept striking countless times. When it was finally dead, I examined it—a dangerously beautiful thing of soft yellow and green, like new bamboo shoots, and a foot and a half long. In China there is a belief that if a person saves your

life, he is responsible for it as long as you live, so Cappy is my guardian now!

During all my life it has been my mental task to fill my memories with thoughts of gay and intelligent people, fascinating places, unusual sights and sounds and smells, exciting adventures, and vivid and vital seconds and minutes, days and nights. Even in the midst of my Hong Kong life I added memories of many people who were true under test and brave under fire, which will always be colored with gold in my book of life.

But on days when things seemed too hard to stand another minute, and when knowledge of some of the people who were weak and vicious under trial became overburdening, I would go to my favorite cliff top. There I would sit with my back against the gray weathered stone which had stood guard for centuries, my feet hanging out over blue space, with only the sea in front of me — the sea that led to all the oceans of the world. Then I would voyage away from that camp where I was a prisoner of the Japs and be again with the people I love, in the places that are covered with star-dust and glory in my most precious memories. . . . Mexican mountains . . . Shanghai Sundays . . . Embassy gardens . . . English lanes . . . Paris nights. . . .

Chapter XXV

Concentrated Life

PECULIAR are the minds of our enemies, and strange are their ways. Just as you can't understand why a skunk finds it necessary to offend the clean country air, you could never figure out why the Japs felt impelled to torture helpless civilian prisoners long after they had obtained their military objective, were victors rich with spoils, and had us all completely at their mercy.

There was in Japan a creed called bushido, which the world had been informed was a great and wonderful theory of love and kindness to all mankind. I asked a Jap once how he reconciled that with the treatment of the prisoners in Hong Kong, and he replied: "Oh, that doesn't apply to our enemies!" Naturally one is good to one's friends, and I couldn't quite figure out what good a credo was that excused you from being at least humanly decent to your enemies. At the height of a war, with lust and bloody death filling the air, cruelty becomes more understandable, but there should be no place for it in the victors' treatment of captives, particularly civilians.

When I say "torture," I do not necessarily mean physical mistreatment, for I think that mental torture can be even worse at times. Apparently the Japs thought so too, for they loved to inflict their arrogant and sadistic will on the prisoners.

One day a group of fourteen internees were waiting at the Jap headquarters on top of the hill to receive the day's rations

to wheel back down into camp. This spot overlooked all of Stanley, and so naturally the jail came in the line of vision. No one was looking at it, however, because we didn't like to gaze at that place of imprisonment.

A Japanese officer and three gendarmes rode up to the group, and the officer barked an order like a chow dog. The slouchy soldiers with the baggy pants went up to the Englishmen and Americans and began hitting them in the face. No one knew what they had done wrong, as they had come to the hilltop at Jap orders and were merely standing in line there.

Some time later our community councils were able to find that the sin had been that some of the "enemies" had been looking down at the jail, and that was forbidden. Why? Because, as I have said before, no one is allowed to look down on a Jap soldier, since he is a representative of the Emperor, and thus one is looking down on the Emperor, the God of Japan. Apparently there had been some Jap soldiers in the jail yard, and the internees were accused of looking at them. Of course we would have been glad never again in our lives to see a Jap soldier, so no one was spending any time gazing at them when he didn't have to, that was sure. Shortly afterwards the Japs posted an order forbidding us "To a walking going for a looking down upon the jail."

Mr. W. G. M. Wilson, the Canadian, and two friends were walking back to their quarters one evening when some Jap soldiers just outside the barbed-wire barricade motioned them to the fence. The Japs then stuck broomsticks in their hands and ordered the men to hold them above their heads. Whenever the prisoners' arms would tire and start to sag, bayonets would jab into them, and the guns would click as though they were being made ready to fire. The group was forced to stand this way for two hours. You try holding your arms above your head that long!

Time after time this streak of sadism came out in the Japanese character. We have been deceived by the thin veneer of civilization which has glossed over the Jap character for the

last fifty years, and have forgotten how near they are to medieval history within their country. When one tries to think of one great contribution Japanese brains have given to the world in music, art, literature, science, or modern inventions, there is not one to be called. They have been expert copyists, but never creators.

Sleeping in one of the tiny servants' rooms in the American building were Frances (Mrs. Eric) Baynes and Margaret Walden. One night they were awakened by a drunken Japanese gendarme who had entered their room and was leaning over them. One slept on the floor, the other on a low cot. Frances was so petrified she could not make a noise, but Margaret managed to let forth a great yell, which brought help from near-by rooms and the patrol which the Americans had established. The soldier had a gun which he had drawn, but he was too drunk to concentrate on it. Naturally it was dangerous to order him away, for he was in command of the situation, and his fellow soldiers were in charge of the camp, but it was managed.

Several times soldiers tried to enter rooms where women were alone. It became so bad that the Japanese in command finally removed the group of gendarmes living inside the camp and replaced them mostly with Indian guards.

One day orders were issued that everyone must go at once to St. Stephen's College. It was a cold rainy day, and almost no one had any kind of protection. This building, where the hideous bayoneting, raping, and killing had taken place on Christmas Day, was half a mile from the American quarters.

Then the orders were changed, and everyone was forced to march to the grounds near the prison. The groups were divided into nationalities, and then the men were separated from the women. The women and children were made to walk in files of four toward the prison, where they were searched, then told to walk back to St. Stephen's, now far away. It was raining with heavy force, and many were sick. Several fainted away.

Some American men finally marched to headquarters, against orders, to demand that the women be allowed to gather under shelter. The entire group of male internees were also searched by Jap soldiers and Indian guards. Apparently the search was made for arms, but the day was chosen for its disagreeableness. When the internees returned to their rooms they found everything pulled apart, dropped on the floor, some things torn and some stolen.

John Luke, an English newspaperman, was slapped because he did not salute a Jap officer whom he had not seen. Orders were issued that we must bow to every Jap, hats must be removed, and officers saluted.

I saw an Indian knock down an aged British doctor who did not understand his order that a road was temporarily closed. A number of times Indian guards kicked women, or hit them with guns. At night they often traded shots around the camp, and that someone wasn't killed by stray bullets was a miracle.

Often a group of "visiting firemen," Japanese naval or military officers of high rank, would visit camp. Then the main roads were closed, and people were ordered to stay in their quarters. At other times officers would come with small bags of candy for the children, and naturally the hungry youngsters would follow along to get a bit of sweet, which they had not had in months. Always there would also be a photographer along to take pictures of the Japs being so good to the internees, to use as propaganda films.

On March 30, a day of torrential rain, twelve of us were called to headquarters. This was always a precarious moment, for you couldn't tell when you had unintentionally broken a rule. I had nothing but a few bits of very torn raincoat and no rubbers, and so was dripping wet when we arrived at headquarters, as were the others.

Included in the group were the four other newspaper people in camp, Vaughn Meisling of Associated Press, George Baxter and Richard Wilson of United Press, and Joseph W. Alsop, Jr., writer for a syndicate, on special government as-

signment with Brigadier-General Chennault, in an administrative advisory capacity, caught in Hong Kong en route. There were also three Red Cross representatives, Hollis Gale, William Johnson, and A. M. Fifer; Walter Frese and William Taylor of the Treasury Department; and Colonel Doughty, a Canadian official who had done extraordinary work as Food Control Chief during the war. (Eventually added to this preferential group were the shipping men: T. B. Wilson, Captain W. H. Thomas, H. M. Rowland, Fay Booth, E. R. Hearther, W. F. Arndt, and Jimmy Clague; and Stanley Healey, J. H. Middlecoat, and Paul McLans, Canadians.)

After waiting a little while, a Japanese officer by the name of Ota, head of the Department of Foreign Affairs, arrived.

"I have good news for you," he stated without preamble. "An exchange has been arranged between your government and mine, and you are to be sent home."

Well!

Has anyone ever given you a million dollars all at once? That's approximately the feeling we all had, I'm sure. It seemed too good to be true, and yet we knew it was. We had heard rumors of such plans, and Mr. Ogura had told me of them in February. But plans might take years to complete, and some pessimists remembered that it took eighteen months *after* the last war to repatriate Americans.

"You will leave almost any time, and must be in Shanghai by April 20, when the ship will leave for America," Mr. Ota continued. "You will be segregated so you can be picked up in a hurry."

When we were dismissed, I flew down the hill on wings. I was sure it was not raining rain, for to me the sky was now full of gardenias and orchids.

From that day on we lived from moment to moment, expecting to be off at any second. For a week I barely left my room for fear I would miss the truck. Actually, it was three full months before we left, and the days became much longer, and the hours much heavier to bear.

We were never informed that plans had been changed, and our lives were disrupted by the Japs' funny ideas about the way to do things. Immediately after the meeting our group was ordered to move into the same place, so we could be found in a hurry. People were moved out of two rooms so the eleven could move in, and there was much confusion. I was ordered out of my half of the tiny spot where I had been existing, and then found myself without anything at all, because of an amusing situation.

One of the missionaries on the billeting committee said: "Miss Dew can't live in a room with those ten men. We'll have to make other arrangements." This was funny to me, for I had been assigned to rooms with men since December 20, and under war conditions everyone becomes merely a human being, not a man or woman, and there is no false modesty. As a woman you're glad to have a man's protection against the Japs, and as an individual you are just thankful to have any spot in which to lay your weary self when night comes; you don't care where it is.

By the time the billeting committee had decided I mustn't be placed with the ten men, my original room had been assigned to someone else and I found myself out on the porch — not with the safety in numbers of the ten, but with one man who was already sleeping there and had no other place to go!

Occupying the same floor were the Maryknoll fathers, a group of thirty-two priests, who had made themselves as comfortable as possible in a large apartment across the front of the building, of which our section was the servants' quarters. These fathers had managed to bring in some stores from their mission buildings, which we could see on the opposite hill, and they concocted all sorts of special dishes.

They particularly seemed to miss cigarettes; lack of them was a real hardship on many in camp. Once in a while the Japs would issue some terrible Chinese or Japanese cigarettes, made out of goodness knows what, but their names were "Horses,"

"Dogs," and "Pirates," so you can guess too. Whenever American cigarettes were available, they were from a dollar and a half to two dollars a pack, and men paid that gladly when they could get them. Everyone smoked down to the last quarter-inch, and saved the butts.

The fathers collected many of these remains and mixed them with pine needles and tea leaves. We called these the "Padres Special." Any and all kinds of paper were used as covering, and it was extremely hard to find any extra scraps to use.

I spent almost all my hours sitting on the porch waiting for the truck which didn't come to arrive, and as the fathers went back and forth up and down the stairs, I became acquainted with them, and we had many long talks. They had to shave in a window which overlooked my cot, and as I didn't get up at dawn, often I'd still be resting while they were shaving. War certainly does juggle up lives, and it is remarkable how most people adjust themselves to strange situations. These fathers were a fine lot, and I enjoyed knowing them. Among them was Father Quinn, who had recently come from the interior and had many interesting stories to tell. Father Troesch, who was in charge of their kitchen, often slipped me extra bits which were exceedingly welcome.

After a few weeks of this arrangement, the Japs decided to make another — my fourteenth move since the war began. The truck came, all right, but it only took us on a short ride instead of to the hoped-for boat. We were taken out of the bounds of the camp to a house near one of the gates. This had been the master's house of a Chinese boys' school, which was divided in two wings. It was on a high hilltop, and in front the ground dropped away steeply to the shore, which was hemmed with barbed wire.

We found the place filled with dirt and debris, and spent a hard day cleaning it. All of the electric fixtures had been ripped out, and the gutters outside the house were filled with garbage.

Hand-to-hand fighting had gone on in the house, and there

were many gaps, most of them now filled with sandbags, but the broken windows always let in rivers of rain. The toilet in our wing had been blasted out, so there was only a Chinese toilet in the back, which did not have a window at first, but the men hung a gunny sack over the door, so there was some privacy. (They also put up a yellow ribbon they found, which read "Second Prize Horse Show.")

There was not a single piece of furniture in the house, no electric lights, no place to cook. When we had been told we were going home, I had sold my cot in order to have some money on the boat, so I was now without any cot and went back to sleeping on the floor. This wasn't bad, except that the place was infested with cockroaches, scorpions, centipedes, and black spiders. The Stanley cockroaches were of the flying variety, and absolutely the biggest I've ever seen in my life — many three inches long, and dirty enough looking to make one nauseated.

I had a fine big room on the first floor, if one didn't mind the broken windows and walls, the bare floors, no privacy, the bugs, and the lack of a stick of furniture. But I did have a grand roommate, Captain W. H. Thomas, in his sixties, the saving feature of the whole situation. It was decided it was not very safe for me to have a room by myself, as the house was only a few feet from the road which led from the fort, which the Japs now occupied, to the village of Stanley, where they went for drinks and relaxation. We could often hear them singing and stumbling along through the night. There had been too many cases of these gendarmes trying to enter women's rooms to make it a cheerful thought for me to be alone in this isolated spot. So Cappy volunteered to make things safe for me, for which he earned my eternal gratitude.

I was pleased not only from that angle; Cappy had such a fund of stories that I was continually amused and educated. He had sailed the seven seas, served on ships in the last war, worked for old Robert Dollar in the heyday of the Dollar Line, and been with the American President Line as port of-

ficer previous to the war. He had snow-white hair, a sense of humor, and a rare quality of kindness and understanding that carried me happily through the next few tough months.

Each night we'd come back from camp, where we had to eat, and start killing cockroaches before settling down to reading. I'd locate them, and Cappy would annihilate them with a great scrunch. We were disappointed if our score wasn't at least eighteen, for that meant we'd skipped some, and they would be sure to crawl into our beds and over our faces during the night.

Then I'd prop myself up against the wall on the floor (the lights were repaired after many days of no illumination), and Cappy would crawl into his pallet on the floor, and we'd read until eleven, when lights had to go out.

The Japs would not fix the kitchens in our house, so we had to walk twice daily into the camp, a distance which amounted to about two miles, at a time when we were so weakened by lack of food that it was hard to walk a block. Part of the road was hilly, part rocky, and by now the days were either of typhoon rain or of glaring sun-filled hours. We didn't have umbrellas or rubbers, or hats or sunshades, so we arrived at our destinations either soaked or roasted.

I was saved from having to walk back and forth two times each day by Mrs. Rosalie Lewis, who realized what a hard jaunt this was so often. Daily I'd take my tin can to Rosalie's corner, and we'd eat on her cot, sharing what extras we might have gathered. To be saved from that long trek back and forth was virtually a lifesaver.

Rosalie was nearly sixty, but didn't look it. She had lived in Hong Kong thirty years, and felt the loss of her personal things, but most of all she worried about a little girl she had taken care of since the child was one. Now the girl was in the care of a French convent in town. Rosalie tried to get her into camp, but the Japs wouldn't allow that, and so Rosalie made all arrangements for her care until peace comes.

During all the ensuing months we in the special group were

allowed to go into camp, but no one was allowed to come to our house. Jap reasoning belongs in a world all its own.

Across the gully from us, members of the American Consulate were held incommunicado in a boys' school, and we were punished if we even waved to them!

One morning word came from there which was particularly shocking to me. Russell Engdahl, a member of the Consulate in Shanghai, had fallen the night before, hit his head, suffered a concussion, and was dead before a doctor arrived. Mrs. Engdahl belonged to the same sorority as I in college, and I had seen Russ many times in Shanghai.

The Japs issued orders that no one from camp could go to the funeral except the chairman of our community, Albert Bourne, Jr., Franklin C. Gimson, the secretary of the colonial government previous to the war, and several priests. I went to the headquarters, explained I had known Mr. Engdahl, and asked for special permission to go to the funeral. It was granted. Brief services were held in the temporary Consulate amid a silent, stunned group. The next day the body was taken to the cemetery for a brief service and was put in the slowly growing line of new graves that had been dug since the beginning of internment.

Several weeks later a special service was allowed, with full Catholic rites. The Right Reverend Bishop O'Gara officiated, and a dozen friends from camp were permitted to attend. It was a sunny quiet day in the little cemetery, with its weathered century-old stones, opened when the British first came to the island, marking the years and the deaths of the men who defended the fort. Above the new graves only bare wooden crosses stood guard over the doctors and nurses whom the Japs had murdered, who now rested in this sanctuary on a high hill overlooking the sea.

Pine trees whispered near the gray wall, and hibiscus bushes marched up the walks to add beauty with their blossoms. The world and war were far away, and we were there to honor a dead friend who had "only passed on before," far from home

and family. I put a handful of blossoms on the grave, with my sorority pin fastened in their hearts in thought of Mrs. Engdahl, who was waiting in far-away America.

So now there was another cross in the little cemetery, to mark the eternal resting-place of an American who had remained at his post in the Far East to serve his countrymen at home.

Chapter XXVI

Human Nature in the Raw

I WOKE up one night with a startled feeling that someone was moving in the room. Then I could see a man kneeling at the head of Cappy's sleeping-place on the floor, and I could discern the shadow of a bayonet. I nearly swallowed my heart, which suddenly had become located in my mouth.

Then I heard a voice: "Cigarettes, master? Want buy cigarettes?"

Some crazy Chinese guard had smuggled in a few packages of cigarettes, and was going from person to person in our house, at two a.m., to ask if they wanted to buy. Poor devil — I suppose he needed the few extra dollars, but I wish he hadn't scared us all into jitters to get them. Several days later the Japanese beheaded three guards whom they found doing the same thing!

That wasn't half so disconcerting, however, as the arrival of a tiger in our camp. There had never been one on the island of Victoria before, but suddenly there was a pair. The Chinese said this presaged good luck, and we hoped the luck would be ours.

They first appeared in near-by Stanley one morning, and the guard who discovered them nearly had apoplexy, and

probably wondered where he had been the night before. He called a soldier to check his eyesight. The soldier came with a rifle, verified the sight, and killed one tiger. It weighed 275 pounds, which is a bit of an animal to meet unexpectedly on a dark night. Its mate had been sighted, but was not caught. Then it turned up in our camp, digging in garbage piles at night, skulking through the gardens, and leaving spoor here and there.

The Japanese organized a hunt one day, sending truckloads of dark-skinned, brilliantly-turbaned Sikhs into camp with long rifles. As they climbed single-file up the peaks near the fort, it looked like a scene from a tiger-hunt in Bengal, or Hollywood, and I'm sure the Indians were delighted with the diversion.

The next night we were awakened with enough shots to kill a regiment. It was bright moonlight, and from my window I could see the silhouette of an Indian guard in front of the Consulate building, aiming his rifle down at the beach, where he thought he had seen the lurking beast. If the tiger was as frightened by the shots as I was, perhaps she died of heart failure. She was never found, although the hunt went on for a week, and each night the animal was reported in a different place. She stuck her head into one of the bungalows and practically petrified the occupants. I warned Cappy that I expected him to catch the beast for my private collection of Stanley trophies, and I was never sure when I saw a shadow at the window at night that the huge thing hadn't decided to investigate our quarters. We were used to all sorts of queer things by this time.

One morning I woke up with a badly swollen ankle, with an angry red spot in the middle of it. A miserable black spider had bitten me, and for a number of days I kept wondering whether the little beast was a black widow or just a spider with a slightly poisonous nip. Apparently I was popular with the minor-sized animals in camp, for next a malaria mosquito bit me, leaving fever in my blood.

Suddenly word again came from headquarters ordering us

to the hilltop. I was lying on the cot in the doorway, feeling miserable with dengue fever, during which you shiver, shake, and freeze — then sweat, roast, and swear. I thought it might be important news about our home-going, as only the newspaper people were called, so I climbed into some clothes and wobbled along.

At headquarters was the one Japanese who had tried consistently to be decent to me, the Domei newspaper representative, Mr. Ogura. With him were a number of other Jap newspapermen, most of whom spoke little or no English.

"Since you are going home soon," Mr. Ogura said, "we thought it would be nice if the newspaper people could meet together as such, and not as enemies. It will be our job after the war to interpret our countries to each other, and we hope we will meet again then."

He added something which might have been propaganda, but which I felt he himself, at least, thought was true: "Japan is at war with America, but the Japanese are not at war with the Americans." (Of course this feeling will inevitably change as our planes bomb Japan, and our navy, marines and army close in and ultimately defeat Nippon.) "While this is just a friendly visit, there are probably some questions we'd like to ask one another," Mr. Ogura continued, turning to the Jap reporters. They replied with such queries as: "How long will the war last?" "What do you think of Russia?" "Will Russia declare war on Japan?"

Most of these questions were addressed to a reporter who had spent a good deal of time with the puppet Chinese and Jap heads of the camp. Mr. Meisling, who sat next to me, and I were glad not to be questioned, because we did not want to be quoted in the Jap press. Then came some questions in which I was personally interested.

"Are the Americans well fed in camp?" the reporter was asked.

"They have plenty to eat," he replied.

Although I knew it was better to keep still, my feminine

tongue wouldn't be quiet. "I don't think so," I interrupted. "I think there are many hungry people."

"They can get packages from town," he said. (During our last weeks, the Japanese allowed people in Hong Kong to send in packages once a week, containing not more than five items.)

"Lots of people don't have friends there, and many in town have no money to buy," I went on.

"Well, there's the canteen."

"It is open every four or five weeks, for people who have money," I insisted. "Only a hundred out of thirty-five hundred can buy, and many haven't a penny to spend." I turned to Mr. Ogura. "I say this to you, Mr. Ogura, because I want you to know how I feel about the food the Americans are getting, even though I've been criticized because I won't let people say anything against you personally, when I tell them how nice you have been to me."

My anxiety to get this matter straight in the Japanese newspapermen's minds before we left, lay particularly in the inference they could draw that since the Americans were well fed, so were the three thousand British and Dutch people we were leaving behind us, for we were all getting the same rations.

I later saw in both the Hong Kong and the Shanghai papers the dispatch which Domei made of Reporter X's statements:

"A — dispatch from Chungking, quoting first-hand information, frankly reveals that favourable conditions exist in Hong Kong, with the British and American prisoners receiving sufficient food and clothing. Prisoners are receiving packages of food and other supplies, including clothing, from outside, a special privilege permitted by Stanley Camp authorities."

Later in the interview Mr. Ogura asked: "Perhaps you people have some questions too?"

"I've got one," I couldn't resist the opportunity to say.

"What is it?"

"As you said, when we newspaper people get home, we are going to have to interpret what we've seen and heard while in

the Far East. One thing we will be asked is: 'Were Kurusu and Nomuru in the White House when Pearl Harbor was bombed, and if so, why?' "

There was a startled look on Mr. Ogura's face, but before he could speak, Reporter X interrupted: "Mr. Ogura can't answer that. He'd lose his job if he did." I knew that full well, but I wanted the question on record.

"However, that is what we shall be asked," I replied, "so let's let Mr. Ogura decide."

"Yes, that's right," the Domei man said. "What was the question again?"

I repeated it. He translated it to the other Japanese, who looked at me, not in anger, as might have been expected, but with the interest I believe all sincere newspaper reporters feel in a straight question, no matter if it is from the side opposed to their views. There was a bit of silence, which I felt needn't be stretched to a breaking-point. I was fully aware there was no answer a Jap could give to that question at the moment — in fact, at any time in future history, for it is written in bloody and shameful answers at Pearl Harbor. But I wished these Jap reporters to realize the way Americans felt about what their country had done to the world, and why we would fight them to the death.

"All right, Mr. Ogura," I said. "You try to get the answer for me from military headquarters. Don't hold the question against anyone here, Mr. X or anyone else. Just chalk it up against me, and when you get the answer, give it to me. Women always ask embarrassing questions, you know!" I ended, trying to ease the tension.

Everything went on as before, and it really was an interesting gathering under the circumstances: newspaper people trying to interpret things in the broad view, enemies according to international circumstances, but meeting together before being separated by oceans and war-time conditions.

There had been several bottles of Scotch on the table, and tins of cigarettes, and although the Japs didn't drink, they had

brought what they thought the American correspondents would like. As we left they handed a bottle to each guest, and a tin of cigarettes. Of course these were things that 99 $\frac{9}{10}$ per cent of people in camp hadn't had for many months, and I knew there were some in our house who would enjoy having a little peace-time pleasure, so I was delighted with my offering from the Japanese. We all bowed and expressed the hope we would meet again after the war.

The following experience is purely personal, but it was such a startling disclosure of human nature that it amazed me, as it did all who heard of it. Reporter X had not upheld the code of honor of a reporter: to stand for your fellows at any cost. But his part in the "Case of the Stolen Scotch" was doubly revealing.

As we started down the hill, he offered to carry my bottle for me, and I was impressed with the fact that he wasn't angry with me for disagreeing with him at the meeting. On the way we saw several people from our house. "Come in tonight; I've got a treat for you from the Japs," I called. I went directly to my room and gave Cappy the tin of cigarettes, for although he didn't smoke, I knew he liked to share things too. "Here's a present for you," I said, "but I've got something bigger in the other room."

I went to the wing where X lived, and asked for the Scotch. "What Scotch?" he asked.

"The bottle the Japs gave me."

"I don't know what you're talking about," he answered.

I thought he was joking, and so reminded him he had said he wouldn't drop it, referring to an incident about which we both knew. "I haven't got it," he insisted. "Maybe you gave it to someone else." When I became convinced he was in earnest, my temper blew sky-high. It doesn't let go often, but when it does, the boiling-point is but zero.

"That's the dirtiest trick I've ever known anyone to pull. It would be bad enough in peace-time, but in these circumstances it's plain rotten!"

Then X lost his temper too. "Of course I took it," he yelled. "If I hadn't, you would have sold it, not drunk it."

"If I had sold it for five thousand dollars, it wasn't your business. The Japs gave it to me to do what I wanted with. I've already invited guests for tonight, and I want what's mine."

After that it was a battle, with no quarter asked. I didn't like Reporter X, and he didn't like me. When it was over I was ashamed of having lost my temper, but there's something about someone annexing a bottle of Scotch — even if you only want it to give away — that made me mad clear to the top of my slightly auburn hair. There was a household of men listening, but when the speech-shooting began they had all gracefully retired to where they couldn't be seen, even though I knew they were listening gleefully.

Feminine reporters have to be women first of all, I suppose, so I returned to my room with tears in my eyes. I was humiliated at the scene, angry at myself — and still mad about the Scotch, I admit. Cappy said: "Forget it. It's not worth being disturbed about. It will come out all right."

No one in the house ever mentioned it until near the day of our departure, when one of the leaders in the community said: "You know, Gwen, people are seldom fooled all the time. You'll find that everyone judges *who* says a thing, not what they say about someone else. Other people's judgment is always the last word in any argument." I knew what he referred to, and was grateful for what he was saying to me. In fact, it's a good thing to remember at any time, anywhere!

Almost immediately after this several empty boxes turned up in our room, which made fine chairs and were as precious as Chippendale in camp. Then Cappy and Jimmy Clague took down a door which wasn't being used, made some legs for it, and I had a grand table. Mr. E. B. McGhee lent me an army cot also. I had been most of half a year without a bed, chair, or table, and here, within a few weeks of our departure, I acquired them all. In a garbage heap I found a chipped bowl in which I could put hibiscus each day, and no one ever felt more

pride in a Park Avenue apartment than I did in my treasures. There was a gardenia bush in the garden, and the day it produced a blossom for me was a very special one.

Each day loads of Japanese soldiers with guns went past the house on the way to the fort above. Once there were ten truckloads of big guns. A few days later we could hear the sound of anti-aircraft fire from the fort, and a few planes flew over. We had read that the Japanese were making a movie of the surrender of Hong Kong, to combine with their newsreels to make an entire feature. Now they were re-enacting the taking of Fort Stanley.

Sometimes we could see ferryloads of soldiers arriving or departing from the jetty below, always with full war equipment. In the daytime there was a gun we called "The Killer," because it would fire on any little Chinese fishing junks which ventured out of a certain line in which they were allowed to proceed. Sometimes they would burn, sometimes limp back into Stanley. One day a whole line was fired on, and a small Jap gunboat took them away. One broke loose, drifted close to the rocks of the camp, and those who understood Chinese could hear a woman crying over a baby's wail: "Save life, please! Save life, please!"

But the sight which most gladdened our eyes were large ships which crawled back from the ocean on fire or badly damaged. We knew that out at sea were American submarines watching the coastline, and undoubtedly sinking many Jap boats, as well as smashing the ones we were seeing; and we cheered. We were cut off from all Allied news, and sometimes wondered if there were any but Japanese victories in the world. This evidence, right in front of our eyes, that America had not forgotten the little island of Victoria did much to keep up our morale.

Some days, however, it seemed the plan to repatriate us must have fallen through or we would have been on our way long before. It was now two months since we had been informed we were going immediately. And there were a few

nasty souls who liked to try to make us feel good by saying: "You really aren't going home, you know. That was just Jap propaganda." In our hearts we knew differently, for all of us had supreme belief that our American government would not forget her citizens who were suffering at the hands of the Japs.

Then came the splendid news that the United States had decided to bring home all of the internees at Stanley, as well as many other Americans in the Far East.

We felt deep sorrow for those who were to be left behind, for all of us had friends in both the Dutch and the British communities. At one time the Dutch were told by the Japs they were to be repatriated to the East Indies. They did not feel they wanted to go, as that was under the Jap flag also, and their homeland, Holland, was under German rule, so they would not be improving their condition by leaving.

There was a tremendous amount of confusion for a few weeks, while it was straightened out who would be allowed to return to America. Some men had British, Russian, Chinese, or Australian wives, but it was decided to keep families together, with the exception of Chinese wives, who were held, because of our restrictive laws.

A few days before our departure a group of Jap officers strutted into a room where some Americans had drawn a map with our route home marked on it, leaving out Japan, where we were not going.

One officer ripped a pencil from his pocket, and drew a line around China, Indo-China, Burma, Malaya, Singapore, the East Indies, the Philippines, New Guinea, Australia, India, part of Russia, Aleutians, Alaska, Hawaii, west coast of the United States. Then he wrote in large letters across it: JAPAN.

He turned toward the Americans in the room and with his saber began hitting each one across the face.

"Remember that when you return home," he screamed, "and that and that and that! "

We'll remember it. We'll remember too how during our imprisonment our devotion increased to those things which

are good in democratic people. Through desperate struggle, through loss of all material things, through destruction and death, came a glowing spirit of sacrifice, determination, bravery. It takes bravery to go hungry for months and keep on smiling; it takes sacrifice to share your last little piece of bread; it takes determination to face the enemy day by day, while he gloats in your face over your captivity, your ignominious defeat, your imprisonment under his flag, and never show the sorrow in your heart.

That takes guts. That's what the Americans, British, Dutch, and Chinese have.

Even as our time of deliverance drew closer, the news still seemed too good to be true, and there was an underlying current of anxiety that something might cause cancellation of the plans. Nevertheless everyone went ahead making preparations, and there was an air of excitement as exhilarating as martial music when the marines march off to war!

Chapter XXVII

It's Good-by for Now

OUR hearts insisted on throbbing in our throats these last days, as we went from friend to friend saying good-by, for how long we did not know. For some, forever. We took messages to people in Australia and Canada, Scotland and England, families and friends who still did not know whether these internees were even alive, since the Japs never issued an official list of prisoners. To this day they never have given out any complete list of the 10,000 soldiers held in Hong Kong, the 3,000 civilians at Stanley, or the 150,000 white prisoners they hold in the Far East.

We had been warned by the Japanese that we would be punished by military law if even one scrap of paper with an address was found during inspection. No notes, no names would be allowed to go with us to give comfort to those who waited at home for news of these Jap prisoners.

Bibles with written marginal notes, meaning perhaps a lifetime of study, had to be left behind, as did sermons and records of long years of work in China. Photographs with inscriptions had to be destroyed. So did diaries, precious letters, intimate things from people who were perhaps now dead. Deeds, wills, and proved business records were the only papers allowed to be taken.

I was determined to take certain things with me, including the list of the 3,000 British and Dutch internees, for I knew

how worried I had been about my family's not knowing whether I was dead or alive all these months, and I wanted to take what small cheer I could to other waiting families. When I reached New York, the British Colonial Office cabled to ask for the list, and it was cabled back to England and published in London, as was the report I gave on food and living-conditions in camp. I think it was in part these facts on which Anthony Eden based his report on what was going on in Camp Stanley, soon after our arrival in the United States.

I also had several hundred addresses to which friends had asked me to write, some notes written in almost invisibly small writing (2,000 words on four square inches of paper), and about five negatives, all that was left of my picture treasures.

I spent many nights hiding these things, then deciding they weren't in a safe spot and putting them somewhere else. One place I finally chose was inside a pair of old wooden Ming dolls. I found the heads came off, and there was an empty place in their tummies. I cut the papers in tiny pieces, rolled them, and with a pin forced them inside. Then I put pieces of dirty rags on top, so that if the Japs looked there, all they would see would be the rags.

Cappy knew what I was up to, as did two other men in our house, and they were worried about my being caught, and then goodness knows what those little Japs would have done to me. One of them had been in Japan when a refugee ship had sailed just before the war, and an Indian was found with ten dollars pasted between the soles of his shoes. Every person on that boat was marched off again and searched thoroughly, to the point of ripping men's coat lapels and shoulder padding apart, and examining the most intimate parts of the women's bodies. That information didn't add to my peace of mind either, and I felt I was loading my luggage with TNT with an exposed fuse.

I was not so much afraid of what would happen to me as of what would be done to all the rest of the internees if one was caught. The sailing might have been postponed, and I cer-

tainly didn't want to be responsible for that. But I still felt I had to take the chance, and I knew some of the others in camp were also hiding a few things, as was inevitable. I could only hope the fates were playing ball on our side.

Great good luck had just visited me at this point, for the Japanese decided to make a test case of the Repulse Bay Hotel luggage. Miss Matheson, the former manager, had been requesting the Japs to let what remained of it be brought to camp, and after months of pleading they decided favorably. We were warned that if there was a single complaint about anything missing, it meant that no one else's luggage would ever be sent for. We knew that the fine houses of the internees who had lived on the Peak were completely looted, but some had lived in hotels, and their luggage had not been so disturbed.

I had always held to the belief that the bags at Repulse Bay Hotel were behind the door sealed by the gendarmerie, even though many claimed that was only Jap propaganda. So it was a gala day when we were told our luggage had really arrived, and we were to be taken to the gendarmerie in Stanley to claim it.

In a huge garage all the remaining luggage was stacked, and we searched with anxiety as it was placed outside. I had had nine pieces and I would have been happy to see one. I was lucky enough to find four, and although each had been partially looted, I was so glad to see anything left that it was like Christmas. My typewriter was gone, my scrapbook with everything I had written in ten years, an entire bag of ancient Peking jewelry I had spent many months and miles in collecting, a Bell and Howell movie camera and films, fine Chinese scrolls, a jade necklace, my wool clothes, new shoes, fur capes, and such things. I didn't mind, however, for there were summer dresses, shoes, and cosmetics, all the things so badly needed by the women in camp.

I enjoyed giving away many things to friends who had been so good to me when I had nothing. I knew I could get more, but these people might not get anything for months or a year

to come. Now I'm sorry I felt I needed a single article for my journey home.

My few remaining possessions gave me places to hide the names and addresses which I was determined to carry away, for it certainly would have been almost impossible to conceal them in my meager belongings before these bags arrived. The Ming dolls had been left alone by the looters because they were so old and ragged-looking, but they were my lifesavers now.

I sent a note into Hong Kong through the Jap headquarters to get my cameras which I had entrusted to Needa. He turned over one, but sent back word that a Japanese officer had confiscated my beloved Rolliflex, which I can't replace now because of the impossibility of importing German cameras. His story was that the Jap had heard he was holding my cameras, offered to buy one, but was told they were not for sale. The officer insisted on borrowing one for a few days, and never returned it. I was not in a position to check this story, but it did not sound likely that the officer, as long as he was helping himself, would not have taken the entire four cameras instead of only one. I had been offered \$2,000HK for the camera before going into camp, and so regretted I hadn't sold it myself.

Later I was to hear a queer story about Needa, which may or may not be true. One of the few American women who were free in Hong Kong was at a party which included some Jap officers and Needa. One Nipponese officer asked the ex-jockey: "*Where were you at Repulse Bay when you signaled us to come in?*" This was the man whom I had felt was one of the heroes of the siege! I don't know whether to believe it or not. I don't want to. I only record it as it was told to me.

When the ship finally arrived, Mr. Ogura, the newspaperman, brought my remaining camera, with one belonging to a friend, and was very apologetic for not being able to keep his promise that all my cameras would go with me when I returned to the United States. The two left were put under seal, to be delivered to me after landing in East Africa. Although I hated to lose all the rest of my cameras and equipment, again

I was lucky in getting even one, despite the fact that it was broken. But my film was gone forever — my exclusive and precious pictures of the last days of Hong Kong, the fall of a city which had been part of the British Empire for a hundred and one years.

On Sunday, June 29, the Japanese gendarmes arrived to search our luggage, and it was a particularly feverish time for those of us who had concealed anything. Everything was taken out of the buildings and placed in the roadway for inspection. No British or Dutch people were allowed in the vicinity. It was a terrifically hot tropical day, and the gendarmes and the civilians suffered alike. Our house, being out of bounds, was last, and I think the gendarmes were tired by the time they reached there, because they did not make the minute inspection we had expected. When they chalk-marked my bags as passed, I sent a great big bundle of thanks skywards. They went away leaving our luggage still unlocked, and promptly everyone in the house stuck in any papers he had not yet destroyed.

Late in the afternoon trucks came and took away our luggage. It seemed strange and empty in the house that night, and departure began to seem a reality.

I stood taking a last look down the road toward Stanley when I saw a lonely little procession of four. There was a slouching Jap gendarme and a Jesuit priest walking ahead, followed by a young Chinese woman, and stumbling blindly along behind was a small Chinese girl.

I ran out, calling: "Sugar! Sugar!"

The last one turned around, and came rushing back as fast as her young legs would bring her. She threw herself in my arms, sobbing and shaking, her thin arms holding me as though she would never let go.

The youngster was the twelve-year-old protégé of George Baxter, UP correspondent. She was talented, and so sweet her nickname was obvious. I had known her before the war, and had been greatly interested in her artistic abilities. She had

been brought to camp by the priest and her older sister to bid George good-by, and had started back down the long hot road to the city.

"George will come back for you, honey," was all I could say as I patted her heaving shoulders. "We'll send the whole darned American navy after you. Don't you worry, Sugar, we'll get rid of those Japs. We'll all come back for you, I promise! "

The Jap gendarme far ahead beckoned summarily. I had to turn the lonely little girl around, and she went stumbling back to hungry Hong Kong and captive China.

I went to the hospital the last morning about eleven to visit fine Bill O'Neill of Reuter's, who was there suffering severely from the effect of our meager rations. The little hospital faced the sea, so that the sick ones could look toward the horizon and home. Someone called from below:

"The ship has come. It's here! It's here! "

I ran to the windows, while all of the sick Englishmen raised themselves on their elbows and looked wistfully out. There, stealing across the skyline, was a large ship, with white crosses marked on its side, sliding slowly along past the island. It was the *Asama Maru*, our rescue ship, our means of going back to America, to our homes and our loved ones. Tears were in everyone's eyes, and there were no words to be said.

It was a queer last night. We sat on the steps of the house in the moonlight, listening to the beat of the surf which was so near, yet so unreachable, and sang songs of home. From high on the hill above we could hear more voices, and across in the Consulate building still more. Although there was rejoicing in the music, there was an underlying tone of sorrow and tears too, for we were leaving friends behind, still prisoners of Japan.

It was a hot clear day, June 29, which will always be as memorable in our lives as the fateful December 7 which began it all. Two busses stopped in front of the house a minute, en route to the waterfront, filled with the American bankers who had been left in Hong Kong all during this time, the few

other Americans who had been free, and the Chinese-Americans who were going with us. There were reunions and shouted greetings, for we had been separated since victory came to the Japanese.

Then we could see the people from the Consulate across the gully start on their way to the jetty, where small ferries waited to take us to the big ship anchored a few miles out at sea. Our turn came next, and we walked down the long white road for the last time, after the hundreds of times we had trudged it so wearily and so hungrily. I looked into the little hole in the rock cliff where dwelt Romeo and Juliet, the lizards we had watched throughout the months. And up at the cemetery where friends were left for eternity, and also where living friends were now sitting in long rows on the gray wall, waving to us with one hand, while many held handkerchiefs to their trembling mouths with the other.

I said a silent good-by to Russell Engdahl, who lies quietly under the white cross. I saluted in my heart those five Britishers whose names will be written in history for having stayed at their posts under the Red Cross symbol and had been killed by wanton Japanese bayonets — Colonel Dr. Black, Dr. Whitney, Mrs. White, Mrs. Buxton, Mrs. Begg.

And I waved at Lucile Eichenbaum, Margaret Jay, and Margaret Morgan, at Marjorie Matheson, white-haired Miss Mosey, and Mrs. Logan from Repulse Bay Hotel, Joan and Mary Smalley, Anne Clinton, Eric Curtis and John Luke, at the young police officer, Dingsdale, who had risked his life to try to get me back into Hong Kong, Josephine Greenland and small Derek — at all the friends who were sitting there, and to all those who had made the long trek through Gethsemane the day before Christmas. What a heartbreak it all was!

A young Chinese who had been in charge of one part of the camp fell in step with me. "I'm leaving for Chungking to-night," he said in a whisper. "I can't bear to stay after the Americans are gone. I've served my purpose here, and I'm going back to my own country and my own people." As a Jap

gendarme approached, he silently fell behind me down the stony path which led to the wharf.

We were checked through a narrow passageway, and Mr. Ota of the Foreign Office, who had first informed us we were going home, rose to bow and bid me good-by. "Good luck," was all he said, but I thought he might be expressing regrets for what had happened to us at Stanley.

Our ferry held the people from the Consulate, all those we had been seeing for months from so near and yet so far, to whom we had not been able to call or wave.

Then down the hill from the camp came the long weary line of Americans, carrying children and bags — bags made from gunny sacks and broken boxes and pillowcases — wearing rough hand-made wooden clogs and cloth shoes, ragged dresses and torn shorts and threadbare trousers — the men shirtless, the women without hats in the blistering sun. For the most part it was a silent line, since at the moment our happiness was overflowed by the desperate feeling of loneliness we had for those friends watching from the hills above while we turned homewards.

We were transferred to a larger boat, which became jammed. Ferry after ferry came out with the shabby, hungry lot — Americans whom their country had not forgotten, who were being taken back to the land of the Stars and Stripes.

Finally everyone was taken from the shore, and the boat turned slowly to the ship which awaited us at sea. We stood by the railing, waving good-by to those we could not see through the tears. Those high hills of camp were black with people, for almost the entire 3,000 British and Dutch, and a few Americans who were left behind, were standing there, bravely watching, waiting, weeping. We lifted our hands in final farewell to those who must stay and so serve their country and our cause, who must suffer and sicken and go hungry on the few bowlfuls of food the Japanese will give them, face mistreatment, and perhaps war again over the hills of Hong Kong before they are free once more.

The ship at sea loomed nearer and nearer, its white crosses standing high, the promise of protection across the eighteen thousand miles that still lay between us and home. It flew the flag of the Rising Sun, and we had yet a month to live under that hated symbol of blood and death. But we knew that the United States had planned every detail of our going, the first time in the history of international warfare that an exchange of prisoners had been arranged in such numbers, for such distances, during warfare.

We went across the gangplank, under the protection of the white crosses, onto the ship that was to take us to exchange and to freedom at Lourenço Marques, Portuguese East Africa, half a world away, but representing a goal of which we had dreamed through long hopeless months.

Sunset flushed the sky with scarlet and gold as the ship sailed, and we waved a last farewell to the friends we left behind, to their spirit and courage, and to their final liberation.

The ship gained momentum as we moved out into the China Sea — and we were headed toward the United States of America!

Chapter XXVIII

Out of Human Bondage

ALL of the seas of the world in darkness. Black shadows of ships slipping through the night, darkened, and with constant fear in the hearts of the men aboard. Oily gray shapes plunging into the deepness of the seas, seeking to destroy and to murder. Long convoys of fugitive ships, watching for the enemy vultures of the air, the ocean, and its depths. Droning ships of the sky watching, waiting, ready to drop death on men below.

But moving slowly across the waters — South China Sea, Sunda Strait, Indian Ocean, South Atlantic Ocean, North Atlantic Ocean — three ships in brightness, without fear, flags flying, crosses of mercy standing high.

And on all the globe only these ships carrying happy people toward their loved ones at home. Three specks on thousands of miles of ocean — the Swedish *Gripsholm*, the Italian *Conte Verde*, the Japanese *Asama Maru*.

It was June 26 when the *Asama* left Yokohama, June 28 when the *Conte Verde* sailed from Shanghai, and June 18 when the *Gripsholm* left New York with the Japanese repatriates, the most unusual exchange of war prisoners in all history. The *Asama* had been held a week in the harbor of Yokohama while negotiations faltered, and those on board were tense with fear they would be taken off again; many said they would commit suicide rather than go back to the torture and the Jap jails.

Never has there been such a migration, and we who are part of it are the luckiest people in existence. None of us expected to see our loved ones again for years. We had lived under the human bondage that the Japanese imposed on the people who were white, without hope of the days to come. We had received, for the most part, treatment such as medieval conquerors imposed on their captives, all the way from torture to semi-starvation.

Among us were friends, men and women, who were held in solitary confinement for months, barred from all communication with the outside world, with nothing to read, the floor on which to sleep, electric lights in their eyes at night. These were the newspaper and radio people in Japan and Shanghai; these were the executives of all the leading American firms in the Far East, including Standard Oil, the National City Bank, the Chase Bank, the American President Lines, Warner Brothers. Their sin had been that they were Americans and that they were heads of the firms from which the Japanese had been buying for years. Our national sin was that we sold war materials to the Japs while we pledged our friendship to China, knowing our materials were being used against those friends who were defending their country against invasion, knowing that Japan was preparing for war against us too.

Among us on the *Asama Maru* were elderly men who had been subjected to the "water torture" of the Middle Ages; those who were bound with barbed wire, with live electric wires, who were slapped daily with bundles of bamboo on all the nerve centers of the body.

If at any time the ship had been sunk, with it would have gone all of the ablest diplomats of the Far East, including Joseph C. Grew, Ambassador to Japan, and Mrs. Grew; Willys Peck, Minister to Thailand, and Mrs. Peck; Richard P. Butrick, Counselor of the Embassy at Peking (who had gone to the Orient on the same ship I did in May 1941). There would have been the ranking South American diplomats from Japan: Sir Ricardo Rivera Schreiber and Lady Schreiber, Peruvian

Minister and his wife; Francisco Castello Branco Clark, Brazilian Ambassador, and his secretaries, Pedro Nabuco de Abreau and Rouy Guimaraes; Ambassador Mitchelson of Colombia; General Amezcua, Minister from Mexico, and Mrs. Amezcua; and the Mexican Military Attaché, General Ramón Iturbe.

The Consuls-General included Alberto Perez-Saez of Hong Kong, from Peru; Jorge Rooselot of Yokohama, from Chile; José Chihan of Kobe, from Paraguay; José Luiz Saravia of Yokohama, from Bolivia; Carlos Rodriguez of Yokohama, from Venezuela; Joaquin Zavala of Tokyo, from Nicaragua. The Minister from Brazil to China, Renato de Lacerda Lagos, was also aboard, and his wife.

The original plans for exchange had included only members of the State and Treasury Departments, Red Cross, newspaper and shipping people. I was included as a special foreign correspondent of the *Detroit News*. When there was space left for additional passengers, it was decided to bring all who had been imprisoned and mistreated, missionaries, women, and children.

There was a certain amount of justifiable feeling among the men that the women and children of missionary families should have returned to the United States two years before when their own wives and children had — the families of the diplomats, executives, and other business people who had been sent home at the urgent suggestion of our government. There was scarcely a woman aboard the ship who did not belong in the missionary group. I was glad my skirts were clear, and that I was present with my government's full and special approval.

One missionary wife had eight children, and that meant that nine American businessmen who had been ordered to remain at their posts until the American flag came down had to stay behind, facing imprisonment and torture. It is felt that the Japs, having had to release the number-one executive in each company through repatriation, will now take the number two's and subject them to the same imprisonment and torture.

The greatest single group on the ship were the missionaries,

of whom there were 593 American Protestants and 117 Catholics. It cost the mission boards of America over half a million dollars to bring these people home, without figuring the salaries which will have to be paid for the last eight months, during which these people were inactive. Behind them they left missions, churches, schools, and hospitals, investments of many millions of American dollars which are now in Japanese hands, or have already been destroyed by them.

Never before in civilized history has there been a missionary pilgrimage of this tremendous proportion, covering three quarters of the world and most of the oceans. It was full retreat in front of the Japanese militarists, who proved that the years of work, effort, and expenditure would crumble overnight when the choice came between home country and the precepts of Christianity.

There was a small pacifist group, who called themselves "Friends of Japan." Why they weren't left among their "friends" I don't know, except that the Japs wouldn't have a pacifist among them for love or money. One was particularly active in trying to convert others to his views. Pressed by newspaper correspondents, he said that if any Americans had been mistreated, it was their own fault, and if the newspapers used such stories, it was cheap propaganda. Yet there were people in his own mission group who had been tortured! During the exchange in East Africa I watched him stand on the pier as the other boat pulled out for Japan, waving at the Japanese on board, shaking their hands in imagination, with tears in his eyes. I felt he was headed the wrong way when he got on our boat for America.

It was unfortunate we had to start home on a Japanese boat, for despite all international agreements to give full service, the Jap crew took delight in small annoyances. They took down the map of the world so we couldn't look at our location—I suppose they thought we might surmise we were in the Antarctic Ocean! They turned on the fresh water for washing only between 7 and 7.30 a.m. and 5 and 5.30 p.m. After a few days

at sea they refused to do any laundry, or even any ironing, nor would they allow us to use the pressing-room to do our own work. They put up a sign: "Due to the lack of water, there will be no more pressing!"

There was a strange number of extreme stomach illnesses, feeling very much like ptomaine poisoning to me. The stewards refused to obey orders — small things like opening a bottle, bringing drinking water, or getting cups for tea for a wedding anniversary that was being celebrated. Most of us had to clean our own cabins and make the beds.

On the *Gripsholm* bringing the Japanese toward exchange, they had full privileges of the boat. The bar was open, and the Japs consumed 40,000 cases of beer; they had baths, laundry, movies, good food and service. However, those poor devils were headed toward ultimate defeat in Japan — while we were headed toward home and ultimate victory in America!

But there's something enraging about the difference in treatment: the United States government sent the Japanese diplomats, businessmen and newspapermen to one of the most expensive hotels in the United States and gave them a large daily amount of spending money; treatment on the *Gripsholm* was fine; while we were hungry and tortured during internment in the Far East as guests of Emperor Hirohito, and had our troubles on the *Asama*.

I am glad my country is fair in its treatment of enemy aliens, and sincerely believe they should be well fed, housed, and clothed, but I still don't see the necessity of giving them luxuries such as most people never have, and better than any to which they were ever accustomed. (You had to pay for that in taxes, you know.)

If all this had done any good, I should be delighted, but I am well enough acquainted with the Japs to know they will go home and laugh at us for being "soft" in our treatment of them. Even with the golf, tennis, swimming, and luxurious quarters at Hot Sulphur Springs, they were always complaining about something, according to records of their stay there

But no matter how bad certain things were on the *Asama*, that wasn't important: we were headed *home!*

Most of the men lived in cabins "down under," as we called it. They were below the waterline in most cases, without portholes. There were sixteen to twenty men in a room, on wooden bunks — typical Oriental steerage. Instead of being served the same food as those on upper decks, according to Washington's arrangements made with Japan, they received one plate of cold food, dessert, and coffee for their meals. On the *Gripsholm* every person received the same excellent food in the dining-rooms regardless of from which part of the ship he came.

We were all so hungry after our Hong Kong imprisonment, that we ate like harvest hands, and it was fortunate that my table, at which Frances Baynes, Margaret Walden, Esther Grant, Bea Whitham, and Jean Todeman-Wieland also sat, was served by table stewards who seemed more amused than annoyed by the way we ate everything that was brought to us, and asked for more. I think we all had tears in our eyes when we saw an orange the first morning at breakfast. It was the first fruit in half a year, but, more than that, it was symbolic of all American health-giving food.

Down in the steerage the stewards always asked first who came from Hong Kong, and if there was anything extra, they got it. Word seemed to have permeated even the Japanese staff about our extreme rationing at Camp Stanley!

It was fun to watch the poker fans during their twice-daily sessions. The siege had started when the members of the American Embassy in Tokyo were shut in together after war began, and they were now at about their three-hundredth session. Ambassador Grew thoroughly enjoys poker, and it was a delight to watch his quizzical white eyebrows presiding over the games. I was standing near the table the first day on board talking to Carl Boehringer of the Tokyo Embassy, an old friend, and out of politeness the Ambassador asked me to join in the game. I should have loved to, but felt it was no spot for a female. "I feel like the ocean traveler who is warned against

professional card-players," I said. "I've heard this is your 287th session, and that's no place for an amateur like me! "

Most of the Tokyo newspapermen were included in the games, as well as members of the State Department. These newspapermen were also working steadily, preparing stories for release to America as soon as we landed in East Africa. That would be the first authentic word flashed to the world about how Japan had been treating her prisoners. Each day there were many typewriters on deck, and for hours it would sound like Fleet Street at edition time.

These men had all been inhumanely treated by the Japs, in both Shanghai and Tokyo. Robert Bellaire, manager for the United Press in Japan, was beaten and choked by the police because he refused to write a propaganda statement. Joseph Dynan of the Associated Press was also choked, had some of his teeth in a bridge knocked out, and received no food for three days, as part of his share of Japanese entertainment. Otto D. Tolischus of the *New York Times*, Pulitzer Prize winner, was charged with espionage and violation of the national defense act. He was forced to sit in a solitary cell, Japanese style, until wounds opened on his legs. He was slapped repeatedly during questioning by police, and once was partly strangled.

Max Hill of the Associated Press, Ray Cromley of the *Wall Street Journal*, W. R. Wills of the Columbia Broadcasting System, and editor of *Japan Newsweek*, Phyllis Argall, managing editor of the same publication, Jack Bellinger of *Japan Times and Advertiser*, were all held in solitary confinement in tiny cells and I can think of no worse torture. So was Percy Whiteing of INS, who had not been to the United States in thirty-seven years, and was married to a Japanese woman.

In Shanghai the reporters were imprisoned in Bridge House, the "Torture Chambers." Included among those punished in various ways were Victor Keen, *New York Herald Tribune*; George C. Bruce, *Shanghai Evening Post and Mercury*; M. C. Ford, International News Service; Morris J. Harris, Associated Press; H. P. Mills, publisher; Frederick B. Oppen, 2nd, editor

of the *Evening Post and Mercury*; Robert V. Perkins, Universal News Features; J. B. Powell, *China Weekly Review*.

Most of the cells were ten by twelve feet, without ventilation; electric lights were left on twenty-four hours a day; open wooden buckets in the corners were the toilets; the prisoners had to sit on the floor, surrounded by diseased Chinese coolies and others; the place was vermin-infested, bare, and unheated. Sometimes there was not room for everyone to lie down at once, so they slept with their legs interlocked. It was in a cell of this sort that Fred Twogood, who went to the Orient on the same ship I did, was held for one hundred and nine days.

Three days away from Hong Kong we turned into the Saigon River, which led fifty miles to Saigon. The river was winding and deep, and it was remarkable how our big ship went slipping around the curves. The shores were rich, luxuriant tropical land, one of the prizes Japan had gained through bargaining with Germany. Without a single shot being fired, she had been able to take all of Indo-China, which had given her a fine base from which to press on to the Malay Peninsula and Singapore.

We anchored overnight, and a smaller boat arrived carrying the repatriates from Indo-China, Thailand, and Burma, including Mr. Peck, Minister to Thailand, and Mrs. Peck, pleasant people whom I had met once in Nanking. Most of these Americans had been confined in their homes, or in the Legation at Bangkok, and had not been subjected to many indignities. But they knew of Japanese actions against the British in Malaya, including the slaughter which took place in one tin mine. Twenty of the British who worked there remained on after surrender, living in a small cabin. The Japs crept up one night and threw hand-grenades, killing all but one, who escaped to tell the story by crawling miles through the jungles.

Little dugout canoes came out from shore, loaded with fruit and bottles. The fruit included pineapples, papaya, bananas, and coconuts, and we were so starved for fruit that everyone

bought vast quantities; many made themselves ill with overabundance after starvation. It was fun to let buckets down the side, put in some Japanese military yen we had been lent by our government, and see what we got. There was much bargaining, and friendly rivalry.

The bottles were made to look like fine French brandy or cognac, but they held only alcohol with flavoring, or pungent rice wine, about 99 per cent proof. It was sold for from twenty-five cents to a dollar, and what stocks were bought by the passengers! The Japs, although not willing to open the bar on the *Asama*, were willing for the room stewards to bootleg Scotch and gin for eighteen dollars a bottle. That "sampan dynamite," as it was nicknamed, had enough power to grow rubber on bushes in New York City.

Early in the morning before we sailed, a dozen sampans came out with shirts, shorts, tennis shoes, and cheap cotton things at which one ordinarily wouldn't even look, but everyone was so desperate for anything, that we bought with delight. I'm sure the boat men and women must have thought paradise had opened its gates again, for round-the-world boats used to stop here, and trade was brisk. But there had been no globe-trotting tours in a long time, thanks to Japan's New Order of Peace and Prosperity in the Far East.

Then the Jap soldiers, having finished buying the many things they wanted and couldn't get in Japan, began to throw water on the boats. One was poled by a thin little old man of seventy, who had with him a boy of five who did the selling, and a Madonna-faced slender young woman. The Japs, with their sadistic streak, poured bucketfuls of water over the old man, and threw the end of the rope so it hit him. He looked up at the deck of the giant ship helplessly and tried to go on selling his last few things, but they dumped still more on him. As they stood there shouting and laughing at him, anger roared up in me at all things Japanese, like the beat of a giant sea.

As we left the river where it joined the sea, we could see dozens of Jap boats, including some battleships. As we pro-

ceeded down the coast, we ran into a group of vessels flying the Rising Sun, and they came close and signaled each other. "We're surrounded!" I announced, but knew the Japs had arranged this meeting, hoping we would be impressed with their control of the seas.

We anchored eighteen miles from Singapore, and a glorious sight awaited us there, the *Conte Verde*, on which we all had many friends about whom we had been worried. There was a Red Cross representative on board the *Asama*, unfortunately a Swiss married to a Japanese woman, who was afraid to take a stand on anything for fear his family would suffer retaliation. One Swiss had recently been a victim of "suicide" in Japan, and this one was taking no chances. He went to the other ship, however, and returned with a list of those aboard, which we eagerly checked to see if those about whom we were especially concerned were included.

The swimming pool on the *Conte Verde* was being used, there was an orchestra for dancing, and the Italians seemed to be trying to show their friendliness to the Americans in every way. After the conference of the Japanese and Italian officers and the Red Cross officials, the pool was ordered closed. I guess the Japs didn't want the Americans to think the Italians treated the enemy better than they themselves did.

There was a group of Chilean newspapermen aboard who had been guests of Japan on a propaganda tour and were being returned to their country now through the courtesy of the United States. As their country was then neutral, the Japs were still trying to impress them.

A small boat came to take them into Singapore for a night and a day. They were never allowed to investigate for themselves, of course, but were able to see and judge quite a little. A nice young reporter, Carlos Barry Silva of the *Diario El Chilena*, Santiago, told me what they saw.

There was a seven-o'clock curfew, when everyone had to be off the streets. There was not a building or a house which did not show signs of the furious fighting, from shells, bombs,

or machine guns. Many stores were not yet opened, months after occupation. On the roads they could see British soldiers repairing the roads and doing other manual labor. Americans from Japan knew this was true of captured American soldiers from Guam also, who are being used as stevedores in Yokohama and Kobe.

At noon fifty-two planes flew over in formation, coming back to fly extremely low, while the grinning little pilots looked down at us, and the Jap crew watched to see how impressed we were with the sight. Having spent some time in Honolulu, where a thousand planes in the air was a fair show, I wasn't very susceptible, but I did hate the feeling of being still so completely a prisoner of the Japs.

Loaded mine-layers passed us, former British boats, and we saw other converted ships, some British, some Dutch. Apparently there was some sort of target practice near the shore, for we could see geysers spurt into the air as the shots hit near by.

I had flown from Singapore to Sumatra, Java, Bali, and Borneo on a previous trip, and how I wished again for days of peace when one could visit these lovely islands, some of them as near to paradise as are left on this earth!

A small boat anchored close to us, and looking up from it were two blond children, searching each face, their eyes praying they would find their mother and father there. They were a little Dutch brother and sister who had been on the way to school when war engulfed them in Singapore. It was thought their father was in Shanghai and their mother in Java, but no one was sure, and there was a chance one might be on our boat. During the long hot afternoon they never moved away from the rail, wishing, willing their parents to appear.

At dusk the search was given up, and as the boat pulled away I never saw such tearing anguish on children's faces as came when those two turned back to their Jap captors — men whose government had ruled that there be no safety for children anywhere in the wide world.

We were now two ships as we moved again out to sea, leav-

ing Singapore without word of any of the hundreds of American prisoners there or in Malaya or the East Indies. We went near the shores of Sumatra and Java, jade islands in sapphire seas. We passed through the Sunda Strait, not far from where the Coral Sea battle had taken place, and we wished we knew the secrets held by those waters. From these islands had fled Dutch, British, and American citizens, harried back from the mainland and their islands, pushed roughly by the swelling Japanese tide on to the next stop, Australia — which we hope will be the wall that will hold.

Somehow all the time we had gone down the coast, clear to Singapore, I had a feeling that sometimes American submarine periscopes were looking up at us, and that down below were men of the American navy who sent us messages of godspeed as we turned toward home once more.

Now we started across the long expanse of the Indian Ocean — day after day after day of azure sea and sky, and intense coral clouds at sundown, standing out against a backdrop of gold and purple. The coral fluffs would melt into rose, and from rose into a delicate pink, and then would drift lazily down into the sea for another night's sleep.

We had a joyful addition to our group upon the arrival of James Theron Ward on July 15, born to Dr. and Mrs. Cecil S. Ward of Bessemer, Alabama. The name Seaborn was suggested, but the proud parents stuck to the one they had planned before. Mrs. Ward had been in Stanley under the unhealthful conditions there, and it was amazing how unafraid she was as we embarked on the two months' trip home, with no baby specialist within many thousands of miles — only a Japanese ship's doctor. I think this was actually a case of the father suffering the most severely from worry and fear!

It was a comforting feeling to look across at the *Conte Verde*, half a mile away, to know that if anything happened to one ship, the other was so near to bring help. One rough evening the rudder of the *Asama* broke, and suddenly we stopped. The *Conte Verde* went ahead of us, and the *Asama*

swung across her path, all with an abruptness that spelled drama of the sea. The *Conte Verde* proceeded during the night, while repairs were made on our ship, but it was a strangely lonesome feeling in the morning to look out of my porthole first of all, as I always did, and to see only an empty ocean. Later we joined forces again, and went on across the thousands of miles side by side.

Once we came close to a single merchant ship, which scuttled off when the Japanese flag was sighted. We hoped its position was not reported, for although according to agreement these ships on which we were traveling were now neutral, we didn't trust the Japs, and we hated to think our home-going might bring trouble to some Allied vessel.

Later on the trip we saw remnants of a ship in the vast reaches of the ocean, burning and deserted. Where were the crew? What had happened when it had been torpedoed? How many men had been drowned, escaped, burned to death? We circled the sinking half-ship, in the oil-covered water, but could see no life. But here was silent testimony that the world was at war — that beneath us in the waters were enemy ships, searching, searching for ships to sink and men to kill.

And we, among all the people on the oceans of the world, were blessed with the safety of the shining white crosses. On the ships were friends escaped from torture and maltreatment, going to where love and fine medical care would make them well once again.

Three elderly men who had many times been subjected to the "water torture" gave a realistic demonstration one day for Ambassador Grew. One was tied with his knees drawn up to his chin, his neck being attached to his knees, his hands securely bound behind him. The cords, in actual torture, had penetrated deep under the skin. He was then rolled over with his face up, and water was poured into his nose and mouth.

Six large buckets of water were used by the Japanese police, so that the subject lost consciousness, and then was brought

back to consciousness merely to have the same thing repeated. One missionary was given the treatment six separate times.

In Keijo, Korea, the Reverend Edwin Wade Koons, Dr. Edward H. Miller, and Dr. Ralph Oliver Reiner, Presbyterian missionaries, were tortured because they had taught about "Jesus Christ, King of Kings and Lord of Lords," which was anti-militaristic propaganda! They were also held in filthy unheated jails, questioned, semi-starved.

At Harbin and Dairen, the prisoners were held in jails with no heat when it was twenty degrees below zero.

In Peking the prisoners from near-by Tientsin were put in cells nine by twelve feet, punished if they spoke to one another, and were allowed exercise only once a week. In one cell was a Reuter's man with one leg. He begged for his crutches so he could give his leg some exercise, and the Japs laughed at him.

Five American nurses who were captured at Guam had to watch the 155 U. S. marines guarding it overwhelmed by the expeditionary force of 7,000 Japs sent against them. They were Chief Nurse Marion B. Olds, Miss Loraine Christiansen, Miss Leona Jackson, Miss Dorris M. Yetter, and Miss Virginia J. Fogarty. The last was struck in the face by a Jap sailor because she did not understand his order to attend one of the patients in the hospital. Their diet in Japan had been mostly cold soup and rice, and they had to sleep on a floor in a room heated only by an occasional charcoal fire.

In Zentsuji, where some of the Guam soldiers and other captured Americans were held, a thin soup, rice, and black bread were the diet, with 25 pounds of meat for 365 men.

Clarence Meyers, head of Standard Oil in Japan, was handcuffed so that he could not undress for many days, and had the light left on in his cell at all times; and the guards stood day after day before his door talking of when he would be shot, as a dose of mental torture added to the physical.

Dr. Joseph McSparran, a physician in Yokohama, was forced to write a confession of espionage, and then was held in jail

for it. The Most Reverend Samuel Heaslitt, British Archbishop of the Episcopal Church of Japan, seventy years old, was held four months in solitary confinement.

In Hong Kong fourteen members of American banking staffs were slapped and sniped at by the Japanese, who made them work at the job of liquidating assets of their own American banks, including the National City Bank of New York, the Chase National Bank, and American Express. Because they did not know how to answer roll call in Japanese, they were boxed on the ears. They were kept in windowless rooms in a vermin- and rat-infested dosshouse. Included were Donald Bal-lantyne, Harold Waller, Charles Williams, Walter Bossert, Theodore W. Lindaberry, Walter Roemer, Samuel Church, Don O'Kieffe, Don Hykes, Samuel Bitting.

Sir Ricardo Rivera Schreiber, Minister from Peru to Japan, and Lady Schreiber were held in two small rooms in their Embassy, and were refused dental care when Lady Schreiber was in deep pain for several months. These were people entitled to diplomatic immunity in case their country was at war with Japan, as it wasn't at the time, but the seal of the Peruvian Embassy was ignored by the gendarmerie, and several riots were staged in front of it. Japan doesn't care whether a country is neutral, or whether a man or woman is entitled to diplomatic immunity.

People on our ship had talked to an American seaman, who had been on the U. S. gunboat *Wake* when it had been captured by the Japs in Shanghai at the outbreak of war, and who had escaped after imprisonment. Twenty-five enlisted men and two officers were put in a pitch-dark dungeon and let out only at night, to use one odorous section of the camp yard as a toilet, only at stated periods. They were fed on fish heads, rice, and contaminated river water. They were whipped until unconsciousness rescued them. Straws were put under their fingernails and set on fire. Ground glass was placed in their shoes, and they were made to walk. Two finally escaped by crawling out a drain and through a manhole near Soochow

Creek. They had talked to Americans before they escaped farther to the Philippines and Australia.

There were Dr. Harry W. Myers, a teacher of the Presbyterian Seminary at Kobe, sixty-eight years old, who was held in a bitterly cold detention house for a month. Then he was put in a barren cell, his clothing taken away, and only a prison kimono and one thin blanket left him. He developed chilblains and boils, and in February started losing his toenails. His ankles were swollen with an incipient threat of gangrene, from long hours of sitting in the knee-strained fashion enforced by his jailers.

Doctors aboard our ship said he had barely escaped J. B. Powell's fate of losing both his feet. In all, he was separated from his elderly wife, a paralysis victim, for six months, after a forty-five-year period of teaching in Japan.

And of course there was my friend Mr. Powell. His feet sloughed off from gangrene started by the filth in his cell. He was denied medical attention until a few days before the ship sailed. When last I had seen him in Shanghai, he had weighed 165 pounds. During exchange a small bundle like a child was carried onto our boat — heroic J. B. Powell, weighing 70 pounds!

These cases I have been citing are not vague "atrocities" stories from which Americans shy away because of the unproved propaganda stories of the last war. These are cases cited and sworn to by outstanding American citizens of church, state, press, and business, all of whom still bore marks of the ill treatment, torture, and starvation diet to which the Japanese had subjected them. Here was living evidence of Nippon's standards of conduct, honor, and tradition, and final proof of the medieval quality of that civilization which considers itself the potential ruler of the world. These are the men we are fighting; these are the things that will happen to any peoples who come under their rule — yellow, black, brown, or white. To defeat them is the task history has assigned to us.

These tortured fellow passengers were being exchanged for

the Japs who had been held in Hot Sulphur Springs!

It is evident why excitement grew agonizingly deep in the hearts of each of the fifteen hundred of us as we approached the time of exchange. We searched the sea, the sky, and the horizon as the time neared. We passed close to Madagascar, and then came the shining dawn that brought us to the shores of East Africa. The low-lying beaches leading back into the African bush looked like a sparkling paradise to us.

As we neared Lourenço Marques, we saw another sight which brought our hearts to our throats — the splendid big white *Gripsholm*, bearing across her sides the word "*Diplomatique*," painted with yellow and blue crosses, and flying the brave yellow and blue flag of Sweden, while the white crosses of protection stood out proudly from her decks. Our rescue ship!

That brought a surging feeling of exhilaration, but I have never been so stirred in my life as when our three ships pulled into the harbor. Coming out toward us was a convoy of twelve ships, just a dozen gray battered boats, salt-encrusted oil tankers, small freighters, obscure and unpretentious-looking.

But flying from the masts of the first was the most beautiful sight the world could offer to our eyes — the Stars and Stripes floating proudly, gloriously, and freely in the winds of the sea! It was our first sight of it in eight months, and it represented all that we had been dreaming about so long — home, family, traditions, standards of civilized living, the things for which the Allied forces are fighting the world over.

The tanker was part of the convoy, the rest being British, and they all pulled near us, blowing their whistles to the rhythm of "V" for Victory, while from the decks men waved to us like mad. Americans lined the rails of the first boat, waving, shouting, saluting — our countrymen from a free land. One by one the other ships passed us, and from the decks of the eleven British ships we could hear shouts of "Welcome home, Sammy! Welcome home, Sammy!" Just the sight of those ships, those American men and our British friends, with

the knowledge we were nearly out of the hands of the Japs, was almost too much for me, and everyone else on board. Tears were frank and unashamed in everyone's eyes. We were being given our first glimpse of our Promised Land.

We were each taking back to it memories that time can never blot out, for they are etched with acid in our memories. Answer will be demanded by those flags we were watching, punishment will be meted out to those who created those memories: of hungry American and British children digging for fallen rice kernels in the dirt of the camp; of men who grew haggard and emaciated and starved; of lines of British dead with their hands tied, and bayonet wounds in their hearts; of the two crosses on the hillside; of the feel of the bare steel bayonet across my neck; of the screams of burned and mangled Chinese; of the horror in the eyes of women who were gang-raped in brutality and bestiality; of the torture of the injured soldiers from whose blood-covered wounds bandages were ripped before they were bayoneted.

We remembered it all at this moment of emancipation, just as we will for years to come — things we'll never forget — nor forgive. Torture: made in Tokyo.

Above us still flew the flag of the Rising Sun, that hate-symbol of men who have gone power mad. I ran to my cabin, and dug out three long scarves, one of red, one white, one blue. I went to the topmost deck, under the shadow of the Japanese captain's bridge, and I threw those symbolic ribbons to the winds, reaching out toward the near-by ships which bore those colors too. That moment of exultation as I saw those colors whip out toward that American freighter and those British ships will live with me forever.

We, who had been in human bondage, prisoners of the Japs, were now free men and women once more.

A NOTE ON THE TYPE

This book was set on the Linotype in Janson, a recutting made direct from the type cast from matrices made by Anton Janson some time between 1660 and 1687.

Of Janson's origin nothing is known. He may have been a relative of Justus Janson, a printer of Danish birth who practised in Leipzig from 1614 to 1635. Some time between 1657 and 1668 Anton Janson, a punch-cutter and type-founder, bought from the Leipzig printer Johann Erich Hahn the type-foundry which had formerly been a part of the printing house of M. Friedrich Lankisch. Janson's types were first shown in a specimen sheet issued at Leipzig about 1675.



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